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IN EUROPE.

BY
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EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES,

BY
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INTRODUCTION.

DR. CROSS, the eloquent writer of this entertaining work, whom I had the pleasure of frequently meeting in London, has made some strictures in it on English preachers—sometimes overdone, but always brilliant. A preacher himself, he has paid particular attention to preachers in England. In introducing his interesting sketches to the public, it occurred to me that this would be a fit opportunity of paying him a few English shillings for his very many American dollars. I have therefore covered the few pages assigned me, not by praises of the very useful and very amusing book I have the pleasure of editing, but by some remarks on American preachers, who are selected as representatives of classes, and therefore likely to be more interesting and instructive to us.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher is a remarkable, though somewhat eccentric, preacher. 'The Plymouth Church,' Brooklyn, is a sort of audience hall, having very few of the usual and distinctive features of a place of Christian worship. In the large pulpit we shall find on Sundays a respectable-looking person who writes notes, and looks about him, and makes himself singularly at home, before service begins. He wears neither cassock, gown, nor surplice, nor bands, nor

any particle of the clerical uniform. His voice is possessed of no extraordinary power, nor is it musical. His manner is commonplace in all respects. But notwithstanding all these mediocrities of the outer man, he is the most popular and effective American preacher of the day. He owes his power wholly to the depth and force and originality of his thoughts, and the homely, yet neither vulgar nor ungraceful, expression of them ; above all, to the honest but not pretentious faithfulness with which he inveighs against hypocrisy in every guise, and immorality in every rank. He regards every doctrine of the Bible not as a mere part of a theological system, however precious, but as bearing on man in some of the varied phases of his every-day life. To have any value he holds that a doctrine must be vital :—

‘ We must know (he remarks) how to act, how to control passions, how to resist temptations, how to be self-sacrificing and loving. If a person will bring to me a fresh blue violet this beautiful spring morning, I would thank him ; and so, if any one has a little flower of Christian experience, which has blossomed forth from the wintry snows through the warmth and light of God’s love, I would thank him for it : I would give more for it than for acres of dried hay. . . . Theological systems are good in their place. They have their place, as all sciences have, but that place is not the pulpit. What people need from the pulpit is religious food—the bread of life. There is no science in nature. God makes nature, and man makes science. There are the flowers and fruits, and man makes the science of botany. There are the stars and the sun, and out of their regular motions man makes the science of astronomy. All these sciences are well in their place. But when I want a bunch of flowers, I do not thank a man who brings me calyxes, and petals, and pistils, and stamens, scientifically analyzed and labelled. When I want something to eat, I do not thank one for bringing me the component parts of bread and butter

and coffee, chemically analyzed and scientifically arranged—the starch in one paper, and the saccharine matter in another, and the caffein in another. No, I want them mixed as nature mixes them; and so I want the Gospel given to me as Christ gave it, naturally, from his great heart, with all the freshness and beauty of life experience.'

These are some of the leading principles which give his preaching what such a line is sure to create—a just appreciation and great popularity. He repudiates, and most justly, every system which exalts the government of God above God Himself, and substitutes laws for a living Presence, and makes Deity subservient to them. The heart of human nature yearns for what will still its fervid beatings, and soothe its irritation, and satisfy its longings, and to present this is his aim. A sound theology ought to be the actual possession of the preacher, but it is a life-giving and life-sustaining preaching that must be the ministry of the pulpit. Carbon in the living tree is delightful and fruit-bearing. Carbon in the diamond is bright and precious, but cold and indigestible. There is something large and comprehensive in the sympathies of Mr. Beecher. His heart has outgrown the restraints and trammels of ecclesiastical party. If it has a defective polarity, it leans and oscillates rather strongly in the opposite direction:—

'Let us approach a communion table as if the Saviour were here, as he was at the supper of old. If there be in this congregation any strangers, let them come. I will not ask for their creeds. I will not inquire if they be "church members in good and regular standing." If there is any one here who, in penitence and longing for a pure life, has apprehended Christ and found him precious to his soul, it is not we, it is Christ who invites him.'

Mr. Beecher turns oftenest to the sunny side of life, and loves to dwell on all that feeds the happiness of the human heart. He will not pick up withered leaves if there be any green ones. He seems to revel in a bright religious light. 'When one's friends die we should go to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Death was wrecked long ago. Christ has taken the crown from the tyrant. When Christians walk in black and sprinkle the ground with tears, then is the time when they should illuminate. As the disciples found the angels in Christ's grave, so in the grave where any of his loved disciples lie are angels of consolation, if we would only see them.'

Mr. Beecher has been accused, in common with some other faithful men, of preaching politics. In this charge there is no doubt some truth. His views of the duties and responsibilities of the pulpit seem much more expanded and comprehensive than those of many of his contemporaries. Certainly his vindication of his conduct in this matter is neither powerless nor inapplicable:—

'Nothing can more sharply exhibit the miserable imbecility which has come upon us, than the inability of men to perceive the difference between preaching "politics," "social reform," &c., and preaching God's truth in such a way that it shall sit in judgment upon these things, and every other deed of men, to try them, to explore and analyze them, and to set them forth, as upon the background of eternity, in their moral character, and in their relation to man's duty and God's requirements.

'Shall the whole army of human deeds go roaring along the public thoroughfares, and Christian men be whelmed in the general rush, and no man be found to speak the real moral nature of human conduct? Is the pulpit too holy, and the Sabbath too sacred, to bring individual courses and developments of society to the bar of God's Word for trial? Those who think so, and are crying out about the

desecration of the pulpit with secular themes, are the lineal descendants of those Jews who thought the Sabbath so sacred that our Saviour desecrated it by healing the withered hand. Would to God that the Saviour would visit His Church and heal withered hearts !'

He is a man of a thoroughly practical mind. He seems to despise all trifling with great themes, all prettiness of speech, all 'playing at preaching.' With him it is an earnest and fruitful work, and no solemnity of utterance is in his mind an apology for dry and dull sermons :—

'Consecrated dullness is no better than flippant folly. If a window fails to let the light through, it makes little difference whether the obscuration comes from the web of a big, lazy spider, or from the nimble weavings of a hundred pert little spiders.

God's truth really, earnestly, pungently spoken, for a direct and practical purpose, with distinct results constantly following, that is preaching, no matter what are the particular methods of speech. Doubtless some are better than others. But every sincere and truthful man must use that way by which God has enabled him to achieve success ; some by solid statements, some by inexorable reasonings, some by illustration and fancy, some by facts and stories—just as God has given power to each one. But the test is the same in the highest and the lowest. Fruit must follow. The truth of God must shine through the human instrument and evince its divinity by signs following—the awakening of the conscience, conviction of sin, conversion to God, and a life redeemed from selfishness and set aglow with Christian goodness and benevolence.'

We ought never to forget that truth should be full of life and sap, breaking into blossom and bowing down with its heavy harvest of fruit. Religion should be set forth in forms and relations applicable to the age, such as Apostles would preach were they living in this nineteenth

century of ours. That preacher is sure to put forth power who preaches truth for to-day adapted to the trials and temptations, the necessities and griefs of those who are busy working out the problem of life; who preaches it not in antiquated formulas, and crabbed technicalities—stilted, high, and hard—but in the garb of every-day life: who loves to set forth religion around the fireside in garbs that may not decorate but do not disguise—in the counting-house and in the markets of the world. What can be more graphic or true than the following:—

‘The tides come twice a day in New York harbour, but they only come once in seven days in God’s harbour of the sanctuary. They rise on Sunday, but ebb on Monday, and are down and out all the rest of the week. Men write over their store door, “Business is business,” and over the church door, “Religion is religion;” and they say to religion, “Never come in here,” and to business, “Never go in there.” “Let us have no secular things in the pulpit,” they say; “we get enough of them through the week in New York. There all is stringent and biting selfishness, and knives, and probes, and lancets, and hurry, and work, and worry. Here we want repose, and sedatives, and healing balm. All is prose over there; here let us have poetry. We want to sing hymns and to hear about Heaven and Calvary: in short we want the pure Gospel, without any worldly intermixture.” And so they desire to spend a pious, quiet Sabbath, full of pleasant imaginings and peaceful reflections; but when the day is gone all is laid aside. They will take by the throat the first debtor whom they meet, and exclaim, “Pay me what thou owest. It is Monday.” And when the minister ventures to hint to them something about their duty to their fellow-men, they say, “Oh, you stick to your preaching. You do not know how to collect your own debts, and cannot tell what a man may have to do in his intercourse with the world.” God’s law is not allowed to go into the week. If the merchant spies it in his store, he throws it over the counter. If the clerk sees it in the bank, he kicks it out at the door. If it

is found in the street, the multitude pursue it, pelting it with stones, as if it were a wolf escaped from a menagerie, and shouting, "Back with you. You have got out of Sunday." There is no religion in all this. It is mere sentimentalism. Religion belongs to every day; to the place of business as much as to the church. High in an ancient belfry there is a clock, and once a week the old sexton winds it up; but it has neither dial-plate nor hands. The pendulum swings, and there it goes, ticking, ticking, day in and day out, unnoticed and useless. What the old clock is, in its dark chamber keeping time to itself, but never showing it, that is the mere sentimentality of religion, high above life, in the region of airy thought; perched up in the top of Sunday, but without dial or point to let the people know what o'clock it is, of Time or of Eternity.'

Such outspoken preaching will of course give offence. The mills and the docks and factories must be horrified. The Stock Exchange would expel the preacher. But the preacher is right notwithstanding.

Some of his pithy remarks are fit to be household words:—

'A helping word to one in trouble is like a switch on a railway track—but one inch between wreck and ruin and smooth on-rolling prosperity.

'Slavery is a state of suppressed war.

'A grindstone that has no grit in it, how long would it take to make an axe sharp? Affairs that have no pinch in them, how long would they take to make a man?

'A man who is in the right knows that he is in the majority, for God is on his side.

'The human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. So you can tell the course of a man's life not so much by his well-defined purposes as by the half-formed plans, the faint day-dreams, which are hung in all the chambers of his heart.'

Mr. Beecher is the preacher for the people. His sermons

are not fierce, vulgar, and vituperative declamation, without a scintillation of genius, however sincerely meant. They are pregnant with celestial fire, rich in suggestive and original thought. Here and there we find *nuggets* of gold and gems of the first water. Yet he never loses sight of the end of a sermon, which is to profit, or of the hearers of it who are ignorant, sinful, and unhappy. He says quaint things, but never coarse and equivocal. Our clergy may copy and study his excellences, and avoid his interspersed and sometimes provocative remarks. He is not a model, but he is better—he is capital, available capital, on which others may draw, and send what they draw into currency in thoughts and words that will do the world a vast deal of good.

He has carried into manhood the freshness and the exuberant force of earlier days, and overflows, therefore, with sympathy and communion with all living and growing things. He says occasionally an indiscreet thing, but rarely, if ever, a tame thing.

Yet some of his epigrammatic sayings are occasionally forced. The originality of the following does not atone for their constrained character:—

‘She was a woman, and by so much nearer to God as that makes one.

‘To some men the mere fact of existence, the simple walking through the air and light, gives more pleasure than others find in the whole round of so called pleasures.

‘A man’s religion is not a thing all made in Heaven, and then let down and shoved into him. It is his own conduct and life. A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life.

‘Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy.

‘When men complain to me of low spirits, I tell them to

take care of their health, to trust in the Lord, and to do good, as a cure.

‘Attempt to be aristocratic in the church, and the Church dies. Its true power consists in cutting the loaf of society from top to bottom.’

THEODORE LEDYARD CUYLER.

Another preacher, not so popular perhaps as Ward Beecher, but a vigorous thinker and an able speaker, is Theodore Ledyard Cuyler. He is picturesque and varied in his style, homely in his preferences, and altogether a useful and able exponent of his own school of teaching. He ranks with what are called in America ‘the Reforming Preachers’—that is, the class who ally their influence to every good movement that touches and raises the down-trodden and depressed sections of society. There is in this a practical good sense which commends religion to those who are otherwise indisposed to listen to its claims. Speaking of city missions, he observes:—

‘By this time you may inquire, Where is the remedy? What can we do? To these inquiries we would reply that as no clean result can come from an unclean source, the primal remedy is to purify the sources themselves. This work is a double one. It must be applied both to the body and to the soul. The external man and the internal man should both be reformed. Each one of these processes is essential. The second is by far the most important; but in order to reach it the first one must not be neglected. For it is no easy work to Christianize a ragged outcast with a half-dozen layers of filth all over his frame, and no bread in his mouth but what he gets by begging and stealing. It is no easy task to Christianize a child by two hours of Sabbath-school teaching, while the Devil has undisputed control over that child through all the hours of all the other six days of the week. It is no easy matter to make a vagrant girl obey either the seventh or the eighth commandment, if absolute want is driving her to theft, or

to the sale of her womanhood to buy her bread. The soul must be cared for and the physical condition too. The Bible and the tract should be given to these outcasts; but a preliminary step is to do all we can to provide for them a clean face and a clean dress, and a better chance to live without crime. Let us endeavour to give them employment. To help them into places of livelihood. Let them learn to be not paupers, but producers; not mendicants and plunderers, but self-respecting self-supporters. And then, with this care for the perishing body, let us give them the Gospel. Not as a cold abstraction or a theologic dogma do they need it, but as a plain simple method of salvation, and as a practical rule of life. Let them have it free and warm and loving; just as it burst from Heaven in its fullness, just as it breathed from Calvary in its tenderness. Let it come to them in every possible channel—through the teacher, through the tract visitor, through the school.’

These remarks are pregnant with good sense. They are not in any degree calculated to compromise Christian principle, and yet in every respect they tend to convince the mere secular man of the world that the religion of the Bible is not a mere transcendental, airy, and intangible theory, suited to the schools, but helpless in less rarefied strata of the atmosphere. They must see in it an everyday fountain of inspiration, strength, and success—mighty in a kitchen as in a palace—reaching the highest, and bending down to the humblest, and blessing and glorifying all the bonds and ties of social life.

This is what is wanted in our own country. We have too much theology and too little religion in our pulpits—too much about systems and dogmas, however important in their relative positions and superpositions in the Christian system, and far too little of that homely, intelligent, and common-sense use of those grand truths which shine with the splendour but also with the usefulness of stars,

guiding the sailor on the trackless sea, and lessening the darkness of a moonless night.

DR. STORRS.

Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, is another of those masculine American minds who, ignorant or disdainful of theological dilettantism, give themselves up in the truth to the greatest good of the greatest number. Dr. Storrs is anything but dull, tame, or prosaic. Nay, on subjects that rise above the every-day relations of religion, and touch the springs and fountains of truth, he is not only eloquent, but powerful, and rich, and argumentative. Let us take a sample, not from his sermons, but his speeches. His subject is that fine one, the authorised version of the English Bible. He says:—

‘And now consider what influence this version has put into our literature—I might say into all the history and life of the English people. It comes to us with authority from our childhood. Its words are heard amid circumstances best adapted to make them impressive—on the Sabbath, in the churches, in the family devotions. They have been taught in even the common schools of our land; blessed be God for that! They have become wrought, we may say, into the very substance and texture of our thoughts, our associations, our earliest and most cherished expressions. And so they act mightily as an educating power on the popular mind. They have done so for generations. They act even upon the higher departments of literature. What delicate, fairylike forms this tough and oaken Saxon so skilfully combined with the more majestic Roman poetry, in those beautiful “Songs of Zion” to which reference has been made. Who has not observed in the great senatorial orator of our times, that when he rises to the highest point of eloquence, the very pitch of his power, he reverts to the simple biblical phrase that was familiar to us in childhood? And it is by that that he shakes the heart of his hearers with his wonderful force. For what would we give up the influences which this version has

put in our literature? For what would we give up the version itself? There is a company of gentlemen, I believe, in this city who are desiring and endeavouring to put this out of use, and to substitute another for it prepared according to their notions. I do not speak certainly as a member of a committee, or of any society, but simply as a Christian man, indebted too deeply to our most noble version, to be willing to give it up, when I say that no man, in my judgment, intelligently weighing this matter, would think for a moment of such an exchange. Give up our version, sir? Why, it was nine hundred years in coming to its completion! It is hallowed with such memories as scarcely belong to another human work. It stretches back one of its far-reaching roots to the very cell of Bede. It strikes down another beneath the burnt ashes of Wickliffe. It sends another under the funeral pile of Tyndale. It twists another round the stake where Cranmer was burned. Give up this version for a trim and varnished new one! Nay, verily. Those broad contorted arms have wrestled with the fierce winds of opinion for two hundred years. The sweet birds of heaven have loved to come and sing among them, and they sing there still. Their leaves are leaves of life and healing. There is not a text pendant on those boughs but has the stuff of religion and literature in it. They have given of their ribbed strength to every enterprise for human welfare. Give up this version! It is our American inheritance. It came over in the *Mayflower*. It was brought by Oglethorpe to Georgia. It has spread across our land; it has been the joy of generations to sit under its shadow; it will stand while the hills stand. Sir, I think we will not give up this oak of the ages for any modern tulip-tree at present.'

With the exception of the eulogy pronounced by Dr. Newman, the eloquent but erring oratorian, we do not know a more striking and just estimate.

Besides these, there are numbers of vigorous minds in America. They have all some faults; they often indulge in modes of expression alien to our taste, and generally work at high pressure. Still they are a powerful race;

eminently original and vigorous, they do themselves and us credit. If our children are so healthy, what a noble mother must they have had !

THE PIONEER PREACHERS.

The pioneer preachers of America are a remarkable race. One of themselves thus defines the character :—

‘ The pioneer preacher is a man of stamina and a man of humour—an urgent sort of man, whose soul is permeated by the truth of what he says—speaking right out what he has to say and doing right on what he has to do. True they have their faults. They are inferior in the niceties, and elegancies, and refinements, and beauties of civilized society ; but, with all their downright directness, they are men of great hearts and tender susceptibilities. These pioneer preachers need no patronage nor pity ; they can take care of themselves, and they do it. If any one in the east fails to find his ideal of ministerial character—sublime courage, indomitable energy, daring self-forgetfulness, a Christian piety which is self-abnegation—let him go, even in the present day, west of the Mississippi, and he will find there some noble pioneers hastening with the bread of life to the starving inhabitants, and scattering manna in the wilderness unto eternal life.’

These men, justly or not, but sincerely, believe they have a commission from Heaven to go into the deserts and sequestered log-cabins with the first wave of civilization that rolls along the prairies, and to tell every human being of a great deliverance. They preach in kitchens, in cabins, from branches of trees, on the saddle, and from stumps. They have little book-learning ; they have no manual but the Bible. They live on sixty dollars a year, travel every month three hundred miles on foot, swim across rivers, sleep on the earth, live on corn-bread and bacon, and sow broadcast living seeds that ripen into harvests which others

with less labour joyously reap. Among the most powerful of these eccentric lights of the desert was WILLIAM BURKE. His height was above six feet, and his frame powerfully knit together. His voice was possessed of tremendous power—so much so that it was said he thundered rather than spoke. One day he preached in the open air to at least ten thousand persons. His sermon literally broke in crashes among the surging multitude, swaying them to and fro like a forest stricken by a terrific gale. It is a well-authenticated fact that successive hundreds of the audience fell down like corn before the scythe of the mower under his preaching. There is no doubt whatever that powerful and lasting impressions were made, but the results almost invariably proved that impulse without intelligence is most unsafe, and strong excitement, unsustained by careful and early education, is too apt to run into fanaticism. Many a squatter in the forest was refreshed and cheered by a hearty though uncultivated eloquence, but many a wild enthusiast, ignorant and earnest, on recrossing the margin of civilization, set up as the founder of a sect. Hence from these men sprung ‘The Hard-shell Baptists,’ ‘The Soft-shells,’ ‘The Jerkers,’ &c.

Among the most laborious of these lights of the wilderness was BISHOP ASBURY, of the Methodist Episcopal body. His labours were Herculean, and his success so great that he became the founder of a denomination which numbers one-fifth of the population of the United States. One of his most powerful associates was JAMES CRAVEN, a man of uncompromising hatred towards slavery and alcohol. One day, preaching in Virginia, he spoke thus:—

‘Here are a great many professors of religion to-day. You are sleek, fat, good-looking, yet something is the matter. You have seen wheat which was plump, round, and good-looking to the eye, but when you weighed it you

found it only came to forty-five pounds to the bushel, instead of sixty or sixty-three. Take a kernel of that wheat between your thumb and finger, hold it up, squeeze it, and pop goes the weevil. Now, you good-looking professors of religion, you are plump and round, but you only weigh some forty-five pounds to the bushel. What is the matter? When you are taken between the thumb of the Law and the finger of the Gospel, held up to the light and squeezed, out pops the whisky bottle.'

Another celebrated pioneer was HAXLEY. He excelled in home-thrusts. One day he addressed his audience as follows:—

'Ah! yes, you sisters here at church look as sweet and smiling as if you were angels; and one of you says to me, "Come and take dinner with me, brother Haxley." I go. When I arrive you say, "Sit down while I see about dinner," and you go into the kitchen, and then I hear somebody cry out, "Don't missus, don't!" and I hear the sound of blows, and the poor girl screaming, and the lovely sister a whalin' and trouncin' Sallie in the kitchen; and when she has got through she comes back looking as smiling and sweet as a summer day, as if she had just come from sayin' her prayers. That's what you call Christianity, is it?'

A no less remarkable character was PETER CARTWRIGHT. He was a great anti-slavery man, and struck right and left at all comers. One day, on approaching a ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermons of PETER CARTWRIGHT, and threatening that if he ever had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman, 'Stranger, I want you to put me across.' 'Wait till I'm ready,' said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures on PETER CARTWRIGHT. Having finished, he turned to Peter and said, 'Now I'll put you across.' On reaching the middle of the

stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole. 'What for?' asked the ferryman. 'Well, you've just been using my name improper-like; and you said, if I ever came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance.' 'Is your name Peter Cartwright?' asked the ferryman. 'My name is Peter Cartwright.' Instantly the ferryman seizes on the preacher; but he did not know Peter's strength, for Peter instantly seized the ferryman—one hand on the nape of his neck and the other at the seat of his trousers—and plunged him in the water, saying, 'I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art.' Then lifting him up, dripping, Peter asked, 'Did you ever pray?' 'No.' 'Then it's time you did.' 'Never will!' answered the ferryman. Splash! splash! and the ferryman is in the depths again. 'Will you pray now?' asked Peter. The gasping victim shouted, 'I'll do anything you bid me!' 'Then follow me,—“Our Father which art in heaven, &c.”' Having acted as clerk, repeating after Peter, the ferryman cried, 'Now let me go.' 'Not yet,' said Peter. 'You must make me three promises: *first*, that you will repeat that prayer morning and evening as long as you live; *secondly*, that you will hear every pioneer preacher that comes within five miles of this ferry; and, *thirdly*, that you will put every Methodist preacher over free of expense. Do you promise and vow?' 'I promise,' said the ferryman; and strange to say, that very man became afterwards a shining light.

Not the least remarkable among these voices in the wilderness is MILBURN, the blind preacher. He is celebrated for a memory retentive beyond all precedent. He repeated Chalmers' 'Astronomical Discourses' after hearing them read twice. The Bible is his only text-book, the saddle his study chair, and everywhere is his pulpit. There is no

doubt that these eccentric men have a mission. In estimating their labours from a loftier level, one sees much to disapprove, a good deal to dislike, but very much to admire. The singleness of purpose, the burning eloquence, the hardships they dare and endure, the honest and pungent moral truths they drive home red hot in the consciences of their hearers, all are worthy of all praise. The Church at large has too much ignored the type of congregations for which these men are so wonderfully fitted. We have fallen back too much on learning, on refined and educated addresses, on ecclesiastical proprieties—all most seemly as long as the pulpit stands amid cultivated congregations. But in the desert, in the log-cabin, by the edge of the western prairie, and amid people who have left far behind them all trace of civilization, there is need of sterner stuff—a Baptist-like clothing and address—words that like Luther's are cannon-shot, and sermons that are half-battles. It is in consequence of the Church of England wanting such men as these pioneer preachers that the great mass of the poorer classes have fallen away from her pale, or joined other communions. How far scripture-readers may serve this purpose it is difficult to say. But of this we are sure, that a corps of itinerant preachers, sent into the mines of Cornwall and Northumberland, and into the jungles of civilization in our great cities and towns, regulated and restrained by judicious oversight, would do much to spread Christianity where it is known only in the shape of an oath, and to carry civilization into districts unvisited at present, or at least uncared for by Church or Dissent. With the exception of the pioneers of the prairies, whose excellence and eccentricities we have tried to illustrate, the Church of Rome is the only body that has trained a ministry adapted physically, socially, and religiously to all grades. She has priests for the mob as well as prelates for the Court; and

pioneers for the wildernesses, into which they carry the crucifix with a zeal and intrepidity worthy of a purer mission. We live in times when the masses must be Christianized, or crushed, or dominant. The last we deprecate, the second we would not, the first we must take up and prosecute at any expense of time, toil, or money. America looks at us from her stand-point. Her praise and censure are instructive. We may cast our eyes across the Atlantic, also, and by our reflections and comments render our children some service in return.

It is gratifying to see increasing efforts in all parts of the empire to reach the lost and raise the fallen. Halls and playhouses are echoing every Sunday with the accents of truth, and prayer is offered in all places continually. The Church is getting ready for her destiny.

[*Rev.* xxii. 20.]

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DEDICATION.

To ROBERT CROSS, M.D.

MY DEAR COUSIN: To whom may I dedicate this fragmentary record of an eminently happy year, with so much propriety as to you and yours, whose generous courtesies contributed so largely to its happiness?

The manner in which you received me when I first came to London; the warmth with which you afterwards welcomed my return from the Continent; the unwearied kindness with which you sought to promote my comfort while among you; the many advantages which I derived from your extensive acquaintance, distinguished social position, and honourable connection with the great movements of metropolitan philanthropy; the interesting places, eminent personages, and noble Christian charities, for my knowledge of which I am indebted chiefly to your friendly offices and the influence of your name:—gave me a new estimate of English hospitality, improved my opinion of English Christianity, threw a new charm over the land of my birth and my boyhood, and rendered my sojourn in London more delightful even than my rambles amid the venerable ruins of Rome and the classic scenes of Southern Italy.

In your household, a heart long expatriated by Provi-

dence has found a second English home, around which it delights to linger, and from which no time nor change can dislodge it. The pleasant hours I spent there, the scenes of social worship, the reunions of kindred souls, the festivities of the last evening, and the tears of the last morning, are among the things that can never be forgotten. I devoutly bless God for the special providence which brought us together, and laid the basis of an immortal friendship. It was in the sanctuary we first saw each other; and I regard this circumstance as amounting almost to a pledge that we shall finally greet each other amid the harmonies of the temple not made with hands.

Till we all assemble in the mansions of Our Father's house, accept, I beseech you, this poor expression of my love, with ardent prayers for your welfare, and the greatest possible happiness of your household.

JOSEPH CROSS.

April 14, 1858.

PREFACE.

THE dream of years is realized. The fondly-cherished hope has become a pleasant memory. I have wept over the fields where I frolicked in childhood, and have seen the great centre of European civilization, with many of its celebrities, and something of its suffering and its sin. I have walked the gay Boulevards, paced the stately apartments of the Louvre and the Tuileries, and mused upon the bloody horrors of the Revolution in the Place de la Concorde. I have threaded the narrow streets, and admired the lofty palaces of Genoa la Superba; and climbed the marble roof and graceful minaret of the many-pinnacled wonder of Milan. With the ghost of antiquity I have communed amid the mouldering fragments of the Eternal City; and explored the arx and the necropolis of her great Etruscan rival. -I have stood upon the rostrum whence Cicero ruled the populace with his eloquence; and strolled perchance in the footsteps of Horace and Virgil, along 'the yellow Tiber.' I have plucked wall-flowers from the Flavian Amphitheatre, within which many a martyr wrestled for his crown; and wandered over the gardens of Sallust and Lucullus, and the vast substructions of the Domus Aurea. I have groped in the dismal Catacombs, and descended into the damp vaults of the Columbaria, and thrust my hand into the cinerary urns of 'Cæsar's household.' I have trodden the heights of Tusculum and Alba Longa, and gazed thence at the majestic dome of the

Basilica Vaticanus, across the desolate Campagna, strewn with broken arches and crumbling mausolea. I have toiled up the steep cone of Mons Albanus, once crowned with the magnificent fane of the Latian Jupiter; and traced the massive pavement of its Via Triumphalis, traversed of old by the chariots of kings and conquerors. From the fountain of Egeria I have drunk, and dreamed in the dewy woods of La Riccia, intoxicated with the aroma of flowers, and lulled by the love-songs of nightingales. From 'the shining rocks of Anxur' along the Volscian range, and over the Pontine Marshes I have seen the sun sink into the Mediterranean beyond the Circean Promontory. I have stood upon the fiery crest of Vesuvius; and from the rim of his seething furnace, athwart the grim furrows of destruction, have beheld the disinterred palaces and temples of Pompeii, and the living city that conceals the tomb of Herculaneum. My soul has been sated with sublimity on the summit of Monte Sant' Angelo, and among the cliffs and chasms of Amalfi; and drunk in bewildering draughts of beauty from the blossoming hills of La Cava, and the orange-groves of the sweet Salernian shore.

Kind reader, give me thy hand, and let me conduct thee to these pleasant localities, and point out to thee some of the wonders with which the Old World is teeming. And if thou art well pleased with thy *cicerone*, we will walk through the buried cities together, and talk of Pliny, where he perished in his mission of friendship at Stabiæ, and breathe the fragrance of the lemon and the magnolia in the luxuriant gardens of Sorrento. We will pass through the Grotta di Posilipo, to Puteoli, of Pauline memory; and thence to Cumæ, and the Sibyl's Cave, and the Lucrine Lake; and along the Misenian Promontory, to Baiæ, and the Mare Morto, and the Elysian Fields beyond. We will climb the pine-crested Apennines, and survey the classical

Soracte, and visit the cascades of the Velino and the Anio, and look into the Etruscan sepulchre at Perugia, and sit down in the shadow of a wall three thousand years old at Fiesole, and from the surrounding hills view the paradise of villas and vineyards environing the beautiful Firenze. We will muse at the tomb of Michael Angelo, and gaze at Brunaleschi's dome and Giotto's marble tower, and listen to the magical bells which charmed the ear of Dante, and inspect the treasures of art accumulated in the Uffizi Galleries, and feast our eyes with the gems and gold which beautify the Pitti Palace, and have a glance at the Arno over the laurel hedges of San Miniato, and take a turn or two in the Cacina when the evening air is tremulous with the soft melodies of the grove. We will speculate on the architectural eccentricities or derelictions of Pisa and Bologna; and scrutinize the dismal Ducal Palace at Ferrara, with the sad mementoes of Torquato Tasso; and stroll through the sombre streets of scholastic Padua, by the tomb of Trojan Antenor; and shake hands with the poor old Queen of the Adriatic, still strangely beautiful in her decrepitude and decay. We will enjoy a wayside glimpse of the Lago di Garda, and glide over the waters of the more enchanting Como; survey the pearl-crested Alps from the fairy islands of the Maggiore; bless the 'Soldier of Destiny' from the gloomy gorge of Gondo; look down from the Simplon into the frightful gulf of the Saltine; and trace the wild torrent of 'the arrowy Rhone;' sojourn a few days in the vale of Chamouni; feast eye and soul with the vision of the 'Monarch of Mountains;' gaze up at the 'cold sublimity' of his guardian *aiguilles*; traverse the glaciers which descend from his hoary shoulders; plough the cerulean waves of Lake Lemman; explore the dungeons immortalized by Byron; overlook Switzerland from the top of the Jura; note the far-famed wonders of the 'castled Rhine.'

During our pleasant pilgrimage, I promise thee, thou shalt meet with many things not included in the foregoing programme—things to laugh at, and things to weep over—battle-fields, and *belle arti*, and the beauties of Popery at home—the chair of St. Peter tottering on French bayonets—Pio Nono at Gaeta and in the Vatican—a gambling priesthood and a starving populace—crimson-vested cardinals, and troops of human rag-screens—goddesses transformed into madonnas, and emperors into apostles—benedictions for horses, and anathemas for heretics—fiends in palaces, and saints in prisons—legends incredible, and relics innumerable—miraculous fountains, and deified dolls—temples turned into churches, and outdoing their old idolatries—with other mysteries of iniquity, at which men marvel, while the heavens protest.

A recent American tourist declares, frankly, that his object in going to Italy was not so much to see the fine arts of Rome and Florence, as to witness something of the foul arts of the ecclesiastical orders. The writer of this volume went to Europe to see everything—fine and foul—ancient and modern—pagan and papal—natural and artistic—in society and the Church; and of what he saw he has here faithfully recorded his impressions, without prejudice, and without partiality. He has aimed at historic accuracy, and tried to form a correct estimate of all that came under his observation; and if at any time he differs from truthful tourists or competent critics, it is chiefly in matters not of fact, but only of taste and opinion. In the department of antiquities he has avoided controversy and speculation, though he has largely indulged his predilections. In that of æsthetics he does not profess to be *au fait*; and his judgment may frequently be at fault, though his criticisms are comparatively few. To minds of a more philosophic mould, his admiration of fine architecture or novel scenery may sometimes seem excessive; but the reader will kindly

remember, that he who for the first time comes forth from the seclusion of his study for foreign travel, must be constantly meeting with what to him are new revelations of the beautiful and the sublime. Some may be disappointed in this volume at finding less of the minute detail of a consecutive diary than they deem desirable in such a work; for it is a book of fragments, recording only such things as most forcibly struck the writer's fancy; and had he set down at large all that interested him during his tour, he would have produced a whole library, instead of a single volume.

A late female American traveller calls her sojourn in Europe, 'A Year of Consolation.' Mine was more—a year of varied and intense enjoyment—the happiest of my life. Would that the pictures I have drawn might afford my friends a tithe of the pleasure which their originals afforded me! This, however, is more than I can hope. The impressions made upon my soul, time and change can never efface; but the effort to convey those impressions to other minds is very much like an attempt to transfer to the dull canvas the tints of an Italian sunset. Aware of the inadequacy of language to paint the scenes, the incidents, and the personal experiences of so delightful a pilgrimage, I sit down to my work with a pleasing despair.

J. C.

THE AMERICAN PASTOR IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.

A Storm—The Persia—The Passengers—A Wreck—A Fog—Worship—"The Circle"—Sunrise—Anchorage—An Attack of Bacchus—An Arrest—A Fatal Accident—A Warning to Smokers—Warm Reception on Shore.

To break the dull monotony
Of an Atlantic trip,
Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship.

FRANCIS OSGOOD.

It was past midday, on the 6th of December, 1856, when we took tender leave of our friends in Charleston, and stepped on board the steamship Nashville, as happy and hopeful a triad as ever embarked for a voyage. The wind blew rough and cold from the north-east, and dull leaden clouds hung over the sea, prophetic of a stormy passage. And well did Boreas redeem his pledge. Seldom I imagine, without actual shipwreck, have three seafarers suffered more in three days than we. But amidst it all, hope hung the heavens with rainbows, and every billow blossomed as it broke. Sallie heard Mozart's Zaubrer-Flöte in the wailing of the winds, and steeped her soul in seas of German melody. Jennie saw Raffaele's Transfiguration of the Redeemer, or Domenichino's Communion of Saint Jerome, in every cloud that sailed across the sky; and Venuses, and Apollos, and Mercurys, and Jupiters constantly springing from the surf. As for the scribe, while he lay in the slumberous delirium of the *mal de mer*, or looked out from his little window upon the seething floods,

every surge became a Brent-Knoll, and every sound of the waters brought the sweet murmur of Burnham Beach, and the wind that so fiercely contested our progress seemed odorous with the breath of cowslips from Lymppsham, and primroses from Bleadon, and wallflowers from his grandmother's garden.

On the morning of the 9th we are in New York, early enough to secure good state-rooms in the *Persia*, and enjoy an evening with Bishop Janes and his family, and some hours with sundry other friends of former years; and at six the next evening, under a fair breeze and a full moon, with a sea as calm as the *Cayuga*, we stand bravely out to the broad Atlantic. How majestically beautiful is this floating palace, three hundred and ninety feet long, and built in four compartments, any one of which is deemed sufficient to keep her afloat if the others should fill with water! On the deck, at the table, in the state-rooms, how admirable is the order observed, inspiring in the passengers a delightful confidence of security, and giving an attractiveness even to the sea! Her population, exclusive of officers, sailors, and servants, is a hundred and seventy souls, chiefly English, Irish, and Scotch, a few French and German, with a sprinkling of New England salt. There is a Roman Catholic bishop on board—quite plethoric enough for the profession—a talkative, intelligent, and altogether agreeable man; with his brother, a well-informed gentleman, but rather too frank for a Jesuit, who eight or ten years ago accompanied the enterprising prelate on his ‘American mission,’ in the character of a priest, ‘rather by way of frolic than otherwise,’ and appears to have kept up his clerical fun ever since. We have also Mr. Osgood, the American artist, in our company; a man of genial mood and various knowledge, with a history which ought to be written; attended by his wife, an amiable lady, who has enjoyed the advantages of extensive travel. Opposite us at the table sit three British officers from Canada, one of them a son of the Lord Primate of Ireland, two of them well freighted with incidents of the Crimean campaign, and all of them overflowing with genuine Irish wit. A lady who has evidently seen something of the world, and is now returning to her home in the land of potatoes and

of hearts, affords us much amusement with the accounts she gives us of her countrymen, whom she very seriously pronounces 'the most generous, the most eloquent, and the most deceitful people in the world.' Last, though not least, if you may judge from the attention shown him, especially by officers and stewards of the ship, here is Tom Thumb, *alias* Charles Stratton, nearly twenty years old, but less than three feet high, and as diminutive in intellect as in stature, with his mother, brother-in-law, and a fiscal agent, on his way to England, where he is to spend the next two years in exhibiting his insignificance.

Few were the incidents of our voyage. Some of us, chiefly the ladies, were pretty well occupied, especially when the weather was a little rough, with their own personal matters; and with the rest, conversation and reading made the time pass pleasantly. On the evening of the third day out we passed the hull of a large schooner, dismasted and apparently abandoned by her crew; but did not pause, I know not why, to investigate her condition. On the banks of Newfoundland, as generally happens, we were enveloped in a dense fog, through which a sail could not possibly have been seen a hundred yards; yet the *Persia* never slackened her speed, but two men with tin horns at the bows blew perpetual warning to whatever might chance to be in our way, and every fifth minute the great steam-whistle sent terrific cautions over the deep.

The Sabbath dawned. Worship, according to the ritual of Her Majesty's church, was performed on board Her Majesty's steamships. But in this instance, where is the clergyman? There is none, and the captain must officiate. All hands are summoned, by the tolling of the bell, to the long dining-saloon. Most of the passengers are present, and as many of the sailors and stewards, I suppose, as can be spared from duty, making in all about three hundred persons. The bishop and the frolicking priest are not of the company, though evidently they ought, in all consistency, to recognize the principle which ignores the clerical character of the present scribe. We are all furnished with prayer-books, and the service is solemnly read, and the responses are general and hearty. In the midst of the prayers, the lay-parson very properly interpolates the

petition of the Protestant Episcopal Church for 'the President of the United States, and all others in authority.' Then follows a sermon from Dr. Blair: 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' Very appropriate, certainly; but no one can deny that Captain Judkins prays better than he preaches; and I flatter myself, all ungowned as I am, I might have read that sermon quite as well myself. A very serious thought it is, that never in this world shall we all worship together again; and most sincerely is the prayer breathed, at least by some of the worshippers, that we may all hereafter meet in heaven.

Travellers on shipboard have often to pay for their inexperience. One day I went to the bow, and stood looking out over the sea. When I turned around, a sailor stood at my side, with a wrinkle of ineffable mischief in his face. 'D'ye see, Serrr,' said he, pointing to a chalk line which he had drawn around me upon the deck, 'I've put ye in the cerrrcle!' 'Oh no,' I replied, 'that is not a circle—only a semicircle.' 'Faith,' rejoined he, 'and sure it isn't the likes of yer honour that'll be getting off in that way: I thought yer honour wouldn't mind giving a pore fellow the price of a terrrkey for Christmas.' 'And what is the price of a turkey?' I demanded. 'Oh, the matther of a dollar in Leverpole, or a dollar and a quarther for a fat one.' I handed him fifty cents. 'Indade, yer honour,' said he, with something akin to a sigh, 'and ye wouldn't be afther putting us off with half a dollar: it isn't like yer counthry entirely.' 'But I fear you will spend that for whiskey,' I answered. 'I'm sure I never dhrinks a dhrop, yer honour, nor haven't for these seven years agone; and besides, I've got a wife and fower children in Corrrk.' For his eloquence, more than his wit, I duplicated the fifty cents; and enjoyed the giving quite as much, I doubt not, as he the receiving.

It was the last morning of our voyage. A calmer sea, and a clearer sky, could not well be imagined. We were gliding along the coast of the Emerald Isle. With one of the young officers aforesaid, I went on deck to look at the fragments of an ancient castle. At the same moment the sun on the opposite side began to emerge from the watery

horizon, clothed with so soft a radiance that the eye could gaze steadily upon him without pain. When about one-third of his form became visible, a ship under full sail, but so distant as to appear only a minute speck, passed slowly across his disc. Till it entered the edge of the sun, it was invisible; and as soon as its little transit was accomplished, became invisible again—an emblem of many things, chiefly of human life.

During the following night we took a pilot, and before morning dropped anchor in the Mersey; having been just nine days and two hours, allowing for difference of time, between New York and Liverpool. What would have been thought of this fifty years ago? When I first crossed the ocean, in 1825, we were nearly six weeks from Bristol to Quebec, and it was not regarded as a very tedious voyage. Verily, a little more speed, with the addition of the Sub-Atlantic Telegraph, would almost practically realize the Apocalyptic prophecy, ‘There shall be no more sea;’ and whoever has experienced the horrors of sea-sickness, or seen those whom he loves writhing in the exquisite indifference of that detestable epidemic of the deep, will surely say, ‘Amen.’

Two of our fellow-passengers had evidently suffered, during the night, a violent attack from Bacchus, for they were still reeling from the effect of his blows. One of them was a son of the Green Isle; and our female friend, his shrewd countrywoman, satisfactorily accounted for his condition, by assuring us, as Miss Edgeworth had done before, that ‘drunkenness is the natural state of the Irish.’ Another, who was slightly convalescent, appeared drooping and melancholy. I inquired after the cause. One of the company replied: ‘That gentleman sat up all night watching for the pilot.’ ‘And did he see him?’ said I. ‘Oh yes,’ answered my informant, ‘he saw two.’ This was a countryman of ours.

Before we went ashore, an officer, who had been sent for by the captain, came on board, and arrested one of our fellow-passengers as a swindler. He had embarked at New York without paying his fare; and when discovered, three days afterwards, had but one and sixpence in his pocket. He called himself Baron somebody, and professed to have

been an *attaché* of the Prussian Legation at Washington ; but as he could give no satisfactory account of his condition, he was sent forward to the second cabin. His manner was very peculiar, and some suspected his mental sanity, while others thought he must be labouring under some great sorrow, with which a stranger might not intermeddle. The captain, however, seemed to be of a different opinion ; and as the poor man had neither friends nor money, he was sent to prison, and I never learned the sequel.

Another case was still more melancholy. The second officer of the ship, soon after we came to anchor, received an accidental blow ; and on Monday they bore him to his grave. He was a handsome young man, noble-spirited, and full of genial soul. I had often admired his fine open countenance during the voyage, and had a pleasant chat with him the night before the accident, in which he spoke freely of his plans for the future, and dwelt with manifest pleasure upon his prospect of success ; but a sudden blight fell upon his blooming hopes, and his sun went down at noon ; and how forcibly returned to me the text to which we had listened a few days before ! ‘Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.’

Of course we could not land till our baggage had passed the scrutiny of the custom-house officials. These worthy functionaries, however, were early at their posts, and fully sustained their reputation. Oh, the pity ! to see piles of manufactured tobacco, and parcels of fragrant cigars, brought forth from their concealment among soiled linen and New York Herald, ruthlessly turned out upon the deck, and remorselessly taxed from ten to twenty shillings per pound ! Verily it was almost enough to make one subscribe to the long-exploded maxim, ‘Honesty is the best policy.’ And then, the unprofitable rage of some of the innocent proprietors, who of course never thought of violating or evading the law, though they had ten times the quantity of tobacco and cigars that the law allows free of duty ; and the silent shame with which others of them opened their unwilling wallets, and gathered up their costly luxuries—ah, was it not ‘a caution !’ Sensible

reader, hadst thou been there, thou wouldst have forsworn Havañas for ever!

But tell me, ye travelled sages, why are these inquisitors of contraband wares so particular in the examination of ladies' apparel? Does the fact imply a tacit imputation upon the honesty of the sex? It was so here; it was so everywhere upon the continent. Frequently when my baggage passed unopened, that of my fair travelling companions was quite narrowly scrutinised. In the present instance, however, we came off much better than some of the rest. Whether it was because I waited patiently till they were weary of their cruel work, or because our trunks had a look of honest leanness, and ourselves no odour of the Indian weed; for some reason or another, these faithful servants of Her Majesty gave us very little trouble, opening only one of our three pieces, and peeping into the folds of the first *robe de chambre* they discovered.

Before ten the ordeal was over, a passport pasted on every box and parcel, and we prepared to set foot upon Her Majesty's soil. But the excitement of the morning, in addition to her recent sea-sickness, had proved too much for poor Sallie's nervous system, and she was found in violent spasms upon her state-room floor. This accident delayed our landing an hour or two; but when at length we landed, most marvellous were the courtesies which we received. *Monsieur la Grenouille* is generally reputed the politest specimen of the genus *homo*; but if this was a true exhibition of the character of John Bull, his neighbour across the Channel must certainly yield him the palm. No sooner had our sole-leather touched the wharf, than each of us was assailed by at least a dozen persons, men and boys; every one of whom seemed ready, from excess of kindness, to tear us to pieces, or swallow us alive. Such pushing and pulling, such thrusting and thumping, I certainly never saw in my life; with all sorts of menacing and reviling; with noises articulate and noises inarticulate; but no bowie-knives, nor shillelahs. Taking Sallie by the two arms, we ran the gauntlet for about two hundred yards, and took refuge in the first carriage we came to; but before we had time to recover breath for mutual congratulation on our fortunate escape, a dozen heads were thrust

in at the windows, vociferously demanding pay for procuring hacks, and carrying trunks, and all sorts of services which we had not received. Jehu saved us by driving suddenly away, and left the clamorous throng gazing, and running, and shouting after us; but for which merciful incivility of Jehu, there is no telling what might have been our fate. Somehow, as by whirlwind—I never did understand the precise manner—we soon reached the Adelphi, where we found ourselves in comfortable quarters, and where we remained forty-eight hours, and had all our wants supplied, for the moderate sum of 5*l.* 1*l*s. 6*d.*!

CHAPTER II.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN LIVERPOOL.

Docks and Shipping—Historical and Architectural—The Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D.—The Rev. Hugh McNeile, D.D.—Charitable Institutions—Schools and Societies—Libraries and Museums—William Roscoe—Mr. Thackeray.

His words had such a melting flow,
And spoke the truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell.

THE two things most likely to strike a stranger on entering Liverpool are its docks and its shipping. The former extend along the right bank of the Mersey nearly or quite five miles, and have cost in their construction several millions sterling. The area of one of them is ten acres and of another fifteen. They are so united that vessels may pass from one to another without entering the river. The Huskisson Dock, for the ocean steamers, is of great strength and vast extent. The shipping, crowded together, and packed as closely as possible, along the whole line, looks like a forest stripped of its verdure. The number of ships belonging to the port is reckoned at twenty-two thousand, their aggregate tonnage at four and a half millions of tons; and the exports are said to exceed by many millions not only those of London, but those of all the other ports of the kingdom.

The history of Liverpool is full of interest. The name is derived from Lower Pool. As a borough it is about seven hundred years old. It has a population of nearly or quite five hundred thousand. A hundred and fifty years ago there was only one person in it—Madam Clayton—who kept a carriage. The first public conveyance for passengers went hence to London in the year 1757, starting once a week, and performing the journey in four days. Some five or six railway trains now go every day, measuring the distance in seven hours. There was formerly a castle here and a tower, no traces of either of which are now

to be found. The origin of the former is not known, but it is supposed to have been of very great antiquity. In John Howard's time it was used as a prison, and he visited its inmates as an angel of mercy.

Liverpool has something more than two hundred places of worship; forty of which belong to the Establishment, fourteen to the Wesleyans, eleven to the Papists, ten to the Baptists, eight to the Church of Scotland and the English Presbyterians, seven to the Independents, three to the Unitarians, and above ninety to various other sects. Saint George's Hall is an imposing structure—one of the very finest in England. Saint John's Market exceeds anything of the sort I ever saw at home, and when lighted up at night looks decidedly attractive. Saint James's Cemetery is a great curiosity in its way; a deep excavation in the rocks, originally a quarry, but now converted into a repository for the dead. Legh Richmond was born in Liverpool, and so was Felicia Hemans and many other notable personages. But let me speak of the living.

For many years I had been familiar with the fame of the Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., successor and biographer of the lamented Thomas Spencer, and confessedly the most elegant preacher in England. Through the politeness of Mr. James, a fellow-passenger on board the *Persia*, and an officer in Dr. Raffles's church, I obtained a seat with him on Sabbath morning. The edifice is spacious and beautiful. It has a gallery all around, one end of which is occupied by the choir and a powerful organ. The seats below are semicircular, so that every hearer sits facing the preacher. At the moment the bell ceased tolling, a venerable and very benignant-looking man ascended the pulpit, and after a few moments spent in silent prayer, and a few more in arranging the book-marks, commenced the service. The very first tones of his voice stirred the depths of my soul. I never heard a hymn read more naturally, more touchingly, in my life. Then followed a lesson from the Old Testament, a long prayer, full of subdued and holy pathos, a second hymn, another long prayer, and finally the sermon. The preacher had chosen for his text the words of Saint Paul: 'I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.' It seems that

some lady member of his flock, a person of great worth, had died during the week, and this was the funeral sermon. Most delightfully did the preacher dwell on the Christian's departure, his residence with Christ, and its contrast with his present state. The church will seat twenty-five hundred; it was full above and below; and throughout the whole discourse the audience sat as if perfectly entranced by the speaker. When he came to speak of the deceased, of what the church had lost in one of its most devoted members, and what he had lost in one of his most valued friends, his deep musical voice became tremulous with emotion, and the tears flowed freely down his venerable face. The manner in which he commands the profoundest attention of his hearers, and sways their feelings at will, after having ministered to them for more than thirty years, is a very remarkable testimony to his superior talents and piety. At the close of the service Mr. James conducted me into the vestry, and gave me a personal introduction to the preacher. I told him that I had long known him through his writings, especially his life of Spencer; that I had first read that work about twenty-five years ago, and it proved a great blessing to me in the earlier part of my ministry. He replied with a delightful warmth, 'This is not the first time, my brother, that I have had occasion to thank God that I ever wrote that book.' We then conversed about Spencer, and passed from him to the American ministry; and when I arose to depart, he invited me very cordially to tea with him in the evening, but other engagements obliged me to decline.

The evening came, and we went to hear another famous divine of Liverpool—the Rev. Hugh McNeile, D.D. A cab-drive of twenty minutes brought us to a very large cruciform church, in one of the suburbs of the city. A man in a black gown met us in the aisle, and conducted us to seats near the pulpit. In a few moments Dr. McNeile and his curate entered the reading-desk together. The prayers were read by the latter, the lessons by the former. After this he ascended the pulpit, offered a brief extempore prayer, then stood up, with a small pocket Bible in his hand, and began his sermon. His voice is like the bass of an organ, and he manages it with admirable skill. His enun-

ciation is remarkably distinct, and occasionally his emphasis is terrible. There were passages in the discourse when every sentence fell upon the heart like rough masses of ice. His manner and style furnish a perfect contrast to those of Dr. Raffles. He is entirely conversational, and there seems to be no effort at eloquence; but whoever hears him must feel that the preacher is deeply in earnest, and there are occasional paragraphs of overwhelming power. His elocution reminds one of Dr. Samuel H. Cox, of Brooklyn, or Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Boston, though it is more varied than either, and somewhat more effective. His style is concise and sententious, but not mechanical—occasionally, when it suits the thought, quite rough and angular. The Rev. Dr. Cumming lately said to me: ‘Make Dr. McNeile’s voice a baritone, and give him a little more personal majesty, and a great deal more pomp of diction, and you have Edward Irving: even as he is, he approaches Irving more nearly than any man I ever heard; but he is not equal to Irving.’ Dr. McNeile is a Millenarian, and puts forth his views of the end in all his preaching. ‘I say nothing of the time,’ said he; ‘I know nothing of that: there is a prophetic chronology, and those who make it longest bring the end now very near.’ Terrible, indeed, was the picture which he drew of the last days—the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the guilty nations of Christendom. Severely did he lash the sins of England—dishonesty, hypocrisy, political corruption, spiritual wickedness in high places. ‘Whatever the judgment be, and whenever it come,’ said he, ‘be assured Britain shall have her share; and whatever that share, she has deserved it: there is blood upon her gold, her hands are full of bribes, and the sufferings of her poor appeal to Heaven!’ One would think Dr. McNeile, from his physiognomy, rather dogmatical, perhaps; yet he does not dogmatize, but treads lightly and cautiously whenever he approaches the limits of controversy. It seemed strange to me to hear one of the most famous men of the English Church preaching an hour and a quarter without notes, and with all the force and fervour that an American Methodist could desire; but so preached that evening the Rev. Dr. McNeile, and it was a specimen of his ordinary preaching. No man in Liverpool

wields a greater moral power than he. 'Ah! but he is a firebrand in the Church, sir,' said a railway fellow-traveller the next day; 'he can never be quiet himself, nor suffer others to be quiet.' 'Would to Heaven,' I answered, 'there were many more such firebrands in the Church! the clergy have been quiet too long, and Rome has been reaping England while her husbandmen have slept.' 'But he is perfectly fanatical, sir; he is equal to the Wesleys.' 'And you could hardly pay him a higher compliment: but for the Wesleyan revival, it is difficult to say what would now have been the condition of the Establishment; it is undeniably much better than it was when Wesley began his career.' My friend thought it 'vain to reason with one as fanatical as McNeile himself,' and here ended our conversation. But that Sabbath in Liverpool will ever be remembered as one of the great days of my life.

Before I take leave of this interesting city, I ought to say something of its charitable institutions, for the multiplication and promotion of which no man has done more than Dr. McNeile. They are very numerous, and highly creditable to the community. The magnitude and stateliness of the buildings devoted to benevolent purposes, and the enormous sums of money contributed for their support, furnish an interesting illustration of the expansive power of Christianity upon the human heart. It is often urged against such institutions that their influence upon character is injurious to society; that reliance upon eleemosynary aid is unfavourable to that spirit of independence so essential to industry; that indiscriminate charity produces selfishness and indolence, and thus creates the evils which it aims to cure; that the keen sense of want is the strongest impulse to labour, and virtue itself would be unpractised but for the sharp goadings of necessity. There may be something of truth in all this; but without such institutions, what were the condition of the English, and what the world's estimate of English Christianity? True, men ought not to be taught, if it can be avoided, that they may live more easily by idleness than by industry; but this is one of the incidental evils attendant upon systematic benevolence, and it were certainly better that some should abuse the bounty of their benefactors, than that ten times the number

should perish without a helper. The multiplication of charities, therefore, is after all a safe subject of congratulation among Christians; and if vicious indolence will take such unworthy advantage of our philanthropy, the responsibility is wholly its own, and constitutes no justification of our indifference to the cries of suffering humanity.

Among the most excellent institutions of Liverpool are those for the education of poor children. The war so long and nobly waged in their behalf has at length been crowned with complete victory. The acquisition of useful knowledge by the child is now admitted to be necessary to the welfare of the future man, and the proper discipline of the youthful mind and heart is practically recognized as the only permanent safety to society. The community seem to have awakened to the conviction that intelligence is essential to virtue, and that the union of the two constitutes the true basis of prosperity. The Parochial Schools, thirty-five in number, the Industrial Schools, where more than a thousand children are collected for education, and the Corporation Schools, which receive annually 2500*l.* of the public money, are doing a noble work; and so are the Hibernian and Caledonian Schools, and the Schools of the Wesleyans, the Independents, and other religious bodies. The Blue Coat Hospital educates nearly four hundred orphans, at an expense of not less than 4500*l.* per annum. There are two other orphan asylums, which accommodate three hundred children, an admirable Seminary for the Training of Governesses, a School for the Deaf and Dumb, a School for the Indigent Blind, numerous Roman Catholic schools, a Jewish Educational Institute, and I know not what beside, all supported, in part at least, by charity. The hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, lunatic asylums, and the magnificent Sailors' Home, I pass over with a mere mention, as also the alms-houses, the Victuallers' Association, the numerous ragged-schools, and Shoe-black Brigades. Nor can I dwell upon the Bible societies, prayer-book societies, homily societies, pastoral societies, Protestant societies, church-building societies, missionary societies, Sunday-school societies, Scripture-readers' societies, religious tract societies, evangelical continental societies, societies for the promotion of Christian knowledge at home, and societies for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. And then

you must add friendly societies, and brotherly societies, and mariners' societies, and provident societies, and Hibernian societies, and Caledonian societies, and emigration societies, and strangers' friend societies, and reformed pickpocket societies, and societies for the relief of distressed foreigners, and societies for the rescue of unfortunate females, and societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and fifteen or twenty more to complete the catalogue.

The Free Library contains fifteen thousand volumes; and, together with the valuable museum, it is open to all classes, without distinction. There is another large library at the Athenæum, instituted in 1797, containing many rare and curious works collected by the learned Roscoe, with specimens of the earliest periodical literature of Liverpool; the 'Courant,' of 1712, the 'Advertiser,' of 1756, the 'Commercial Register,' of 1766, the last-named having the following notice: 'For sale, by the candle, the hull of the Snow Molly. N. B.—Three young men, slaves, to be sold at the same time.' The Royal Institute, founded by William Roscoe in 1814, is one of the noblest and best conducted institutions of the city. It has connected with it a permanent gallery of arts; the lower apartment filled with casts of the Elgin, Egina, and Phigalian marbles; the upper exhibiting many good specimens of the ancient masters, with the whole rich collection of Roscoe; and at one end of the room, a noble statue of the poet, executed by Sir Thomas Chantrey, reminding the visitor of the beautiful lines addressed to him by one who knew how to estimate his character:

Favoured beyond each towering tree or grove,
 Glad and for ever green the laurel stands,
 Not to be plucked but by heroic hands,
 And sacred to the majesty of Jove:
 No lightning flash may smite it from above,
 No whirlwinds rend it from its rooted bands:
 Obedient to their master's high commands,
 They spare the chosen plant he deigns to love.
 So, midst the tumults of this mortal state,
 While thunders burst around and storms assail,
 The good man stands with eye and brow serene,
 In cloud or sunshine still inviolate,
 Confiding in a trust that cannot fail,
 A sacred laurel glad and ever green.

Mr. Thackeray had just finished his lectures on the Four Georges when we arrived in Liverpool, and the press was handling him with great severity. Several passages pronounced in America seem to have been eliminated since his return to England, at least were omitted when he lectured in Liverpool. I suppose they were written for republican ears, and not for those of royalists.* A Scotch reviewer says he goes through the house of Hanover as a policeman goes through the city, taking no notice of virtue and decency, but looking out everywhere for mischief and villany. There is doubtless much justice in the criticism; but what would the critic say of what we heard a year before in Charleston? And why should a public lecturer turn all history into satire? Why should he dwell exclusively on the rascality of royalty, the hypocrisy of prelates, the quarrels and intrigues of courtiers, the faults and infirmities of greatness? Was there nothing good or virtuous, nothing worthy of love or commendation? Why, then, is it all ignored? Is it because a fair and honest narration of historic facts would not win so many hearers, or gather so many pounds into the lecturer's purse?† But is it right or honourable for a man of letters, like Mr. Thackeray, to accumulate gold by such means, and seek the applause of the living by caricaturing the dead? Is it right or honourable for the most popular lecturer of the day to subordinate his noble talents, and all the arts of eloquence, to the degradation of human character, already, doubtless, sufficiently degraded; and make the finest diction, the keenest epigram, the most brilliant antithesis, and an elocution universally admired, the instruments of gain or glory to himself, and of infamy to those whose tongues have long been silent in the sepulchre?

* This is very doubtful indeed.—ED.

† Whatever be Mr. Thackeray's faults, those who seem to know him best do not attribute to him these grave offences.—ED.

CHAPTER III.

A WEEK IN LONDON.

Railway Travel—Greatness of London—A Morning Mist—Our Lodgings — Charges — Servants — The Poor — Westminster Abbey — Gothic Architecture — New Parliament Buildings—British Museum—The Tower—Dr. Cumming—Mr. Spurgeon.

The lady she sate and she played on her lute,
And she sung, ' Will you come to the bower ?'
The sergeant-at-arms had stood hitherto mute,
And now he advanced, like an impudent brute,
And he said ' Will you come to the Tower ?'

MONDAY morning, the twenty-first, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Osgood, we set forth for the far-famed British Babylon. The landscape of green fields and brown hedges, hills and vales, pools and streams, parks and gardens, meadows and orchards, mansions and cottages, farm-houses and factories, church-towers and smoke-steeple, grazing herds and trudging kettle-smocks, pretty rural villages and immeasurable heaps of coal, seemed one long piece of tapestry, unrolling at our side, as we rushed forward to our destination. In eight hours we were comfortably settled in the heart of the civilized world. Oh, what a pulse goes out hence to the extremities, throbbing not only throughout Europe and America, but also in India, China, Africa, and the islands of remotest seas !

It is not easy to comprehend the greatness of London. Panoramas, descriptions, statistics, give the stranger but meagre ideas of it. One must see it, and thread its labyrinthian thoroughfares, and mingle with its teeming population, and hear the eternal din of its manifold activities. Yet if figures can help thee, arithmetical reader, think of 1691 births within an area of eight miles by five, the number actually registered for the week of our sojourn in the city. Think of 2,500,000 people—princes, nobles, bishops, divines, authors, teachers, soldiers, merchants, craftsmen, coachmen, cabmen, idlers, beggars, swindlers, gamblers, scavengers, courtesans, policemen, pickpockets, burden-

bearers, ballad-singers, organ-grinders, besides Punch and Judy, with myriads of transient sojourners from every part of the world—good and bad, great and small, wise and simple, clean and unclean, clothed and unclothed, housed and unhoused, huddled and heaped together, within so small a space, along the banks of a narrow ditch, bridged above, tunnelled below, and thick with filth between. Think of 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 32,000 pigs, 4,000,000 salmon, 5,000,000 codfish, 2,500,000 soles, oysters and eels innumerable, sprats and shrimps incalculable, with whole mountains of cabbage, cauliflower, potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, beets, beans, peas, apples, peaches, plums, pears, grapes, currants, apricots, nectarines, medlars, untold quantities of butter and cheese, and a thousand other things, eatable and uneatable, annually washed down these human throats by 43,200,000 gallons of malt liquors, 2,000,000 gallons or more of distilled spirits, 65,000 pipes of villanous compounds called wines, and not less than 1,500,000 hogsheads of milk. Think of 24,000 tailors for ever plying the needle and the goose to furnish coats for all these backs; 30,000 seamstresses making shirts and trousers for them; 28,000 hatters toiling to keep their heads covered from the cold; 35,000 shoemakers stitching and hammering for the welfare of their feet; 40,000 milliners and mantuamakers to adorn their maids and matrons; 180,000 domestic servants to minister to their needs and luxuries; 300,000 clerks selling them dry-goods and groceries; and I know not how many editors and printers labouring for their information and amusement. This is London!

Now, if thou wilt remember that during the winter seventy thousand tons of coal, chiefly bituminous, are consumed every day within this crowded area, thou wilt not wonder at the everlasting twilight, and the occasional noon-day darkness, in which the city is enveloped. The 'London fog,' as famous as London itself, consists of smoke mingling with the vapour which arises from the Thames, the sewers, and all damp and shady places; but this is not the genuine, and a slight change in the barometer converts it into a white mist, and a gentle breeze soon lifts it away. At

other times it is as yellow as pea-soup ; this is the prime article, a more solid and sensible than which even Pharaoh's capital could hardly have furnished—the very thing described in these lines by Henry Luttrell :—

First at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray ;
Then deep'ning with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It is at once with every sense.
The ears escape not : all around
Returns a dull, unwonted sound.
Loth to stand still, afraid to stir,
The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails ;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage, dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse with pall so dun
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,
Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges.
In pitchy clouds too dense to rise,
It falls rejected from the skies ;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite,
At noon gives place to candle-light.

It has been ascertained, by accurate observation, that the London fog seldom rises much more than two hundred feet above the surface of the Thames. Therefore, the dwellers in the more elevated suburbs and environs enjoy an air of preeminent salubrity, while the lungs of those who inhabit the lower localities of the city are filtering the foulest atmosphere. Fifty-four years ago, Wordsworth sat on Westminster Bridge, and wrote this charming sonnet :—

Earth has not anything to show more fair ;
Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning : silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill:
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep:
The river glideth at its own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

A beautiful picture, but it was drawn in September, and such September mornings may sometimes be seen in the metropolis. Who ever saw such a morning here in December? Did we, during a week's sojourn, even behold the face of the sun? Twice or thrice we caught a momentary glimpse of a large round thing hanging in the sky, about the colour of a dingy copper kettle, upon which one might gaze for an hour, were it ever visible so long, without the slightest visual inconvenience; and this, we were told, with apparent seriousness, was the sun; and the English sun perhaps it was, but I am sure it was not the sun we are accustomed to see in America; for besides being altogether of a different hue, it neither rose nor set at the same point of the compass; and one morning, as I can most confidently testify, it did not rise at all till after ten o'clock, for at that hour the lamps were still burning in the street. 'And this,' we said one to another, 'is a London fog;' but they laughed at our simplicity, and assured us it was 'only a morning mist.' I went out and walked in it, but it seemed much better adapted for swimming in, and reminded me of the waters of the Asphaltic sea. One might almost have cut the atmosphere into slices, or rolled it up into balls. It must have been in London that Byron wrote his 'Dream of Darkness,'

'which was not all a dream.'

The mention of Byron reminds me that our lodgings were within a minute's walk of those of the poet in 1811, and still nearer the house in which Rogers lived, and wrote, and died. Hard by, in another direction, is the spot where the historian of the Roman empire breathed his last; and but a little farther off, the place where the author of 'The Faërie Queen' perished for lack of bread. And here, a few doors from us, is the building in which Joseph Addison produced many of his finest papers; and yonder the square around which Johnson and Savage

walked all night because, like a Greater, they had not where to lay their heads. And within hailing distance is the famous Almack's, St. James's Palace, the lodgings of Pope, and the window where poor Gillray threw himself headlong to destiny. One would think that in such a locality we must have grown philosophic, sentimental, ambitious, or desperate; yet I do not perceive that our classical environments wrought any particular change in our mental moods or habitudes, and we left '42 St. James's Place' much as we entered, though with a somewhat lighter purse, and a slightly less favourable opinion of 'furnished apartments' and their proprietors.

We lived here very quietly in our 'own hired house,' eating our own bread and cheese, and paying plentifully for the privilege.

The English servants are doubtless the best in the world—the best trained, the most polite and respectful. But they are poorly paid.* The lady in whose house we lodged employs a man and his wife, and pays both together about one hundred and fifty dollars per annum; they furnishing their own tea, coffee, sugar, and the like. Some get a little more; but wages in general are extremely low. Many of these people would gladly come to America, if they could manage to get here; and several of them solicited us to take them with us on our return, offering to pay their fare by their subsequent services. All butlers, coachmen, &c., wear white cravats.

On board the *Persia*, I was solemnly assured that the unhappy condition of the English poor is constantly exaggerated by the American press; that no other country on the face of the earth provides so liberally for the indigent and the unfortunate; that overwork on the one hand, and want of employment on the other, are far less frequent than Brother Jonathan represents them; and that beggary and starvation are entirely unnecessary—the result only of improvidence, indolence, and crime. Perhaps it is so; but certainly I saw more indications of pinching want and absolute wretchedness during the week we spent in London,

* This is not correct. English servants are at least as well paid as American 'helps.'—ED.

than have met my observation in the United States for twenty years. There are five hundred charitable institutions in the city and its suburbs, supported at an annual outlay of nearly two millions sterling; yet the streets are full of ragged boys, barefooted girls, mendicant musicians, hunger-stricken countenances, sickly-looking men begging bread for their wives, and half-famished women for their babes. Early on Christmas morning, an aged female in rags, and a shivering little maiden without shoes, struck up a Christmas carol beneath our window, singing for a breakfast. They had scarcely ended, when a company of young boys, some five or six, very thinly clad, and haggard and woe-begone as human beings well could be, took their place. During the day I met with at least fifty such parties wailing their joyous numbers.*

Our first visit was to Westminster Abbey, where apotheosized greatness lies in its glory. We walked over the ashes and among the monuments of princes and statesmen, poets and orators, philosophers and philanthropists. In these solemn aisles and sombre chambers, genius and royalty repose side by side, and the tomb of the actress is hard by that of the queen. Here hands that penned imperishable thoughts are mouldered into dust, and tongues that entranced the listening thousands are silenced till the resurrection.

‘Drop upon Fox’s grave the tear,
’Twill trickle to his rival’s bier :
O’er Pitt’s the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox’s shall the notes rebound.’

Joseph Addison lies sepulchred in immortality where once he loved to walk for the ‘agreeable melancholy’ which ‘the gloominess of the place and the solemnity of the building’ were apt to produce in his mind; and near him are Mansfield, Canning, Grattan, and William Wilberforce. Richard Brinsley Sheridan sleeps, with Samuel Johnson, David Garrick, and Thomas Parr, within a few feet of the tombs of ten sovereigns. Among all these great names, none is more fragrant than that of Elizabeth

* The ‘human beings’ were some of them Italians, Bohemians, Americans, and other foreigners.—ED.

Fry, who has a record here among those whom the nation 'delighteth to honour.' And here are the monuments of Chaucer, Milton, Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden, Drayton, Cowley, Butler, Goldsmith, Southey, Prior, Cowper, and Campbell, 'who are precious in the retrospect of memory, and walk among the visions of hope.' Many a pleasant hour have I spent in companionship with some of these, even in a distant land. Often have they furnished me food for profitable thought, and eyes for the appreciation of nature; and often has the sweet witchery of their verse stirred the deep fountains of my soul. The last enemy has no respect for genius and worth; and to these, and all the rest, with slight modification, may be applied the quaint inscription on the tablet to William Laurence, erected in 1621:—

'Short-hand he wrote; his flowere in prime did fade,
And hasty death short-hand of him hath made.'

But thought and melody are immortal; and while all that was perishable of the poet lies in the voiceless and oblivious tomb, his numbers, like the harp of Orpheus, still charm the living world.

'Dead he is not, but departed;
For the author never dies.'

Hugh Miller thinks Westminster Abbey far inferior in beauty and grandeur to St. Paul's Cathedral; and the Gothic architecture in general a much lower and less exquisite production of the human mind than the Grecian. It may be deemed presumption in me to differ with the great geologist; but differ with him I certainly shall; for what judge is he in matters ecclesiological, and what business has he with things above ground, who groped all his life long like a mole beneath the surface of our planet? The hollow caverns of the earth are his province; its fossils and rocky strata; the 'coal measures,' and the 'old red sandstone.' Moreover, the author of 'First Impressions of England' never travelled beyond the limits of his native isle—never saw the Cathedral of Cologne, of Rouen, of Strasbourg, nor the marble miracle of Milan, nor the matchless spire of St. Stephen's, nor Giotto's incomparable Campanile. Let a man look at these, and not form his

estimate of Gothic architecture from Westminster Abbey, ungothicized by Sir Christopher Wren. Let him look at these, and pace their solemn aisles, and wander among their stately colonnades and statued pinnacles, and survey their massive buttresses and delicate tracery,

‘With storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light;’

and his taste must be of a different order from mine, and must have passed through a different process of culture, if he can then pronounce the gorgeous sublimity of the Gothic architecture inferior in impression to the severe simplicity of the old Grecian models.

The new Parliament Building is a magnificent failure, an all too costly toy. Most of the rooms are inconveniently small, and some of them are foolishly adorned. The Victoria Tower, carried a hundred and fifty feet higher, would have been worth looking at; but as it is, that immense heap of fine material, with all its affluence of artistic decoration, might about as well have been thrown into the Thames.* The Clock Tower is a graceful structure, with an ugly pyramid at the top, the mere gilding of which cost enough to feed all London for half a year or more. The great bell—‘Big Ben,’ as it has been christened—weighs sixteen tons, and had a very musical tone, though not the pure harmonic, like that at Florence; but lately it has been fractured, and will require recasting.

We walked through the parks of London, and rode through its principal thoroughfares, and took a peep at its palaces and prisons, which externally present a very similar aspect, especially St. James’s and Newgate. We crossed all the bridges of the Thames, and made the tour of its marvellous Tunnel, that most ingenious and least useful of modern achievements; and, with the waggish ‘Dun Browne,’ we wondered ‘how it could cost so much money to dig so small a hole.’ We spent some pleasant hours at the British Museum, where we saw everything we expected to see, with many things we had never dreamed of seeing—pictures, statues, torsos, gods and goddesses, emperors

* The author does not evince here a very æsthetic appreciation of what is generally thought a *chef-d’œuvre*.—ED.

and orators, monstrous preadamite fossils, mummies from the pyramids, and winged lions from Nineveh—an astonishing and instructive collection—a many-volumed history of earth and man. We visited the Tower, and for a shilling apiece were shown the Regalia, consisting of crowns, circlets, and diadems of gold; with staves and sceptres, swords and crosses, the royal spurs, and many other ornaments, all of gold, glistening with gems, among which flamed the glorious *Koh-i-noor*; besides the ancient kings of Britain in their iron and brazen mail; the ‘Traitor’s gate,’ at which state prisoners of old were forced to enter—through which

‘Went Sydney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More;’

through which passed the Princess Elizabeth, exclaiming, ‘Here landeth as true a subject as ever landed at these stairs, and before thee, O God, I speak it!’ the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his ‘Political Discourses,’ and began his ‘History of the World;’ other dungeons, with the names and woes of those who suffered in them, and many an appeal to Heaven against the injustice of their imprisonment, rudely engraven by their own hands upon the walls; the block on which Lady Jane Grey, and Anne Boleyn, and Catherine Howard were beheaded; and the identical axe that completed the triumph of Cromwell, by severing the neck of Charles the First; with other splendours and horrors ‘too numerous to mention.’

Sabbath morning we sat under the ministry of Dr. Cumming at Crown Court. His prayer was appropriate, but nothing remarkable. His Scripture lesson was followed with an exposition, clear, comprehensive, and very beautiful, occupying fifteen or twenty minutes. His sermon was just like one of Dr. Cumming’s lectures, and no person familiar with his writings ever could have mistaken it for anything else. There were passages in it of considerable beauty, but nothing bold or striking. We were wafted along by a gentle breeze, on a smooth and placid stream, lined with the vernal emerald, with here and there a gay bank of primroses, and a cluster of sweet-breathing violets, while the soft air trembled with the mellow symphonies of birds, and the chiming of silver bells; but there was no Niagara,

no thunder-cloud upon the deep, no tornado in the forest, no trumpet summoning to the battle, nothing to stir and stimulate the soul, though there was much to interest, to gratify, and to soothe. The manner was suited to the matter—gentle, winning, faultless, except that it was rather too fine—*too manifestly studied and artistic*; the voice, very pleasing; the enunciation, remarkably clear and precise; the gesticulation graceful, dignified, and appropriate; the entire elocution, indeed, *finished* and elegant to the last degree.* Dr. Cumming is a very popular preacher, and a pastor universally beloved. After having ministered to the same flock for twenty-five years, the place is still crowded every Sabbath to its utmost capacity. Presiding over one of the largest churches in England, he manages to publish two or three duodecimo volumes a year. After service, I had an interview with him in the vestry, and found him very cordial and agreeable. He said he was quite partial to American books, found in them a certain freshness and vigour of thought with which he was always delighted, and should hope some day to make the personal acquaintance of some of our writers on their own free soil, were it not for his ‘dread of that broad Atlantic.’

In the evening we went to hear Mr. Spurgeon. By previous arrangement with the sexton, we were at the great New Park Street Chapel an hour before the time of service; and though the weather was extremely disagreeable, we found a crowd of people, women as well as men, waiting for admittance, and two or three policemen on duty. When the side gate was unlocked for our party, there was a rush to effect an entrance, and the policemen were obliged to interfere. We were shown to a convenient seat, not far from the pulpit. Soon the pewholders came thronging in, and every seat was occupied. Then the doors were thrown open, and galleries and aisles were instantly filled, and multitudes still stood without in the drizzling rain, to catch if possible a sentence or a word. At the appointed moment, a short, fat, fresh, round-faced, good-natured-looking youth, ascended the pulpit—a huge, unhandsome box, elevated

* The writer’s spectacles must here have been sadly at fault.—ED.

about ten feet above the audience—knelt a moment in silent prayer, then rose and read a psalm, with great emphasis, in a full, clear, powerful voice, more remarkable for volume than for either compass or melody. The precentor, standing behind a little desk at the foot of the pulpit, announced the tune, and led forth the music; when the whole congregation fell to, and sung ‘as the voice of many waters.’ The reverend gentleman then read a short lesson from the New Testament, explaining every verse as he proceeded; and the very first sentence of the exposition was a bold and unqualified enunciation of the Genevan dogma of unconditional election, founded upon the Evangelical statement, that ‘Jesus took three of his disciples up into a mountain, and was transfigured before them.’ Next came the prayer, which commenced with thanksgiving to God for his ‘sovereign electing love before the foundation of the world,’ and closed with an earnest petition for ‘the day when free grace shall set its foot upon the neck of free will.’ In rising to begin his discourse, the speaker said he had experienced a week of great personal anxiety, and since the morning service had been quite unwell; and though he had done his best by way of preparation, he felt that it would be impossible for him to preach with his usual freedom and force. His text was chosen from the account of the Transfiguration: ‘And they feared as they entered into the cloud;’ on which basis he reared a highly artistic and somewhat fanciful superstructure of three stories—‘*Clouds, Fears, and Communion.*’ There were passages in the sermon of uncommon beauty and power, though I was afterwards told that it fell far short of his ordinary energy and eloquence. One who was present remarked that the preacher himself ‘seemed to be in a cloud;’ and so perhaps he was; but ever and anon the lightning of his fancy played through its folds, and fringed its skirts with fire; till at last, like the cloud that overhung the camp of Israel, it shot up into a pyramid of flame, and gave out terrific thunder. Nothing could exceed the emphasis with which he denounced the lukewarmness of the Church, and the fervour with which he laid siege to the hearts of sinners. The conclusion was exceedingly picturesque and dramatic; and the cold thrills ran over

me, as he drew the procrastinator to the verge of life, trembling and clinging to his failing hopes, cried—‘Hands off!’ then pointed where he fell!

Mr. Spurgeon’s style is very unequal; passages, otherwise of exquisite beauty, being often disfigured by expressions common even to coarseness, as if the stained windows of Westminster Abbey had been patched with newspapers, or the gorgeous Victoria Tower finished out with a clumsy superstructure of unhewn stone. His great excellences are his simplicity and directness, his fearless and earnest manner, fidelity of application and fervour of appeal, an exceedingly happy faculty of illustration, with a powerful and well-managed voice, and an action at once easy, natural, and impressive. Into the province of logic, I judge, he seldom, if ever, ventures; and herein he shows his wisdom; for, evidently, whatever he was made for, he was not made for a reasoner. With this exception, if, indeed, it be not deemed a capital defect, he has all the elements of superior oratory; and with his extraordinary dramatic power, I do not wonder that the common people follow him by thousands. No pulpit man, except Whitfield and Irving, ever attracted such crowds in London. His chapel being found too small for his audience, he has engaged the immense Music Hall at the Surrey Gardens, where he holds forth on Sabbath mornings to eight or ten thousand hearers. They are admitted on tickets, at a shilling apiece; yet multitudes come who cannot even obtain a standing-place within the walls. The money thus collected, after paying current expenses, is to be applied to the building of a large tabernacle for the congregation. A short time before our visit Mr. Spurgeon was married, when thousands flocked to witness the ceremony; and it is said there never was so large a concourse on any similar occasion in the metropolis. He is a man of great industry, energy, and zeal; and his *physique* seems fully equal to the immense demands made upon it by the unresting and impetuous soul. Probably he receives more calls and pays more visits than any other minister in London; of notes of inquiry, and letters soliciting religious counsel, which he generally contrives to answer, there is no end; his preaching is incessant, and there is service of some sort every evening in his chapel,

and often a prayer-meeting at sunrise. His pulpit indiscretions are those of a frank, simple, warm-hearted boy; for as yet he can scarcely be called a man; his eccentricities are the eccentricities of genius; and his egotism the egotism of zeal. His rough corners will wear off by-and-by; for he can scarcely float in such a current without striking here and there against the shore, and grinding now and then among the rocks; and if popular applause does not spoil him, of which I trust there is little danger, he is likely to prove a very useful man. I had a pleasant interview with him in the vestry after service, and was delighted to find in his manner the cordiality of the Christian, blended with the simplicity of the child; and left him with the settled conviction, that the 'peremptoriness,' 'pertinacity,' and 'self-conceit,' so often complained of in his character, are but the natural expression of a brave, honest, ingenuous, and unsuspecting soul.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING THE CONTINENT.

Dinner at Dover—Crossing the Channel—Calais—Cologne—The Cathedral—Shrine of the Three Kings—Church of Saint Ursula—Dom Glocke—Other Churches—Historical—Railway Casualty—Serious Mistake—Dresden—Romanism and Royalty—Frauenkirche—English Worship.

The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?

COLERIDGE.

AT one o'clock P.M., on Monday, the twenty-ninth, we took leave of the metropolis, and three hours of pleasant railway travel brought us to Dover. Here we waited four hours for a steamer not worth two hours of any man's time; and sat down to a very tolerable dinner, for which we paid a most intolerable price. It was amusing to see with what amazement a tall Frenchman, a real Ajax in boots, regarded his bill. 'Monsieur,' said he, 'vat you pay for your deenare?' Upon receiving my answer he exclaimed: 'Be gare, monsieur, dis is de dearest place in de world! I pay eight sheeling! Monsieur, you ever hear such ting? I have leetle soup, von leetle fish, von leetle piece chicken, two cup coffee, no more, and I pay eight sheeling! Eight sheeling for von such deenare! Be gare, I nevare see such place—nevare—nevare!'

At eight in the evening we took leave of '*dear old England.*' Within half an hour two of the triad were in a most pitiable condition. Such rolling and plunging, in such a cramped-up little cabin, after having come so recently from the spacious saloons and ample state-rooms of the Persia, was surely enough to make any one sea-sick who is at all addicted to that vice. To the scribe, suffering only from sympathy, and not much from that, the passage was rather pleasant. True, the weather was cold and cloudy, with an occasional sprinkling of snow during the

first part of the voyage ; but Monsieur of the ‘deenare,’ said it was ‘von very fine night,’ and most of the passengers seemed to concur in the opinion.

The distance from Dover to Calais is only twenty-one miles, and the lights seen at once on both sides, with here and there a lamp at the mast of a vessel, and the stars that now and then peered through the rifted clouds, made the darkness beautiful, and gave enchantment to the waters. I sat alone upon the deck, wrapped in my shawl, surveying the scene, communing with my own soul, and lulled by the music of wind and wave, till lost in a delicious reverie ; when a form stalked by me through the gloom, indistinct as the ghost of Eliphaz the Temanite, and full twice as tall, and I heard a voice saying, ‘Eight sheeling ! eight sheeling for such leetle deenare ! Be gare, I nevare see such hotel before !’

Two hours landed us at Calais. Judging from the Custom-house and the railway-station (for the night permitted us to see nothing more of the city) this must be one of the most miserable places in Christendom. The arrangements, say rather the disarrangements, for examining passports and baggage are unworthy a civilised people—a mere form, void of all utility, necessary only for the sake of the revenue, but often infinitely troublesome to the traveller. If the manner in which these officers dealt with us is a specimen, they must very seldom detect a smuggler, assassin, or rogue of any other sort. All they did was to open a lady’s satchel, unroll her night-gown, scrutinize its border, and put a few unintelligible scratches upon our passports, for which we waited two hours, and had five different fees to pay. After this we were detained two hours more—too short a time to sleep, but too long to keep awake. Here we parted with our friend Ajax, who took the *chemin de fer* for Paris ; and as the train started slowly from the station, the words once more fell upon my ear : ‘Eight sheeling ! eight sheeling for von such leetle deenare !’

Soon after two we were rushing through the night to meet the morning. We had to rush a long time, however ; for at this season of the year it is not daylight here until about seven o’clock. The dawn revealed a rich level country, cultivated everywhere like a garden, intersected

by canals and hedges, with fine macadamized roads, and long avenues of elms and poplars, ornamented with church-towers and windmills, elegant *chateaux* and rural cottages—the land of our dreams for years, rising out of darkness around us.

Of the towns we passed during the day, the railway carriage afforded us but meagre and momentary glimpses. Late in the afternoon we passed through an arched gateway in the wall of the ancient city of Cologne, and found pleasant rooms in the Hôtel de Holland, overlooking the far-famed Rhine. After breakfast the next morning, having procured a carriage, and the indispensable *commissionnaire*, we set forth on a tour of exploration. Of course the first object of interest was the cathedral. Begun in the thirteenth century, it is yet unfinished, and likely to be for some time to come. There is a legend which satisfactorily accounts for the tardy progress of the work. The architect was drawing a plan for the building, when a certain gentleman in black looked over his shoulder, and said: ‘Here is a much better plan than that, and you shall have it cheap.’ It was a beautiful plan, and to the architect it seemed perfect. ‘What is your price?’ said he. ‘Your own soul when the cathedral is finished,’ was the reply. Of course the pious architect inwardly shrunk with horror from such a proposition; yet was he so well pleased with the plan that he continued looking at it and talking about it, endeavouring to fix its several parts permanently in his mind. Satan, seeing himself outwitted, seized the paper, and tore it to pieces, exclaiming: ‘You may build according to my plan, but you shall never finish your cathedral!’ Yet, in its imperfect state, a mere fragment, it is truly a glorious sight to one who has an eye for what is grand or beautiful in architecture.

The present King of Prussia has contributed largely to the work, and there is an association, with branches in all parts of Europe, collecting money for its completion, which will yet require five millions of dollars. It is to have two towers, five hundred feet high, corresponding to the length of the edifice. The present altitude of the higher one is only two hundred feet, and nothing has been added, I believe, to its altitude for more than two hundred years. The

double range of stupendous flying buttresses, and the intervening piers, bristling with a forest of pinnacles, strike the beholder with amazement and awe; while within the building the massive columnus, lofty arches, elaborate carvings, and magnificent parti-coloured windows, constitute, if possible, a still more impressive spectacle. A guide, for a few *groschen*, conducted us through the chapels, filled with shrines, statues, paintings, relics of saints, and many other curious things. One of the most remarkable is the shrine of 'The Three Kings'—that is, the three sages who came to Bethlehem to see the infant Saviour. Their bones are said to have been brought hither from Milan by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, in the twelfth century, when he stormed and sacked that city; and to have been given by him to the Archbishop of Cologne, who had accompanied him in his warlike expedition, and who took good care that the precious treasure should be properly preserved and honoured. And here are now the three skulls, crowned with jewelled diadems, doubtless quite as genuine as the bone of St. Matthew shown us in the sacristy; and here are the names of the royal saints to whom they severally belonged—Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar—written in rubies, all contained in a case of curious workmanship, bedight with gems, cameos, and costly enamels, and ornamented with statuettes of the prophets and apostles. At the time of the French Revolution, the shrine, with its precious contents, was transferred, for safe keeping, to Arnsberg, in Westphalia, and many of its jewels were sold to support those who accompanied it; yet many beautiful stones remain, and its value is still estimated at something more than a million sterling. Albert Smith tells a fine story of a Yankee who tried to buy it; and when the custode told him it was not for sale, threatened to make a 'shrine of the three kings' for himself, and show it for sixpence a head, and blow their 'old consarn sky high.' Between the shrine and the altar lies buried the heart of *Marie di Medicis*; and I was afterwards shown, in another part of the city, the room in which it throbbed its last, close by that in which Rubens' began to beat.

After visiting several other churches (for Cologne is a city of churches) of curious antique architecture, and full

of holy relics, we were conducted to that of *Saint Ursula*, begun in the twelfth century, and finished in the fifteenth. The legend of this saint is very interesting. She was the daughter of a king of Brittany. With eleven thousand virgins, she made a pilgrimage to Rome. On their return through Germany, they were all murdered here by the Huns, who were then invading Cologne. In honour of these virgin martyrs the church was erected; and here are their bones, dug up from the earth after they had slept a century or two, and built into the walls, sixteen feet thick, so that the solid masonry is actually a mass of human skeletons; and who will be wicked enough to doubt their identity? The saint herself is said to repose in a sarcophagus behind the altar, on which is her reclining effigy, in beautiful white marble. We saw also her left arm, her right hand, and one of her forefingers; not less genuine, I suppose, than 'one of the waterpots of stone in which our Lord turned the water into wine,' which was exhibited along with them. The skulls of some hundreds of her companions, if not the whole of them, a ghastly array, enclosed in silver cases with crystal covers, decorate the walls of the choir.

Our *commissionaire* said to me, on leaving the church, 'Vat you tink of so much relic?' 'Very little,' I answered. 'I tink more little as you do,' he added. 'Leven tousan virgin! You tink I believe dat? It is too much!' 'But the priests believe it,' said I; 'do they not?' 'De priest!' exclaimed he; 'Oh, no, not von priest believe it.' 'Why then,' I inquired, 'do they show these things to the people, and tell us such fine stories about them?' 'It is von big lie,' he answered, with energy; 'von big lie to get de money!' 'You seem to have very little respect,' said I, 'either for the priests or for the relics; but do you not worship the Blessed Virgin?' 'No,' he answered, still more emphatically than before; 'I worship only God! I worship no saint but Christ!' Yet I observed afterwards, in other churches, that he crossed himself occasionally, bowed reverently at the elevation of the host, and sprinkled himself with holy water as he entered and retired.

As it was the day of a solemn festival, the 'Don Glocke,' or great bell of the cathedral, was to ring in the evening; so I called our *commissionaire*, and leaving the ladies

behind, went out to hear it. This hollow mass of metal is twelve feet in diameter, and requires twenty men to swing it; yet its tone, powerful beyond conception, is perfectly melodious. The voice of 'Big Ben' was but the tinkling of a sheep-bell in comparison. The majestic sound seemed to fill the universal atmosphere, and I thought the music worth coming over the Atlantic to hear. I have read of an English traveller who heard the bells of his native village in the desert of Sahara; and if they were all like this, the belief of the statement requires no great credulity.

From the cathedral we went to nine other churches in succession, most of which were brilliantly illuminated, and many of them thronged with worshippers. The Church of the Jesuits, in which we heard some extremely fine music, is profusely decorated with sculpture and paintings; contains the crozier of Francis Xavier, and the rosary of Ignatius Loyola: and its bells, a very fine set, presented by Tilly, were cast from the cannon which he captured at Magdeburg. In the Church of the Apostles a priest was preaching to an immense audience—not less, I think, than three or four thousand, some of whom stood listening with profound attention, while others were kneeling in prayer before the different shrines and images, and others wandering about, and talking aloud, while no one attempted to still them. We tried very hard to enter the Protestant Church, but the throng about the door was so dense that we found it quite impossible, and were obliged to content ourselves with standing outside, and listening to the service, which seemed very simple, and much after the manner of our German brethren in Charleston.

Cologne is a free city, the largest and wealthiest on the Rhine. With its two suburbs across the river, it has a population of a hundred thousand, ten thousand of whom are Protestants, and six thousand and five hundred soldiers. It originated in a Roman camp, pitched here by Marcus Agrippa. In this camp was born Agrippina, the mother of Nero. She afterwards sent to the place of her birth a Roman colony; which was called, after her, *Colonia Agrippina*; the former part of which suggests the derivation of the present name of the city. The inhabitants are said to

be still very proud of their Roman origin ; and till within the last hundred years they kept up many of the ancient Roman customs. For more than three centuries, including the thirteenth and fourteenth, Cologne was the most flourishing city of Northern Europe, and was frequently called 'the Northern Rome.' It then had two hundred magnificent churches, and was able to send forth thirty thousand men to battle. Its subsequent decay is attributed to many agencies, the chief of which was the unlimited sway of ignorant and bigoted ecclesiastics. They expelled and persecuted its most industrious and useful citizens ; first the Jews, then the weavers, afterwards the Protestants ; and by these and kindred measures reduced a rich and thriving city to comparative poverty and desolation. Since the French Revolution, a great change has taken place : the people have thrown off their lethargy, trade has revived, population has increased, dilapidated buildings have been repaired, valuable works of art have been sought out and restored, the long-suspended work of the magnificent cathedral has been commenced anew, and all things seem to be in an improving condition. The streets are very narrow, and without sidewalks, and Cologne has long been famous as a filthy city. There is no bridge across the Rhine, but a bridge of boats ; which, however, is soon to be superseded by a solid stone structure already begun. The renowned *Eau de Cologne* (originally manufactured by Jean Marie Farina, now by some twenty-four others, most of whom claim the name of the patentee and the right of the patent) perfumes the whole civilized world. The ladies bought a box of six bottles, and when our sweet sojourn here was ended, we resumed our journey toward the Eternal City, all redolent of 'the Northern Rome.'

It was not yet daylight on New Year's morning, when we crossed the Rhine, and took the train for Dresden. Railway accidents are said to be infrequent in Europe ; but was not our progress arrested that day by a capsized locomotive, and a superincumbent pile of shattered cars ? Of course, nobody was to blame, and I heard it suggested that the engine was probably on a New Year's frolic, and the train, like 'poor Tray,' was involved in the consequences,

‘for no other reason than having been found in bad company.’ ‘*Kommen sie hieraus!*’ shouted the conductor, as he threw open the door of our vehicle; and we, promptly obeying the order, and following through mud and snow, walked past the hideous ruin and took another train. Stout peasants, in short blue frocks and huge wooden shoes, bore our baggage after us upon their shoulders, and we were soon pursuing our journey. The detention, however, made us too late for the connection at Leipsic, and we were obliged to remain there all night. There stopped with us at the same hotel an agreeable Polish gentleman, whose acquaintance we had made in the car. The next morning, when we resumed our journey, one of the waiters, by mistake, put into our carriage a valuable fur overcoat, which I supposed to be the property of the Polander, and he thought to be mine. After we had been travelling an hour or two, he asked me, as I thought, what such an article would be worth in America; and I answered, ‘*Peut-être cent livres.*’ I had mistaken his question, however, as it afterwards appeared; for instead of inquiring what it would bring, he had inquired what I had paid for it. When we drew near Dresden, the conductor came into our *coupé*, and began talking very seriously with our friend, evidently about the coat. The colloquy was carried on partly in French and partly in German, both of which the Polander appeared to speak but indifferently. Soon there was a transition from the coat to me, and I heard our new acquaintance say: ‘*Er ist Pastor, er ist Doctor.*’ Now the conductor turned to me, and asked for my passport, and handed me a bit of paper, on which he desired me to write my name, residence, and profession. He scrutinized the passport, then my form and features, and next what I had written at his request, in a most mysterious manner; and I never suspected the cause, till the Polander turned to me and asked: ‘*Ist das Ihr Rock?*’ To which I replied: ‘*Nein, ist es nicht der Ihrige?*’ and in a moment the mystery was explained. The owner of the article at Leipsic had missed his coat; and upon inquiry, learned that it had gone with our party; and innocently suspecting that it was stolen, telegraphed the conductor to that effect, who, as a

faithful officer, was now making inquisition for the thief. A little explanation satisfied him, and we laughed heartily over the error.

Our Polish neighbour, who for a while took it very seriously to heart that he should have been suspected of larceny, at length began to see the ludicrous character of the affair, and joined in our mirth right merrily.

Entering Dresden, we crossed the Elbe on a magnificent stone bridge of twelve arches; and in passing from the railway station to the Victoria Hotel, recrossed it upon another, connecting the old town and the new, and commanding a fine view of a large portion of the city and its environs. The latter is called the Old Bridge, and is said to have been built with money raised by the sale of indulgences for eating butter and eggs during Lent. The situation of Dresden, in a wide valley, with gently sloping hills on both sides, and the river winding through it like a thread of silver, is very beautiful. It has a population of ninety thousand, only five thousand of whom are Papists. For its works of art, it has been called 'the German Florence;' as, for its Roman antiquities and customs, Cologne has been called 'the Northern Rome.' Being a cheap place to live, and affording excellent facilities for education, especially in music, it has been much frequented for this purpose, within the last twenty or thirty years, by English and American families.

Spending a Sabbath here, we repaired in the morning to the Roman Catholic church, where the king attends worship, and all the royal family. The King of Saxony, at the time of the Reformation, was the special friend of Luther, and his most powerful supporter; but Augustus the Second afterwards bartered his religion for the crown of Poland, and his successors still follow the Italian apostasy. We saw royalty and its train, sitting in boxes, like those of a theatre, just over the altar—about a dozen persons in all; and but for their situation, some forty or fifty feet above us, they looked very much like other people, and neither of the most beautiful class, nor of the most intellectual. The king himself seemed sleepy and indifferent; while the queen, and one or two others of the

ladies, appeared to be very devout. They enter the church and retire by a covered bridge thrown over the street, connecting the church and the palace, without descending from their lofty opera-boxes to mingle with the throng, or pollute their royal sole-leather. The music here excelled everything of the kind I had ever heard, and is said to be the finest in Europe. It is under the superintendence of the director of the opera, who on Sunday morning transfers his band from the orchestra to the organ-loft, and back again on Sunday evening; so that you may hear the same musicians, and, possibly, the same pieces, on the same day, both in the church and in the playhouse—a very advantageous arrangement, certainly, for those who wish to compare the two institutions! As an artistic performance, at another time, I could have enjoyed this music highly; but as a part of Divine worship on the Lord's day, it was far from being satisfactory to my feelings. Yet it was the best part of the service; and quite as acceptable to the Deity, probably, as anything done at the altar. The edifice is very large, built in the Italian style, and rather elaborately decorated. The pulpit is appropriately built upon a pyramid of saints and angels, a true representation of the basis of the Papal Church. A man was preaching in it when we entered, but the sermon was not very edifying to one who knew so little German.

Returning to our hotel, we stopped a few moments at the Frauenkirche, where a man was preaching to about fifty persons, though the church would contain several thousand. The singing after the sermon was done by a choir of boys, accompanied by the organ, in a gallery not less than sixty feet high. Their voices were very sweet, and the music was simple and delightful. The church is circular in form, built entirely of stone, and surmounted by a majestic dome, of such solid construction, that the balls and shells hurled against it by Frederick the Great rebounded without making any impression. Within, it is arranged exactly like a theatre, with parquette, boxes, and galleries, of which I counted seven tiers, rising one above another to the very cupola.

At three in the afternoon we went to the English Church

—a small, plain, antique-looking structure—where we had the ‘Evening Service’ in our own tongue, without either singing or sermon. In regard to the latter, it is very likely we did not lose much, for the Church of England preaching which we heard on the Continent was generally of a very indifferent character; and here, judging from the personal appearance of the minister, and the soulless manner in which he read the prayers, to say nothing of what others told us of his dullness in the pulpit, it could not have been much better.

CHAPTER V.

EN ROUTE FOR VENICE.

Saxon Switzerland—Speaking German—Smoking and Smokers—
 Vienna—Baden—The Semmering—Valley of the Mur—Gratz
 —Cave of Adelsberg—The Dreary Karst—Trieste—Across the
 Adriatic—Venetian Fog.

The hills—the everlasting hills—
 How peerlessly they rise,
 Like earth's gigantic sentinels
 Discoursing through the skies!

BRYANT.

ON Monday, the fifth of January, leaving Sallie in Dresden, we resumed our journey. The railway for some distance runs along a delightful valley on the south bank of the Elbe; on the opposite side of which, the hills, rising in terraced slopes, covered with vineyards, and ornamented with villas, present an attractive view, even in the depth of winter. We passed the ancient castle of *Schonnestien*, now a lunatic asylum, standing on an elevated rock at our right; and a little farther on, the not very imposing summer residence of the Court of Saxony. We now entered the romantic region called the Saxon Switzerland. It consists chiefly of huge columnar hills, with level tops, separated from one another in some places by dark and frightful chasms, and in others by broad and pleasant valleys. Here and there slender shafts, like obelisks, shoot up to a giddy height among the clouds. One of these is crowned with the remains of a castle, formerly the abode of robber knights, and reached by ladders and drawbridges, which were easily removed in time of danger, rendering their lofty eyrie quite inaccessible to their pursuers. The intervening valleys and gorges appear to have been formed by the action of water, wearing away the softer portions of the rock, and leaving the more solid masses standing in peerless majesty. Large trees might be seen frequently growing out of the crags and crevices half-way up the precipice, where there seemed not a handful of earth to nourish them.

The highest of these mountains, the *Lilianstein* and the *Königstein*, stand frowning at each other across the Elbe, which flows a thousand feet beneath. The latter is crowned with a fortress, which has never yet been taken, which even Napoleon assailed in vain, and which, from its isolated position, is justly deemed impregnable. Here the Saxon sovereigns have again and again taken refuge from their stronger foes, and hither the royal treasures are always conveyed in time of war.

At the Bohemian frontier we experienced some detention, and had no little annoyance from government officers in the *visé* of passports and examination of baggage. In the midst of our tribulation, a young soldier, to whom I thought I was talking intelligible German, turned away, exclaiming, '*Ich can nicht Fransosich sprechen*'—I cannot speak French.

What a paradise is this for smokers! The Germans actually smoke at the dinner-table, not even waiting till the ladies have retired. In Dresden I saw lamps burning all day in little niches along the streets, for the convenience of pedestrians in lighting their cigars. Each apartment in the railway cars is provided with a match-box fastened up at one side for the same purpose. In our country there is generally a 'smoking-car,' to which gentlemen may retire for that luxurious indulgence: in Germany it is a rare case that a passenger can find a car in which it is prohibited; and when he is so fortunate, it is commonly a car of second-rate accommodations. We aimed, whenever practicable, to secure to ourselves the sole occupancy of a *coupé*, in order to avoid this intolerable annoyance; but when the passengers were numerous this was not always to be done, and we were compelled to endure it. Now it was, however, that endurance proved impossible—seats all full, doors and windows closed, and every one except ourselves smoking like Vesuvius! Very mildly and respectfully we began to remonstrate, and this was the prompt reply: '*Gehen sie in ein altere coupé!*'—Go you to another apartment.

Passing through Prague and Brün in the night, with a pause of only thirty minutes at each, we crossed the Danube at eight the next morning, and breakfasted at the hotel *Erzerzog Karl* in Vienna.

The capital of Austria is truly a magnificent place, and well deserves its sobriquet, 'City of Palaces;' though it is said to be, Paris itself not excepted, the most dissolute capital in Europe. The city proper is small and compact, but its architecture is stately and beautiful. It is surrounded by a thick wall and a deep fosse, outside of which is a broad esplanade called the *Glacis*, full of trees and shrubbery, and traversed in every direction by fine foot paths and carriage roads. Beyond this open space are the suburbs, occupying five times the area of the city, with elegant mansions facing the *glacis* and wide streets converging towards the centre, entering the walls through dark and heavy archways, and meeting at the Cathedral of St. Stephen in the very heart of the metropolis. Vienna, therefore, is a city within a city; and it is difficult to conceive anything more beautiful than this arrangement. The panorama from the tower of St. Stephen's resembles a wheel, the city being the hub, the suburbs the rim, the *glacis* the space between, and the great streets passing through it answering very well to the spokes.

We rode out to *Schonbrun*, the summer residence of the emperor, a perfect paradise in the season of sunshine and flowers; and walked through its spacious halls, and saw some very interesting works of art. On our return, we visited several churches, and heard delightful music, and gazed upon fine painting and statuary. Canova's funeral group in the Church of the Augustines—the white marble forms against the dark opening of the tomb which they are entering, every line so sad and drooping, and the *ensemble* so modest and so holy—the bowed matron with the urn, the tottering old man, the sorrowful maiden, the bitterly weeping child, and the lion crouching at the portal—produced upon me a very profound impression; while my other half gazed, and glowed, and rhapsodized, and rubbed her little hands, in a manner quite worthy of the occasion, and somewhat edifying to behold; but when, upon turning to Murray, we learned that it was only a marble allegory, we both felt like what a sentimental young lady feels when, amidst her tears over some love-sick novel, she suddenly recollects that the story is a fiction, and the reader a fool.

The Cathedral, though unfinished, is a glorious structure,

combining all that is grand and beautiful in Gothic architecture. Its carved stone pulpit is a wonderful piece of workmanship. Only one of its two towers is completed, and that is the most marvellously symmetrical my eyes ever beheld. Rising to the height of four hundred feet, it commands a fine view of the city and circumjacent country. To the south is seen a broad range of lofty hills, a spur of the Alps, stretching away to the south-east, and terminating in the Schneeberg, which lifts its shining crest above the clouds. This region is called the *Weinerwald*, or Forest of Vienna; being covered with trees, among which the black fir, a noble species, towers in princely majesty over all its fellows. These hills are intersected by numerous fertile valleys, beautified with winding streams, and here and there overhung by frowning precipices, blending in the same view every variety of the picturesque and the sublime. Beyond them lies a vast wall of lapis-lazuli and amethyst, with towers of pearl and pinnacles of crystal—the Styrian Alps—towards which we now proceed on our pleasant pilgrimage.

Our first point is Baden, an hour's railway travel from Vienna. It is a small town, surrounded by vineyards, and dependent almost entirely upon the fame of its mineral waters for a subsistence. These waters are deemed very efficacious in cases of gout, rheumatism, and various cutaneous diseases. On this account, the place was formerly a very popular resort; but of late years it has been comparatively but little frequented, partly because of the superior quality of several other spas, and partly because of a dislike which royalty has taken to the town, in consequence of a madman's attempt to assassinate the late emperor there.

Forty-seven miles from Vienna we reach Glognitz, at the foot of the Semmering. Here the railway is carried over a mountain three thousand three hundred feet high. It is esteemed, I should think justly, the most wonderful work of the kind in the world. The distance, from the commencement of the ascent to the level beyond the mountain, is about twenty-five miles; and in that distance there are twelve tunnels and eleven vaulted cuttings, with a great number of bridges and viaducts. The great tunnel,

at the summit, is one thousand five hundred and sixty-one yards long; and the whole amount of tunnelling exceeds four thousand yards. It was interesting, and not a little exciting, to see a long train of cars winding, like a great serpent, along the dizzy precipice, towards every point of the compass; and ever and anon to behold below us, on the other side of a chasm a thousand feet deep, yet so near that one might almost throw a stone across the path by which we had ascended.

Beyond the Semmering, the railroad descends a narrow valley, traversed by the torrent of the Mur, and shut in by lofty and precipitous mountains. Some of the cliffs, which overhung our path at the height of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet, were terrible to behold; and here and there where the valley opened to a wider prospect, peak upon peak, and range upon range, towering away into the regions of eternal winter, were glorious beyond description. We saw many ruined castles, relics of feudal days, in situations which seemed inaccessible to any but the eagle; yet these, all were once the homes of heroic men and gentle women. As we passed the gates of Gratz, the capital of Styria, we met a procession of priests, carrying crosses; led by a bishop, bearing an immense lighted candle in the open day. Gratz is about as large as Charleston, beautifully situated on the Mur, where the valley spreads out to a width of ten or fifteen miles. It is the seat of a university of some celebrity. A little beyond this we were shown the ruined castle of Ober-Wildon, immortalized by the residence and astronomical observations of Tycho Brahe. Then we rushed again into a narrow passage between the mountains, and, when we emerged on the other side, beheld the Oistrize Spitze, about eight thousand feet high, crowned with perpetual snow.

Not far from Laybach, where the railroad terminates, is the celebrated cave of Adelsberg, said to be the most magnificent in Europe, and supposed to be the most extensive. It has already been explored four or five miles; but this is probably not the end, and new avenues are constantly being discovered. We were earnestly advised to visit it; but we had not time to spare; and after having been in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, what is there under

ground worth seeing? So we took a diligence, and continued our journey. For a few hours the travelling was not unpleasant; but after that we entered upon the most desolate and dreary region I ever saw. This is called the Carst, or Carso—an elevated table-land, extending from the Carniolian mountains to the head of the Adriatic, and far down its eastern coast. It is one vast area of naked rock, rent into chasms and fragments apparently by subterranean forces, without pool or stream, or scarcely any appearance of verdure. To render it the more dreary, it was swept by a bitter wind, which howled through every crack and aperture of the coach, and occasionally came in such gusts as threatened us with destruction. We were fortunate indeed in not being six hours later on the road; for this was the commencement of the terrible Bora, which for three days afterwards raged furiously over that frightful waste; and a traveller who overtook us the next day in Trieste, informed us that he saw several waggons overturned, and blown quite off the road. This is no uncommon thing. Such is the violence of that wind, that no teamster will venture out while it lasts, and even the diligence waits till it is over. It has blown away every particle of soil from the rock, and seems sometimes as if it would blow away the rock itself.

We had travelled thus some hours, as uncomfortable as travellers well could be, when we suddenly found ourselves on the brow of a hill, overlooking towards the south and west a vast expanse of water; and at our feet, between us and the sea, apparently so near that one might cast a stone into it, a snug little village, with a vast number of small sailboats moored at its margin. That was the Adriatic; and this was the city of Trieste, the most important seaport of the Austrian empire, numbering perhaps seventy or eighty thousand inhabitants; and these were the merchantships of every nation under heaven, and the great steam-shuttles which weave remote kingdoms and continents together! By a beautiful winding road between vineyards and olive orchards, we rushed down the terraced hill with great rapidity; and yet it was three-quarters of an hour before we reached the city; for when we saw it from the top, it was more than five miles distant. Nothing could

be more picturesque than the side of the mountain, and the winding way by which we descended; and in the season of verdure and bloom, the view must be truly enchanting. The streets of the city are paved with broad flat stones; and a cleaner city I have never seen, not because the people are habitually so cleanly, but simply because the streets are too steep for the accumulation of any particle of filth. The *Hôtel de la Ville*, at which we lodged four days, is exceedingly well managed, but the charges are enormous. We were obliged to remain, for the Bora raged fearfully; and recollecting how Saint Paul was 'driven up and down in Adria' by just such a wind, our dread of it was unconquerable even by the desire of seeing Venice. Those days embraced a Sabbath, on which we sought 'the British Chapel,' the only Protestant place of worship in the town; read prayers with them, after the manner of the Church of England; and heard a plain, earnest, faithful, pungent sermon, delivered without notes, and for its spirit and manner worthy of any Methodist preacher in Europe or America. In the afternoon, weary of reading, and wanting exercise, I wandered to the top of the hill, whereon the castle stands, where I accidentally stumbled upon the old Cathedral, founded in the fifth century, and built with the fragments of earlier structures. The tower, it is said, stands on the foundation of a temple of Jupiter; and it is curious to see fine blocks of carved and polished marble interspersed among rough stones and bricks in the walls. In the evening I entered a Greek church; and of all the religious services I ever witnessed, that which I saw performed there was probably the most soulless. The Greeks have two churches, both of which are very richly decorated, and one of which is the largest and finest religious edifice in the city. The population of Trieste represents 'all the nations of the babbling earth'—Greeks and Orientals, Jews and Armenians, British and Americans, French, Spanish, and Italians; and all languages are to be heard, and all costumes are to be seen, continually in the streets.

After three days the violence of the wind somewhat abated, though still it roared fearfully ever and anon in the lofty dome of the hotel, and through the forest of

masts in the harbour. Our *valet de chambre*, however, said: 'It is not now Bora : Bora is finish : it is now for Venezia good wind.' The next morning,

'The winds were all hushed, and the waters at rest;'

and we embarked upon the calm blue Adriatic for 'the City of the Sea.' As the morning advanced, the dark wall of the Rhetian and Friulian Alps, which filled one-third of the horizon, changed into amethyst; and when the sun broke through the clouds, the amethyst glowed into jasper, and the jasper kindled into chrysolite. The towns along the coast, with their white light-houses and lofty campaniles, showed beautifully against the jewelled background. We went gaily on, over the laughing waters, with as bright a sunshine as could be desired, for about seven hours; and were looking forward anxiously to catch the first view of Venice; when, suddenly, the western horizon darkened; and, almost without a moment's warning, we were enveloped in a fog so dense that we could scarcely see the length of the steamer; and this was accompanied with a cold, searching wind, which seemed to pierce the very bone. We slackened speed, and felt our way very cautiously, and the steam-whistle was kept going almost continually. The entrance to the harbour is very intricate, and we were some three hours making the distance, which should have required but thirty or forty minutes; and when we cast anchor amid stately palaces and churches, at the mouth of the Grand Canal, it was impossible for the eye to penetrate the misty veil with which their magnificence was shrouded. One of the many gondolas which glide over these strange thoroughfares conveyed us rapidly to the *Hôtel de la Ville*, where we soon found ourselves more comfortably and pleasantly situated than in any similar establishment since we left the Astor House; the master obliging, the servants attentive, rooms neat, table good, and charges moderate. It was stranger than romance, to find ourselves in the palace of the Grassi, in a city whose streets are canals, and whose only carriages are boats; and I look back upon the forty hours we spent there as a pleasant dream.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.

Origin of the City—The Duomo—The Campanile—Fine Prospect
—Piazza and Piazzetta—The Ducal Palace—The Library—The
Dungeons—Churches—The Rialto—Artesian Wells—Adieu.

There is a glorious city in the sea :
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing ; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of the palaces.

* * *

With many a pile in more than eastern pride,
Of old the residence of merchant kings ;
The walls of some, though time has shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

ROGERS.

As soon as possible, we procured a gondolier and a guide, and went forth in quest of wonders ; and surely there are not many cities in which so many and such a variety are to be found. The history of the city itself is one of the greatest wonders which time has hitherto recorded. About the middle of the fifth Christian century, a few Italian fugitives sought refuge here from the sword of Attila and the Huns, and supported themselves chiefly by fishing and the manufacture of salt. Their commerce flourished, and their population increased, and the seventy-two islands grew into groups of palaces and temples, to which there is not a parallel in the world.

In the magnificent Basilica of St. Mark we spent some pleasant hours, wandering over floors of rich mosaic, beneath arches that glitter with gems and gold, among columns, and statues, and bas-reliefs, and monumental inscriptions, and relics of departed sanctity. Within and without are more than five hundred pillars, of verd antique, serpentine, porphyry, and other precious marbles ; but they are arranged without much regard to either taste or utility, and many of them seem entirely out of place, having actually nothing to do but to encumber the building, and aid in concealing or obscuring some of its other

beauties. Two very fine ones in the vestibule are said to have adorned the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, and two others near them were brought from the Temple of Minerva at Athens; with which I held the following colloquy, in the language of Bonomi:—

‘Care colonne, che fatti quà?
Non sapiamo, in verità!’*

It is said that while the building of this fine church was going on, every vessel that went from Venice to the East was required to bring back a column, statue, or something of the sort, for the work, which accounts in part for this princely profusion of precious marbles. The walls and floors are all of the same costly material, while the vaulted ceiling is covered everywhere with mosaics of coloured glass upon a ground of gold. The statues and bas-reliefs, which are very numerous, are all by the first masters. The treasury contains the richest collection of ancient Byzantine jewelry in existence, besides some very precious relics. Among the latter are these: a piece of our Saviour’s robe, a fragment of the pillar to which he was bound, one of the thorns with which he was crowned, one of the nails with which he was crucified, and a handful or two of earth saturated with his blood. Who knows not that here repose the remains of St. Mark, to whom the Duomo is dedicated? The relics, however, are kept under lock and key, and exhibited to strangers only on Fridays, except by special permission; and the cathedral has one capital defect—the want of light sufficient, especially in gloomy weather, to see its beauties to advantage.

Emerging from the glorious twilight, we ascended the lofty Campanile, which stands just opposite the portico, on the *Piazza*. This is probably the most perfect structure of the kind in Italy. It is forty-five feet in diameter at the base, and three hundred and twenty-three in altitude. The ascent is by an inclined plane within, not near so steep, I think, as some of the streets we had lately climbed in the city of Trieste. Napoleon went up on horseback; and before his day such a ride was no uncommon thing. At

* ‘Dear little columns, all in a row,
What do you there? Indeed, we don’t know!’

the top of the tower, in the large open belfry, whose arches support the pyramid, we found a watchman, whose business it is to strike the hour upon the great bell, and notify the citizens of fires and marine arrivals.

Would it were possible to convey to my readers an adequate idea of the prospect we here enjoyed. Beneath us was the *Piazza*, with its surrounding colonnades; the *Palazzo Imperiale*, with its beautiful garden of ever-greens; the roof of the *Duomo*, with its majestic domes and minarets; the grand old Ducal Palace, with its dark associations of tyranny and murder; and the *Torre del' Orologio*, with its vast dial, and its faithful bronze men, standing with lifted hammers beside the bell, and ever and anon warning the people of the lapse of time. All around, with its numerous palaces and churches upon its seventy-two islands, sat the far-spreading city, divided by the broad *Canalazzo*, running in the form of an S nearly through the centre, spanned by the noble *Rialto*, and intersected by a hundred and forty-six smaller canals, having more than three hundred bridges; while the *Molos*, throwing their mighty arms around the harbour, seemed saying to the sea, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed;' and the lighthouses, standing like sentinels at the entrance; and the ships within, sitting calmly upon their inverted shadows; and black gondolas innumerable, gliding to and fro, like fairy vehicles, over the streets of water; to the west the railroad, like a great cable thrown across the *Laguna*, mooring the island city to the main-land; to the east the *Lido*, along whose strand poor Byron used to stray, and where he hoped to be buried; to the south, as far as the eye can reach, lodg narrow strips of land, forming a great natural breakwater, with here and there a passage into the blue Adriatic beyond; to the north, walling in the glorious panorama, the Rhetian and Tyrolean Alps, which lifted their snowy summits to the sun, all glowing with gold and sapphire. It was a sight worth travelling half the world's circumference to see!

We descended into the *Piazza San Marco*, confessing, with Grace Greenwood, that this square is, 'of all I have ever seen, the one supreme in architectural beauty and

magnificence.' The arcades which surround it on three sides, full of gay shops and *trattorias*, the grand old palaces, the gorgeous cathedral, the campanile, and the clock-tower, form an assemblage of objects to which, within so small a space, I know not the parallel, and think it would be difficult for any one to imagine the superior. The great bell struck the hour, and 'the Pigeons of Saint Mark's'—those beautiful creatures, known wherever Venice is named—came to their dinner, which they have received daily in this place for several hundred years, some benevolent person having bequeathed a sum sufficient for their perpetual support.

We approached the Ducal Palace across the *Piazzetta*. On our left we passed a column of red porphyry, about five feet in height and three in diameter; from which, as our guide informed us, the laws of the republic were proclaimed. Here, also, delinquent debtors were compelled to stand as a spectacle to the populace, and criminals to receive their sentence. The sentence was pronounced by the Doge, from between two red pillars of the balcony before us, and executed between two granite columns at our right. These latter columns are among the most remarkable things to be seen in Venice. One of them bears a statue of St. Theodore, the ancient patron of the city, standing upon a crocodile, holding a sword in his left hand and a shield in his right, to signify the disposition of the republic more to defend herself than to attack others. The other supports a winged lion, with a book in one of his paws, formerly inscribed with the words, 'Peace on earth, good-will toward men;' for which the French substituted their own gospel, 'Rights of the man and of the citizen;' upon which, it is said, a gondolier remarked, that St. Mark, as well as the rest of the world, had turned over a new leaf. These columns were brought from Palestine; but, after their arrival, they lay a long time upon the ground, and no one could tell how they were to be raised. A noted Lombardian gambler, however, accomplished the work, and claimed as his reward from the Doge the privilege of playing games of chance, elsewhere prohibited by law, between the columns. The demand was granted; but the Council ordered that all public executions should be performed in the same place;

and even to this day the Venetians speak of it with horror, and avoid it with superstitious dread.

Entering by the *Porta della Carta*, crossing the grand Court within the palace, and ascending the magnificent Giant's Staircase, between the two colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, we soon found ourselves in those gorgeous halls where the Doges of Venice lived, and ruled, and revelled with their nobles. The second room we entered, if I recollect correctly, was the saloon of the Great Council; and there were still the seats where sat the awful judges. The room is a hundred and seventy-five feet in length, eighty-five in width, and fifty-two in height; and its walls and ceiling are covered with the finest productions of Titian, Bellini, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Here is the library of St. Mark, containing a hundred and twenty thousand printed volumes, and ten thousand manuscripts. Among the latter are those of Dante and Petrarch; the works of Quintilian and Cicero, transcribed by the latter; the entire Iliad, and part of the Odyssey, translated by Leontio Pilato, and copied by Boccaccio; with many other fine Greek manuscripts, bequeathed by Cardinal Bessarion, who followed the example of Petrarch, presenting his invaluable collection to St. Mark.

Leaving this great saloon, we passed through the hall of the Council of Ten, the hall of the Senate, the hall of the College, the Doge's chapel, and among other apartments, containing whole forests of statuary, and acres of canvas, all glowing with genius and power; and descended to those dismal cells, where so many poor wretches dwelt in perpetual night; and crossed that fearful bridge, which so many traversed to return no more. How many thrilling stories have germinated here! Could these walls and arches tell what they have seen and heard, all the gloomy horrors of romance and tragedy would be outdone.

Bidding adieu to these dreary solitudes, we visited the Academy of the Fine Arts; which, however, I shall not attempt to describe, for the very best of reasons; and then wandered from church to church, which here are all museums of art, till the eye was actually satisfied with seeing. Of the grandeur and magnificence of some

of these sacred edifices, no one who has not beheld them can possibly conceive any adequate idea. Formerly Venice had more churches than any other city in Italy ; but many of them were demolished by the French ; and many more were desecrated, and applied to secular uses. What must have been the wealth of the people who reared these stately structures, and filled them with such costly decorations, and such heaps of treasure ! Among those we visited was the *Santa Maria Gloriosa de Frari*, which contains the tomb of Titian, and a colossal monument to his memory, recently completed at the expense of the Emperor of Austria—a sitting statue, crowned with laurel, under a rich Corinthian canopy. Here is also the noble mausoleum of the unfortunate Doge Francesco Foscari, immortalized by Lord Byron's tragedy ; and opposite this the six-storied tomb of the Doge Nicolo Tron, fifty feet wide and seventy feet high, adorned with nineteen full-length figures, and a profusion of bas-reliefs and other ornaments. But the most beautiful of all (and there are many more, of doges, and artists, and saints) is the vast pyramid of snowy marble, with its inimitable train of mourners in honour of Canova—a repetition of the sculptor's own design for the monument of the Archduchess Christina at Vienna. In the old convent buildings attached to this church are kept the ancient Venetian archives, filling ninety-five rooms, and consisting of more than fourteen million documents, which are seldom seen by foreigners. The luxurious magnificence of the Church of the Jesuits—the fine altar, with its twisted columns of solid verd-antique—its walls of precious marble, elaborately carved, and inlaid with still more costly material—defies all description. The Church of *San Zanipolo*, three hundred and thirty feet long, and its width at the transepts a hundred and forty-two, has been called the Westminster Abbey of Venice ; being filled with the tombs and monuments of power, and genius, and canonized sanctity. The Church of *Santa Maria Formoso* was the scene of the well-known affair of the Brides of Venice, carried off by the Istrian pirates. The Church of *Santa Maria della Salute* was erected as a monument of gratitude to the Virgin after the cessation of the great pestilence, in which sixty thousand people perished. But

the most interesting of all—not for its magnitude, its altitude, or its ornaments, but for its associations—is that of *San Giacomo di Rialto*, just at the east end of the bridge; for here stood the first church of Venice, whose precise form and general appearance are preserved in the present structure.

The *Ponte di Rialto* rather disappointed me. It is neither imposing in itself, nor highly decorated. With the exception of a few statues and bas-reliefs, which I did not think remarkable specimens of art, it looked to me much like any other bridge. But it is not without its interest, and as I walked over it again and again, and paused upon it to meditate, I felt myself accompanied ‘by viewless beings of the mind, more real than any flesh and blood—Shylock and Antonio, Bassanio, Lorenzo and Jessica, Desdemona and the Moor.’*

Venice in old times depended chiefly upon its cisterns for water; or brought it, at great expense, from the mainland. But now there are many artesian wells, which afford an abundant supply; and the water is of a very good quality, though slightly chalybeate.

It was a cold, clear, beautiful morning when we left ‘the Sea-born City.’ The day was just beginning to dawn; and the stars trembled in the waters of the Grand Canal, as our fleet gondola glided over them; and the poverty and faded beauty of the once opulent and magnificent ‘Queen of the Adriatic,’ in the dusky twilight, looked more desolate and mournful than ever; and the measured dip of the oar, and the soft music of the ripple along the basement of marble walls, and the warning cry of the gondolier as we shot under a bridge, or round a corner, were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the scene. A sigh for poor Byron, and another for the unfortunate Foscari, as we passed, for the last time, the stately mansions which are almost synonymous with their names. Thirty minutes brought us to the railway station; and in half an hour more we were rushing over the iron track which connects the city with the mainland. The water is three miles wide, but nowhere more than four feet

* Grace Greenwood.

deep. The *Laguna* is constantly being filled up with the alluvium brought down from the mountains; and along the whole coast of the upper Adriatic the land is constantly encroaching upon the sea; and however distant now, the day will come when the Venetian canals will be firm ground; and what remains of the city, as the fate of some of her neighbours forewarns, will be many miles from the shore. The bridge consists of two hundred and twenty-two arches of brick and Istrian marble, resting upon eighty thousand larch piles driven into the mud; and its construction cost nearly five years' labour of a thousand men, with an outlay of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. At its eastern end stands the fortress of *Malghera*, the fall of which, eight years ago, induced the surrender of Venice, but which has since been repaired and enlarged by the Austrian government.

The plains of Venetian Lombardy, upon which we now entered, are much like those of Belgium, though not so highly cultivated; and the inhabitants, of course, appear to be far less thrifty and comfortable. The land is everywhere cut up by canals and ditches, along whose banks are interminable rows of stately poplars. The chief productions seem to be maize, wheat, silk, grapes, and olives. The vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, were beautiful even in winter. We were constantly passing towns and villages, and undertook to count their campaniles, but found them too numerous for our arithmetic. Everywhere we heard the sweet music of the Italian tongue, sung rather than spoken, and everywhere saw indications of the Italian love of the beautiful. The pillars at the railroad stations were adorned with rosettes, and the trees and posts along our path were hung with wreaths of evergreens, and the walls and doorways of the humblest dwellings showed the handiwork of the painter and the sculptor. One of our fellow-passengers wore a pair of pantaloons, decorated with flowers, castles, and animals in the brightest colours. But with all their taste, the people are poor, idle, vicious, and degraded, beyond all I had ever heard or imagined of Italy, though all this was but the beginning of what we were destined to see.

CHAPTER VII.

MILAN AND ITS MARVELS.

Triumphal Entry—The Cathedral—The Roof—The Tower—
Historical Sketch of the City—St. Ambrose—San Carlo Borromeo.

Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower of present woes and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals graved in characters of flame!

CHILDE HAROLD.

AT eight in the evening of the same day that we left Venice, we arrived in the goodly city of Milan. It was a grand triumphal entry. The gateway through which we passed was a stupendous arch of flame, every building was ablaze from base to battlement, and the whole population were waiting in the streets to receive us. We had not looked for such a welcome, and knew not how to account for our sudden glory. We had sent no courier to proclaim our coming—our secretary had written no letter to the governor—how should the municipal authorities have anticipated our advent? and what had made us such favourites with the populace? It was the more puzzling, when we found ourselves detained so long at the *Dogana*, passports demanded, and nightgowns examined. As soon, however, as this scrutiny had convinced the officers of our proper identity, our trunks were placed upon a handcart, drawn by a human donkey; while a herald went before, across the *Piazza* and along the *Corso*, shouting stentoriously to clear a passage through the crowd; and we followed on foot, partly because a carriage was impracticable, but chiefly that the admiring multitude might have the better opportunity of seeing the illustrious personages whom they delighted to honour. The walk was less than a mile, but occupied more than an hour, and we must have elbowed our way through at least fifty thousand people. It seemed a little strange, that with such an illumination, and such an ocean of human life, there was no very particular

demonstration of popular enthusiasm ; and still stranger, on our arrival at the *Hôtel de la Ville*, that no special preparation appeared to have been made for our entertainment, and we were obliged to accept of such accommodations as are usually furnished for common *forestieri*, though the price that we paid for them was suitable to our illustrious rank and triumphal entry. Short-lived, alas ! is human glory. We soon learned that it was not our worthy selves, but their Imperial Majesties, Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria, whose arrival, twenty-four hours before, had occasioned this splendid illumination and popular concourse. ‘How is it,’ I asked a servant, ‘that there is no shouting in the street?’ ‘The people of Milan,’ she replied, ‘never shout in these days.’ ‘But are you not glad to see your emperor and empress?’ ‘No ; we do not love our oppressors ; there is no joy at their coming.’ ‘Why then is the city illuminated, and the *Corso* full of people?’ ‘We are fond of spectacles, and all this is necessary to save appearances.’ She assured us that these were the popular sentiments, and that the Milanese only wanted a leader, and they would soon be free. I was astonished to hear a mere chambermaid discourse of political matters with so much intelligence.

The next day we visited the superb *Duomo*, the largest church in Italy save St. Peter’s—four hundred and eighty-six feet long, two hundred and eighty-eight feet wide at the transept, and a hundred and fifty-three feet high from the pavement to the point of the vaulted ceiling. The first stone was laid nearly seven centuries ago, and the building is still unfinished. The material is white marble, from the mountains near the *Lago Maggiore* ; the architecture, Pointed Gothic, with just enough of the Romanesque to relieve its severity. The niches and pinnacles of the exterior are ornamented with about four thousand and five hundred statues, many of them in the best style of the art ; and the completion of the design will require, it is said, some fifteen hundred more. Within, it is not cut up into so many parts as Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral of Cologne, and the choir is not separated from the nave, so that the whole may be seen at a glance. For completeness of detail, and exquisite perfection of finish,

there is scarcely anything equal to it in all the wonders of Gothic architecture. It looks as if it had been cut out of white paper, and delicately fashioned by fair hands, and fit to be kept in a bandbox; or as if it had been intended as a toy, or a costly playhouse, for the baby of one of the ancient goddesses of the land. And what, indeed, are all the fine churches of Italy, but costly playhouses for the Virgin Mary? and what are the pope and his cardinals, but dolls and puppets for her amusement? The rich hangings, in honour of the emperor and empress, which everywhere covered the walls and pillars, were no addition to the beauty of the place; and the whole was much more impressive, when we saw it without them, on our return from Rome.

This magnificent church is a *basilica*, having a nave and four aisles, which are divided by four rows of columns, each row numbering eight, and every column nearly ninety feet in altitude. The capitals of these columns are richly sculptured, and the stone fretwork of the lofty arch above is exceedingly beautiful. The great doorway in front is flanked with two granite pillars, each consisting of a single block, the largest of the kind in Europe, which cost nearly ten thousand dollars. At the entrance of the choir are two immense columns, attached to which, and nearly encircling them, are two bronze pulpits, supported by colossal cariatides, and covered with elaborate bas-reliefs. Over the high altar is a splendid tabernacle, containing, among other precious relics, one of the nails which fastened the Saviour to the cross; and in the rear are three gigantic windows of painted glass, each square of which displays a distinct and complete historical picture. At the foot of the steps leading to the choir, and exactly under the octagonal tower, is a grating in the floor, surrounded by a railing, intended to admit light into the Silver Chapel below, where the skeleton of San Carlo Borromeo lies covered with jewels in a sarcophagus of rock crystal. A stairway in one of the transepts leads down to the shrine, and thousands go there continually to pay their homage to the mouldering bones. I saw, through an aperture behind the choir, a candle dimly burning there; and a poor, ragged, cadaverous specimen of masculine humanity on his knees, weeping as if his heart were breaking.

Another subterranean passage conducts to the archiepiscopal palace across the street. We eschewed both, and took the winding stairs to the roof. It was a long journey, but it amply repaid the toil. From the battlements we looked down into the broad Piazza, where a band of more than eighty musicians were playing a fine opera, upon thousands and thousands of people, who were waiting to see the emperor and the empress come forth from the palace on the opposite side. In a few moments the carriage of Her Imperial Beauty appeared, followed by that of the Governor of Milan, accompanied by a small corps of cavalry; but there was no shouting, nor waving of kerchiefs, nor casting of caps to the skies; and when we lingered long in expectation of the emperor, we were informed that he would not come out, being afraid to show himself to his subjects.

‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.’

Another flight of steps led us to the very apex of the marble roof, where we paused again, to contemplate the forest of snowy pinnacles around us, and their sculptured decorations. There are a hundred and sixty-six needles, all richly wrought, and every one surmounted by a colossal statue. All the statues and bas-reliefs together amount to six thousand six hundred and sixteen, and many more are yet to be added. From this point we ascended the spire, five hundred and twelve steps above the pavement; and, according to our guide, four hundred feet, though the books make it something less. It was a fearful height, and the tremor which ran through our nerves was not much relieved by the story told us of a lady who, sixteen years ago, fell from the battlement beneath us into the *Piazza*, a distance of nearly two hundred feet. But the view from the gallery is glorious: the city at your feet, with its palaces and promenades, its church domes and campaniles; beyond its walls, a vast extent of meadow, rice-field, and vineyard, adorned with villages and villas, and intersected by rivers and canals; and bounding the prospect on all sides, except to the south-east, where the valley of the Po is seen stretching away to Lodi and Cremona, the mighty

walls of the Alps and the Apennines, serrated, and covered with glittering snow.

When we had finished our survey, we had paid seven distinct fees to as many guides, custodes, and pretenders; and though I have no doubt the amount was twice as much as was either just or necessary, we felt that we had got the full value of our money. A small sum we invested in a pamphlet, descriptive of the cathedral and its contents—one of the curiosities of modern literature, of which the following item is a specimen: ‘Two Old Testament pictures; the one being Hagar, with Ishmael’s son, perishing of thirst in the wilderness; the other being Abraham’s wife herself, after she had been driven out.’ This book was written by a priest.

The foundation of Milan, the ancient *Mediolanum*, dates from the sixth century before Christ. It contains a hundred and sixty-five thousand inhabitants, and is certainly a very beautiful city, though artists and critics generally find fault with its architecture. The streets are finely paved, and somewhat wider than those of most other continental cities we have visited. Milan was once the second city in Italy, though scarcely a vestige of its ancient splendour now remains. In the fifth century it was sacked by Attila, in the invasion which originated Venice; and in the twelfth century its foundations were razed, its population dispersed, and its very name obliterated from the list of Italian cities, by the vengeance of Frederick the First. But this event was soon followed by the Great Lombard Confederacy; and in five years more the fugitives returned, and rapidly rebuilt the city. A century passed, and Milan was again a rich and flourishing place, leading the fashions of the civilized world, whence the origin of the word ‘milliner.’ About the middle of the sixteenth century it fell into the hands of the Spaniards; but in the early part of the eighteenth was given by the treaty of Utrecht to the Austrians, who, with a few unimportant interruptions, have held it to the present time. The people, however, are restive and dissatisfied under the yoke, and the perpetual parade of Austrian troops can scarcely keep them in subjection. After we left Milan I saw flaming accounts in the public prints of the emperor’s reception

there, and the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by his loyal subjects ; but it is sufficient to say, those accounts were not written by the Milanese, and those who write such generally regard the royal favour quite as much as they regard the truth.

Two names in the history of Milan are worthy of immortal fame : that of St. Ambrose, in the third and fourth centuries, and that of San Carlo Borromeo, in the sixteenth.

St. Ambrose, who had been educated for the law, was appointed prefect of Milan by the Emperor Valentinian, in the year of our Lord 374. This important position he occupied for five years, during which he distinguished himself for prudence and justice, and won the hearts of the whole community. At the end of that time a tumult arose in the cathedral about the election of a bishop, and the prefect repaired thither to quell the disturbance. A child in the crowd, on seeing him, cried out, ‘ Ambrose is Bishop ! ’ The assembly caught the words, and shouted with one consent, ‘ Ambrose is Bishop ! ’ The prefect, the layman, was manifestly the compromise candidate, the choice of the people. Confounded and alarmed he refused the nomination ; but the emperor, who held his court at Milan, forced him to accept the honour. Ambrose at once made over all his property to the Church, and began the devout study of the Holy Scriptures. His subsequent labours were earnest and incessant, surpassing in amount those of any five bishops in the empire. When the Empress Justinia, a patroness of the Arian heresy, commenced a persecution against him, and required him to surrender his church, he repaired thither, and spent whole days and nights in devotion, and employed the people in singing hymns and psalms continually, nor rested till Arianism was quite expelled from Italy. When the Emperor Theodosius massacred, without trial and without distinction, seven thousand people of Thessalonica for killing one of his officers, Ambrose resolutely shut the door of the church against him for more than eight months, and refused the world’s master admittance to the house of God till he had brought forth fruits meet for repentance. When Austin came from Rome to Milan as professor of

rhetoric, though sunk in the depths of Manichæism, the brilliant young man was soon charmed by the eloquence of Ambrose, who led him to the feet of Jesus and the bosom of the Church, and in a few years St. Augustin was the great light of the Christian world. The *ciceroni* of Milan still pretend to show the door which the good bishop closed against the emperor, and the font in which he baptized his illustrious convert. St. Ambrose has been accused of nourishing those buds of superstition which had already begun to show themselves in the Church, and which two or three centuries later blossomed into Popery. With some qualification, the charge may be true; but if history is to be relied upon, he lived and died firm in the apostolic faith, depending on the merits of Christ alone for justification, seeking the illumination and grace of the Holy Spirit, and habitually delighting in communion with God. A rich unction of evangelical piety rests on all his writings; and he appears to have been a most fervent, faithful, laborious, and benevolent servant of the Church of Christ. If he aided the development of monasticism and the growth of prelatical pride, it was unconsciously and without design: and the humblest and best of Christian bishops should not be held strictly responsible for evils which he never anticipated and could not possibly foresee.

Cardinal Borromeo was unquestionably, of all the prelates of the Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, the most enlightened and spiritual, the most laborious and beneficent. He is represented by his biographer, and regarded throughout Italy, as a model of all excellence and virtue. To find such a character in such a connection—to find so much ‘gold, silver, precious stones,’ mingling with so much ‘wood, hay, stubble’—is matter equally of wonder and of joy; while it warrants the charitable hope that there may be more of real evangelical piety in the papal communion than Protestants are generally apt to suppose; and shows the identity and the influence of true religion, in circumstances the most unfavourable, and under appearances almost contradictory.

Carlo Borromeo was created cardinal at the early age of twenty-two; and for several years afterwards he managed the temporal affairs of the pope, and presided over the

Council of Trent. In 1565 he was made Archbishop of Milan, and went to reside in his diocese. He at once resigned all his other preferments, and gave up the chief of his estates to his family. His archiepiscopal revenues he divided into three parts—one for the poor, another for the repairing and building of churches, the third for his own domestic expenditure; thus devoting two-thirds to charity and religion. The splendour and luxury in which he had lived at Rome he now totally renounced; sleeping on boards, wearing coarse garments, abstaining from delicate food, fasting long and frequently, spending whole nights in prayer, and adopting the word *Humilitas* as his motto.

Having subjected himself to such severity of discipline, he set earnestly about the reformation of his clergy. His was the largest diocese in Italy, comprehending nearly nine hundred parishes, many of them in the wildest regions of the Alps. Yet he visited regularly every one of them, preaching and lecturing with indefatigable zeal, and exercising everywhere the watchfulness of a father. He instituted a permanent council, which held monthly sessions, for the purpose of inspecting and regulating the conduct of the ecclesiastical orders. In this manner he corrected many abuses, removed many causes of scandal, abolished many superstitious usages, and did much for the production of a better state of morals. Protestants, when they glorify Mrs. Wesley and Robert Raikes as the inventors of the Sunday-school, are not aware that it was established by Archbishop Borromeo in Milan nearly three hundred years ago. He erected several colleges also, two or three hospitals, and many public fountains; and bestowed annually more than thirty-seven thousand dollars upon the poor, besides two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the course of his life upon various cases of special need. His humility, his self-command, his forgiveness of injuries, the profusion of his alms, and the sanctity of his life, gave him great influence with the people, and contributed largely to his success. In some of his reformatory enterprises he was opposed, of course, by the covetous, the ambitious, or the profligate among the priesthood; and his biographers say that the higher classes were offended at the faithful plainness of his preaching, but the 'common people heard him gladly.' Once while engaged in prayer, he was shot at by

a hired assassin; but he continued his devotions without pausing, and when he arose the ball fell from his sleeve. During a pestilence, which for six months ravaged the city, nothing could restrain him from visiting the sick and the dying; and when entreated to consult his own safety, his reply was, that a bishop who would not face any danger at the call of duty was unworthy of his office. He was continually found in the most infected places, administering consolation and relief to the perishing people; and the last small remnants of his Roman splendour, even his bed, he parted with for their benefit. It is not strange that such a bishop should fall a victim to his zeal; and during a laborious visit to some of his mountain parishes, in 1584, this man of God contracted a fever, of which he died.

That San Carlo Borromeo was warmly attached to the Romish Church perhaps there is little room for doubt; but to those who will read his writings, and trace the current of his life, there can be just as little, it seems to me, that he built upon the true foundation, which is Christ Jesus. His letters and sermons breathe a charming spirit of evangelical humility and devotion; and all his energies of soul and body seem to have been engaged in works of piety and love. He was the Fénelon of Italy: with a more thorough knowledge of the word of God, and a candid perusal of his great contemporaries, the reformers of Germany and Switzerland, he might have been its Luther or its Zuingli.

CHAPTER VIII.

TO THE ETERNAL CITY.

Beautiful Country—Another Peep into the Night-gowns—Novara—View of the Alps—Battle-fields—Alessandria.—Crossing the Apennines—Genoa—English Chapel—Seeing the City—Christopher Columbus—The Cathedral—A Relic—Leghorn—Monte Nero—Italian Names—Civita Vecchia—Gasperoni and the Pope—Tête-à-tête with a Priest—‘A Friend in Need’—The Diligence—Rome.

THE morning on which we left Milan was as fine as a January morning in Northern Italy could possibly be. The air was keen and bracing, and there was a slight sprinkling of snow upon the ground; but the sun shone gloriously over the landscape, and the vineyards glittered like groves of diamonds. When far beyond the gates of the city we turned to take a farewell look at the *Duomo*, whose spires and statues, seen over the tops of the intervenient buildings, seemed a mass of inverted icicles. For many miles the country is planted with silk-mulberry trees, interlaced and festooned with vines; and ever and anon a beautiful cottage is seen peeping through them; and here and there a church-dome, with its accompanying *campanile*, towering over them, or a cluster of tall cypresses, marking the site of some pleasant villa. Dionysius of Halicarnassus informs us that these lands in ancient times produced three crops a year; that their wines and oils were unsurpassed throughout the world; that the fields abounded with cattle, and the forests with all sorts of game; that the neighbouring mountains were clothed with fine timber, and contained vast quarries of the choicest marbles; while the navigable rivers, in every direction, afforded constant and easy communication from city to city. Whoever travels through Lombardy, even in winter, will not find it difficult to credit the most glowing accounts of its former affluence and fertility. Italy needs nothing but good government and true religion, with the intellectual and moral improvement

thence resulting, to render it the finest country in the world. At present it is Paradise under the curse.

Three hours by diligence, and we came to the *Naviglio Grande*, or Great Canal—worthy of its name—flowing with a pure and rapid current, and, with one exception, the oldest work of the kind in Europe. Another mile brought us to the *Ticino*, which we crossed upon a well-built granite bridge of eleven equal arches, that cost nearly 130,000*l*. It was upon the banks of this river, and not far below this bridge, that the Romans met Hannibal on his descent into Italy, and fought their first great battle with the invader; and it is still hostile territory to all who come over the Alps, however peacefully inclined; and the brigands of the Austrian *Dogana* robbed us of our passports, and then sent them after us to *San Martino*, the Sardinian *Dogana*, where, as they were indispensable to our progress, we were fain to ransom them at about fifty cents apiece. But here were other hostilities; the Piedmontese banditti placed ladders against the diligence, brought down all our baggage, carried it into a large room, and proceeded to investigate the contents. Well knowing that resistance and expostulation alike were vain, I delivered up my keys, and while the baggage was being examined I stood perfectly calm, with my hands in my pockets, enjoying a delightful view of the distant Alps. Finding nothing worth having in our trunks, they locked them up again, replaced them on the top of the diligence, and very coolly demanded ‘*buona mano*,’ which I, not appreciating the favour they had done us, coolly declined giving them.

Seven miles to Novara, a brisk commercial town of sixteen thousand inhabitants, where, not very reluctantly, we bade adieu to the diligence, and devoted two pleasant hours to the gratification of our spectacles. Nothing could be finer than the view of *Monte Rosa*, thirty or forty miles distant, though it seemed not more than six or eight, tinged with the glory of the setting sun. To the right rose the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn and the Jungfrau, with the double peak of Saint Gothard, and a hundred pinnacles of the Bernese Oberland; while to the left stood the Great Saint Bernard, and farther south the giant dome of Mont Blanc, still beyond which Mont Cenis guarded

the passage from Piedmont into France. As the sun descended, the intense brilliancy of their snowy summits changed to a glowing purple, which soon deepened into violet. The western sky was of a pale orange hue, and the eastern of a dark rose colour, which blended in the blue of the zenith, darkening as the day declined.

Once more on the *Strada Ferrata*. A shrill whistle, and we are away, skirting the battle-field, where, on the twenty-ninth of March, 1849, after a long and bloody contest, the Piedmontese were defeated by the Austrians. Then over the *Po*, and past the field of *Marengo*, where, on the fourteenth of June, 1800, Napoleon achieved so memorable a victory over the Austrians. And here is *Alessandria*, a city of forty thousand souls, the most remarkable monument of the Great Lombard League of 1167, when eighteen cities confederated for mutual protection against imperial tyranny, and built this city for a memorial and a defence. It was finished within a year from its foundation, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages flocked hither for residence, and in a very short time formed a prosperous and powerful community; so that seven years afterwards, when Frederick I. laid siege to the place, he was speedily driven in disgrace from its walls, and glad to capitulate with a foe that he had contemned. There is nothing here to be seen, except an immense citadel of very massive construction, which night and steam conspire to prevent our seeing.

Forward to *Novi*, of silken fame. Now snowy peaks begin to rise around us. We are rushing up the Apennines. At the summit we run through a tunnel nearly two miles long, and afterwards descend the narrow valley of the *Polcevera*, winding about in every direction, among rocky steeps and over dark ravines, through deep excavations, and on lofty embankments and bridges—romantic enough, no doubt, by day, but sublime amid the starry gloom of the night. Asleep, and dreaming deliciously. ‘*Genova*, Signore!’ Sure enough, here is the station. As soon as the officials have inspected the baggage, we hasten to the hotel *Croce di Malta*, where we consult ‘tired nature’s sweet restorer,’ till the Sabbath sun looks over the Apennines, and gilds the floating forest in the harbour.

After breakfast we went out in quest of public worship ; and, after a long walk and frequent inquiry, found the English Chapel—an upper room, about forty feet by fifty. The service of the English Church was read in a tone of disgusting affectation ; after which we had a very good sermon, most unworthily delivered. During the performance, the Lord's Prayer was five times repeated. The prayers for the Queen were like a Chinese map, which represents the Celestial Empire as a vast continent, and the other parts of the world as so many little islands around it. In the 'British Chapel' at Trieste, a prayer of respectable length was offered for Joseph and Elizabeth of Austria, printed copies of which were found in every pew ; but here there was nothing more than the briefest incidental allusion to His Sardinian Majesty, while there were two set prayers for 'Our Most Gracious Queen Victoria,' besides the several petitions in the Litany for 'Her Majesty and all the royal family.' Such is British loyalty.*

The hotel *Croce di Malta* is an ancient building, whose rooms—now modernized with windows, fire-places, and other conveniences unknown to its original occupants—were once the cells of the solitary *Knights of Malta*. At one end is a lofty square tower, with four fine century-plants at its four corners for pinnacles. Monday morning we ascended this elevation, where we had a good view of '*Genoa la Superba*,' with its crescent of mountains on the one hand, and its unrivalled bay and harbour on the other. The houses along the mountain-side, rising in terraces one above another, present a strange and beautiful appearance ; while the fortifications on the surrounding heights, with the shipping, the moles that enclose it, the sentinel light-houses at their extremities, and the broad Mediterranean beyond, render the scene one of the most varied and pleasing that can be imagined. After feasting the eye for an hour, we descended, and, map in hand, threaded the labyrinthian streets, often not more than eight feet wide, between palaces six and eight stories high, with church-domes and campaniles towering sublimely over the roofs. In the upper part of the city we found a beautiful open

* Yet such loyalty is very scriptural.—ED.

space, laid out in serpentine walks, and shaded with various evergreens, where the citizens promenaded in crowds, and where we beheld the greater part of the city beneath us, with the harbour beyond, and the surrounding amphitheatre of hills—forming a most magnificent panorama. The fortifications overlooking the town—some of them from a height of more than sixteen hundred feet, and garrisoned by seven hundred soldiers—are said to be more extensive than those of any other city in Europe, except Paris.

Genoa abounds in remnants of Roman grandeur, and many of its finest residences and churches are built upon the foundations of ancient palaces and temples. The cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, but has received many modern improvements and additions, so that it presents an unsightly jumble of all styles of architecture. One of the friezes displays an inscription, stating that the city was founded by Janus the First, King of Italy, and grandson of Noah; and taken by Janus the Second, Prince of Troy. Into the chapel of John the Baptist, where his relics are preserved, no female is ever admitted, save on one particular day of the year, because Herodias and her daughter occasioned the martyrdom of that saint. There is a vessel kept in the treasury, said to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, used by our Lord in the last supper with his disciples, and by Joseph of Arimathea to catch the blood which flowed from the Redeemer's side upon the cross. It was brought by the crusaders from the Holy Land, and the priests long pretended that it was made from a single emerald, and fetched it forth thrice a year from the sacristy for the veneration of good Catholics; but all this turned out, as some had suspected, a mere imposition upon popular credulity; for the invaluable *catino*, at the sight of which thousands had wept and wondered, but which it was imprisonment or death for common hands to touch, was ascertained to be nothing but coloured glass.

We saw the monument, a very handsome one, which they are erecting in honour of Christopher Columbus, but could not get a sight of his letters; which latter are kept under a glass case, lest Americans should steal them; and, like everything else in Italy, shown for a price.

That night we slept on the Mediterranean, and the next morning awoke in Leghorn. The steamer tarried here eight hours; and we made good use the while of our spectacles; and those public pickpockets, the police-officers, made good use of our purses; and the *lazzaroni*, those never-failing tormentors, made good use of our patience; and the *venturini* and *ciceroni*, those indispensable annoyances, made better use of both. Leghorn is not a very ancient city, and possesses comparatively few interesting works of art; but some of its sacred edifices are well worth a visit, if not for the imposing architecture of their exterior, yet for their interior decorations and costly treasures. We entered only the Jewish synagogue and one of the Greek churches—the former containing a great variety of precious marbles; the latter elaborately ornamented with painting and gilding, and enriched with some very rare and curious things. The sacristan showed us a magnificent copy of the Holy Bible, bound in massive plates of gold; and a large number of sacerdotal robes, stiff with precious metals, and heavy with glittering gems—any one of which might purchase a comfortable wardrobe for all the beggars in town. We next procured a hack, and rode out to *Monte Nero*, an elevation overlooking the city and the sea, and crowned with a monastery and a church. Here is a picture of the Virgin, which, five hundred years ago, sailed hither, unaided and alone, from one of the Grecian islands; and has ever since been to the Livornese, and very properly, an object of peculiar veneration. Having reconnoitred the buildings, we ascended still higher; and, from the top of the mountain, saw Leghorn, with all its pleasant environs, spread out like a map before us; the valley of the Arno, stretching away towards Pisa and Florence, and awakening in the mind pictures of leaning towers, and vast galleries of the *Belle Arti*; on the other hand, in full view, the islands of Elba and Corsica, recalling the strange history of him whose achievements changed the fate of Europe and the world; and while I gazed at those blue masses rising out of the Mediterranean, and mused on the wretched condition of Italy and the Papal nations, I could not help thinking that our own Kirwan was right—that a man with the genius of Napoleon and

the virtues of Washington was indeed 'the great want of the world,' for which 'the whole earth should cry to Heaven!' We returned to the steamer, and bade adieu to Leghorn.

By the way, what a pity the sweet Italian name *Livorno* should ever have been barbarized into Leghorn! And why do we say Rome instead of *Roma*, and Turin instead of *Torino*, and Milan instead of *Milano*, and Florence instead of *Firenze*, and Venice instead of *Venezia*, and Naples instead of *Napoli*? The Italian is certainly as easy of pronunciation, and much more agreeable to the ear.

The next morning at sunrise we dropped anchor in the harbour of *Civita Vecchia*, close under the wall of that dismal castle where, through the tender mercies of His Holiness, the wretched Gasperoni, during a long series of years, expiated his many murders. This is one of the purgatories—there are many others—of which the successor of St. Peter keeps the key, with unquestionable power to bind and loose. Was his dealing with the aforesaid sinner a specimen of his truth? It is said the famous brigand was assured that, upon condition of his surrender, he should be pardoned. Trusting in the faith of the Vicar of God, and weary, perhaps, of a life of crime, he delivered himself up. The Vicar of God kept his word by incarcerating him for life in a dungeon. Lately he was removed to an inland prison, where, it is reported, he has since died. Gasperoni was not well pleased with his treatment, charging the pope with treachery, and declaring that about thirty or forty murders were all he ever committed. Alas! many better men, for no other crime than their fidelity to God and his truth, have suffered much more in the hell of the inquisition—years of starvation, with periodical tortures, and death in its most dreadful forms.

Having waited about two hours for the accommodation of the custom-house officers, we were allowed to go on shore in a little boat; but being *forestieri*—foreigners—the boatman charged us twice as much as he charged the Italians who were with us, nor would he consent to land us for less. Of the forty or fifty *commissionaires* clamouring on the wharf for the privilege of serving us, we selected one of the most honest-looking, put our baggage into his

hands, and followed him to the filthy *Hôtel d'Europe*. Here we learned that the diligence would not leave for Rome till some time after noon, and the intervening hours were therefore improved by a pedestrian exploring excursion through streets and lanes the least inviting imaginable. I certainly saw the best part of the town, for I saw it all; but there was no place where I would consent to spend my days, for the whole area, and its entire contents, with the forty miles of *campagna* between it and 'the Eternal City.' And this is the ancient *Centum Cellæ*; this is the city of Trajan, and the favourite retreat of the Roman emperors. Pliny found it 'a right pleasant place;' but to-day it wears as sorry an aspect as any that the sun shines upon. There is nothing here but mud, and rags, and fleas, and swine, and beggars, and pickpockets, and poor heavy-laden donkeys, and modern dwellings resting on worthier ruins, and castles, and prisons, and churches, all in keeping.

Returning to the hotel, I found Mrs. Cross holding a *tête-à-tête* with a long black robe, surmounted by a broad three-cornered hat, and enclosing a very polite specimen of the Romish priesthood. He was a missionary to India, where he had spent the last fifteen years; had been in Italy three months on a visit, and had just come from Rome to re-embark for his distant field of labour. He had with him a native of Burmah, whom he said he had made a Christian. We found him very talkative and agreeable; and, to all appearances, an honest man. He told us that they had in India at least a thousand missionaries, fifteen bishops, a hundred colleges, and plenty of nuns*—something for the Protestant Churches to think of! He told us, also, that there are now in the Propaganda at Rome thirteen young Americans, preparing for the priesthood—something for American Christians to ponder! In recommending to us certain lodgings in Rome, he said: 'They are good people: I was there myself: the *padrone* is a very good man: you can leave your purse on the table when you go out, and it will be there when you come back!' But when we inquired as to the expense, he replied: 'You can get the rooms for twenty-five *scudi* a month, perhaps

* These statistics are inaccurate.—ED.

for twenty: they will ask you forty, because you are *forestieri*: they will get all they can from *forestieri*: you must be careful: you must make good bargain: you must not let them cheat you.' So this is a priest's idea of a good man: he will not steal your purse, but he will cheat you if he can. What is to be expected of a country where the religious teachers of the people have no higher standard of morality?

Soon after twelve the diligence was ready, and so were we. But O, Pio Nono! what a clamour for *buono mano*! Our *commissionaire*, and three or four *facchini*, were exorbitant, importunate, stentorious. It was not enough that we had paid two prices for landing, and three prices for breakfast, and a dollar for the *visé* of our passport; nor was it enough that half the population had followed us begging through the town, and the prisoners stretched out their hands through the grated windows for *carita* as we passed; but now there are not less than half a dozen distinct demands for unknown services, and innumerable hats thrust at us from every quarter, with imploring cries for *qualcha cosa*. Perplexed, bewildered, and almost desperate, I was just ready to throw all my change to the crowd, when I was startled by the question, in perfect English: 'Can I be of any service to you, sir?' Looking up, I saw at my elbow a handsome little man, in a gray suit, with a delicate ratan in his hand. 'I am the American Consul,' he added, 'and have come to see if I can render you any assistance: strangers are subject to great annoyance here; these people would cheat you out of your eyes.' He took the money out of my hand, and soon dismissed the several claimants, and drove away the *lazzaroni* with his stick. Then he explained to me the Roman currency; told me what I had to pay each postilion on the road; gave me his card, with the name of a good hotel in Rome; assisted Mrs. Cross into the coach, and bade us adieu in the politest manner. By no means an unpleasant incident in such a den of thieves!

Travelling by diligence in Italy is not the most delightful thing imaginable. The carriages are awkward and uncomfortable, the progress intolerably slow, and the postilions insolent. In seeing these short-tailed officials, I adhered

scrupulously to the instructions of the Consul; but the short-tailed officials looked blank, then sour, then furious, and at last threw back the money indignantly. By such means these men often extort considerable sums from travellers, for most people would rather pay an extra *paolo* or two than have their necks broken; but in this instance the effort was a failure, and doubtlessly the disappointed wight in the sequel regretted his menace. When the nuisance will be abated, it is impossible to say, because I know not when the railway to Rome will be finished. It took a long time for the government to determine upon the expediency of building it, and it seems likely to require a longer for the execution of the work.

It was now growing dark, and I know nothing more of the *campagna* or the road, except that it was constantly up and down the hills, with innumerable curves and bridges, till about ten o'clock, as we were rattling down a descent close under a lofty wall, when all at once the dome of St. Peter's broke upon our sight, like a temple in the sky. In a few moments more we were within the wall, and making the curve of that majestic colonnade—which seemed a wilderness of pillars—encircling the *piazza* in front of that most magnificent of churches. And now, at the fine *Hôtel de Minerve*, to which our polite little friend at Civita Vecchia recommended us with his compliments, let us rest till morning—our first night in 'the Eternal City.'

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST DAYS IN ROME.

Seeking Apartments—Settled, Unsettled, and Resettled—The Sabbath—Priestly Despotism—A Little Leaven—Street Spectacles—Blessings for Beasts—Beggars—Panorama—Lecture—The City of the Cæsars—The City of the Popes.

THE next morning I went forth in search of Mr. Johnson, an American artist, to whom I bore a letter of introduction. But how to find the needle in the haystack, that was the question. Perhaps some information may be obtained at the *Piazza di Spagna*. A guide offers his services, who knows Mr. Johnson very well, and will bring me straight to his studio. He leads the way: I follow. But at the first corner he stops to inquire for '*Mosoo Zhonse, scultore Americano.*' 'No, no,' cried I; 'Mr. Johnson, American painter!' The Italian knave evidently knew nothing of the man. I resolved, however, that he should fulfil his promise. After more than an hour's walk, with frequent inquiries for '*Mosoo Zhonse,*' we find that gentleman in the *Via Babuino*. Having read the letter, he proposes to go with me at once in quest of *appartamenti*. His amiable little wife, who speaks Italian fluently, accompanies us in the character of interpretess. Four full hours we travel through all sorts of streets, down all sorts of lanes, up all sorts of stairs, into all sorts of houses, among all sorts of people, not because there are no rooms for rent, but because so few are properly furnished, and fewer still to be had at a reasonable price. The grand holidays are at hand, and the *forestieri* are flocking to Rome, and the most exorbitant demands are made for furnished apartments. After dinner, without our interpretess, Mr. Johnson and myself renew the quest. In the *Via dei Condotti* we are shown a very neat set of rooms, well furnished withal, and the rent only '*trenta scudi per mese.*' The old woman seems anxious to close the bargain. A pair of bright eyes are watching us from a slightly opened door.

We prefer that the ladies shall see the place, and promise to call again. '*Una momento, Signori!*' exclaims the old woman; and then she calls aloud, 'Angela!' and in bounds a beautiful girl of sixteen. A sweeter face I saw not in Italy. She was exceedingly well attired, and played some very pretty coquettish airs; half hiding behind her mother, and doing her utmost endeavours to blush. And this fair *Signorina*, we were informed, would wait upon our table, and make our beds, and be wholly at our command. We were evidently taken for two single gentlemen, and immediately corrected the error. But this unlucky piece of information ruined all our hopes. The *Padrona's* price was forty scudi, and the rooms could not be let to a man with a wife! We saw no more of the coy glances of the little maiden; and a cloud came over her pretty features, as she closed the door behind us.

The next day Mr. Bartholomew, an American sculptor, kindly joined our party, and we found rooms with which we were well pleased on the *Via Baluino*. There was nobody at home but a young girl, who told us that the rent of the apartments was twenty scudi. But could they not be obtained for less? "Oh yes, for sixteen." Now the *padrona* entered, chid the girl for putting the rent so low, but finally concluded the bargain with us for the same price. I immediately settled my bill at the hotel, removed our baggage hither, bought a load of wood, and we began life in Rome.

Sunday morning came, and your *forestieri* were safe. A boy from a neighbouring *trattoria* brought us a 'bifstecca,' (beef-steak,) a roll of bread, and a cup of *caffè latta*. This having enjoyed, with prayer and thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, we accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Johnson to the Braschi Palace for worship. The large hall was much crowded, and it was pleasant to see so many Protestant sects represented in the assembly, all unmindful of the several peculiarities of creed and custom which divided them at home. Mr. Hall, a Congregational minister from New England, conducted the service; and Mr. Bartholomew, assisted by several American artists, led the singing. The Braschi Palace is the residence of our Minister, Mr. Cass, and the general Sabbath rendezvous of American

sojourners in Rome; for under the stars and stripes they are permitted to worship God in their own manner, while no such honour is conferred upon the flag of any other Protestant nation, though the English have a small chapel just without the *Porta del Popolo*, where nothing need be apprehended particularly offensive to His Holiness. We worshipped in the Braschi Palace every Lord's day during our residence in Rome, and once I had the privilege of preaching there, and several times assisted in the administration of the Holy Supper. If not to Rome, yet to many a sojourner, this Bethel may prove a blessing. It was a blessing to us.

Monday morning we were out again in search of rooms, and soon succeeded in securing very comfortable quarters on the *Via Frattina*. The writings were drawn by Mr. B., and duly signed by the parties; and now behold us, admiring reader, more independent than Augustus upon the Palatine, with an Authoress for a cook and a Doctor of Divinity for a butler, dwelling, as Paul once did a little way down the *Corso*, in our 'own hired house,' and 'receiving all who came in.' Pardon me—not all; for one day came a priest, with incense and holy water, to bless and sanctify our apartments, whose pious offices we respectfully declined; and another day came a hooded and sandalled monk, with his little alms-box, imploring *carita* for his order, to whom also we could not hearken; and afterwards came troops of beggars—some for the Church, and some for themselves—some with oral supplications, and some with letters addressed to 'The Illustrious and Most Benevolent Signore Gieuseppe Croce and his Most Worthy Moglia Giovanna'—none of whom could we find in our hearts to admit. Among those whom we did receive, however—American artists, English tourists, and Roman citizens—we found some very agreeable society. There were Messrs. Bartholomew, Akers, and Mosier, sculptors; Messrs. Johnson, Nichols, Williams, and Rothermel, painters; Mr. Page, also, with his three amiable daughters, and several other ladies of accomplished minds and manners; the Rev. Mr. Forbes, an English clergyman; the Rev. Mr. Hall, our excellent chaplain; Mr. Irving N. Hall, a far-travelled young gentleman from

Connecticut; Mr. Anthony S. Dey, an enlightened and most estimable bachelor from New York; Professor Sanguinetti, of the Roman University, a rather indifferent papist; Abate Scotti, a priest who has more faith in the *forestieri* than in the mummeries of his own profession, and who frankly confessed that his only motive in taking orders was to secure a comfortable subsistence without labour.

Apropos of the priesthood: one of these gentlemen told us of a young lady who would not go to confession, and was therefore sent to a dungeon. The holy father told her to expect during the night a visit from the devil. Accordingly, about the middle of the night, she heard dismal groans, accompanied with the clank of chains. The door of her cell opened, and a frightful apparition stalked in, visible by the light of a blue flame, and diffusing a horrid smell of sulphur. The next morning the poor girl was a maniac, and soon afterwards a corpse!

Mr. Hall informed us that in several instances, Romans had come to him to express their dissent from the doctrines and their disgust with the practices, of the Papal Church. One, who belonged to a religious order, and had held an important official connexion with a convent, was extremely anxious to find means of escape from the country. Another, who, at the order of his father, was in course of training for the priesthood, to which he had the strongest aversion, said that if he could once get out of Italy, he would thwart the parental purpose by marrying as soon as possible. Nothing but a settled conviction of the falseness and corruption of the papal system had induced these desires and resolutions. Mr. Hall procured one of these persons a situation as courier to an English family travelling on the continent, and the other some unimportant commission in Paris, which answered, at least, as a pretext on which he might get a passport; but, in each case, there was the observance of the utmost caution, and the greatest fear of being suspected.

Our location in the *Via Fratina* was very favourable for witnessing many interesting spectacles. Here frequently passed the cardinals, on their way to the Propaganda College, situated at the head of the street. Funeral processions, with hired mourners, and long trains of monks

in brown robes and hoods, were constantly creeping by ; and often a company of priests, carrying the host, under a gay canopy, to the chamber of some sick person, burning wax candles, ringing little bells, and chanting Latin prayers, as they went slowly and solemnly along, while all who met them dropped upon their knees in the street. The most memorable procession to me, however, was one of horses, which I met one morning coming down from the church of *San Antonio Abate*, whither they had been to be blessed. This interesting ceremony takes place on the seventeenth of January, the *festu of San Antonio*, and during the following week. The horses of his Holiness, and those of the cardinals, princes, and nobles, are brought to the front of the church in rich caparisons. Here stands a priest, who dips a brush in a bucket of holy water, and sprinkles it upon the animal, making the sign of the cross, and mumbling his benediction. That horse cannot balk, nor kick, nor stumble disastrously, nor run away incontinently, for twelve months to come ; and is, for the same period, proof against accident and disease. To the horses of the postmasters a blessing is especially important, because they carry the mail and are often in danger from the banditti. The peasants also seldom fail to seek this invaluable benefit for their mules and donkeys. The cavalcade was evidently conscious of the grace which it had received ; while some of the horses moved slowly along, as if in solemn meditation, others arched their necks with a special sublimity, as if puffed up with spiritual pride, and others again danced for very joy, as if they had just come from a camp-meeting.

I had heard much of Italian beggars and begging ; but the half, the hundredth even, had never been told me. Hans Christian Andersen's old Beppo still does a brisk business on the steps of the *Trinità dei Monti*, where he is licensed according to law to practise his impositions upon strangers. This miserable old cripple, it is reported, has many thousand *scudi* at interest, and yet he rides hither every morning, ties his donkey to a contiguous ilex, and hops to and fro like a frog till sunset, presenting his hat to every passenger with a '*Bon giorno, signore ; Dio compagne.*' I stood one day, and observed him for an hour,

during which more than thirty persons gave him money. He never thanks the donor; and lately, when some one asked him the reason, he replied, 'It is nothing to me; you give as a penance for your sins!' Near the foot of the stairs I often met with a lad of ten or twelve years, who begged for a blind father; plying the hearts of the passers-by with so pleasant a voice and manner, that it was difficult to resist his plea. There were also two little models, a boy and a girl, much younger, generally to be found in the *Piazza di Spagna*; whose peasant attire was so picturesque, and whose address was altogether so bewitching, that I never failed to give them a *baioccho* apiece, though I saw them almost every day. I seldom walked out in any direction without encountering a youth with immense blue eyes, leading a blind brother, who followed from street to street, with the most annoying importunity; or a cadaverous apparition, with a withered arm dangling uncovered from the shoulder, one of the most revolting objects I ever beheld. These are only a few specimens. Rome is a city of beggars, literally living upon the *forestieri*; and without foreign patronage the city of the Pope would perish. This was her harvest season, but after Easter, the crowd of strangers scattered, the artists repaired to the mountains, the tourists journeyed their several ways, even the writer 'took his hat and dispersed,' and Rome again was stagnant.

One beautiful day, map in hand, we ascended the tower of the Capitol, which stands between the Rome that was and the Rome that is, the dead and the living Rome; and there, with an atmosphere perfectly transparent, enjoyed the enchanting panorama—the modern city, the ancient ruins, the golden Tiber, the far-spreading Campagna, and its boundary wall of classic mountains, gleaming with gold and crystal. Let the reader imagine himself one of the party, while I, as lecturer, proceed to point out the more important objects in the picture, and instruct him a little in the topography of the Eternal City. We will not

'Plod our way

O'er steps of broken thrones and temples;'

it were too laborious; but from this advantageous eleva-

tion, we will look down upon the wreck of human glory at our feet, where wall, and arch, and shaft, and capital, have lain crumbling for many centuries. Turn towards the south, and let us begin in due form :

‘The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipios’ tomb contains no ashes now :
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow
Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?

Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.’

You see before you the city of the Cæsars, ‘ lone mother of dead empires !’ The *Capitoline*, upon which you stand, is one of the seven hills. The six others lie around you in the form of a crescent. On your right, rising abruptly from the Tiber, is the *Aventine*, the loftiest of them all, crowned with three churches, and constituting a very picturesque object. Separated from this by a narrow valley stands the *Palatine*, where Romulus first reared his habitation, and the Cæsars afterwards had their palace. The arches of the foundation are still there, surmounted by that beautiful English villa. In a broader valley to the east you see the Coliseum, where gladiators fought, and martyrs suffered ; and beyond it, the *Celian*, with the magnificent basilica of Saint John Lateran at its farther extremity. Turning your eyes still to the left, you find another and broader elevation, on which are the ruined Baths of Titus, the Temple of Minerva Medica, and the gorgeous modern Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This is the *Esquiline*. That massive leaning tower, and other structures contiguous, partly conceal the lower ground between it and the *Quirinal*. The highest point of the latter is called Monte Cavallo, and that large palace upon the top is the usual summer dwelling of the pope. The broad table-land beyond is the *Viminal*, the last of the seven, partly occupied by the Baths of Dioclesian and the Church of San Lorenzo. North of this you see *Monte Pincio*, with its graceful cypresses, its laurels and magnolias ; and interspersed among these, with the aid of your lorgnette, you may perceive long lines of statuary. The grounds are

tastefully laid out in curvilinear walks and carriage-roads, fringed with various flowers and tropical shrubbery, and artificial forests of evergreen, with here and there a lofty stone-pine, like a vast parasol, shading its emerald beauty. This is the favourite resort of the modern Romans; and the distant music that you hear is from the band playing there in front of the fountain for the gratification of the multitude. Now draw a line directly through the city, from this point to the *Aventine*, on the opposite side, where we began; and the area enclosed between it and the line of the ancient wall, which from our advantageous eminence may be easily traced outside of all the objects and localities I have indicated to you, comprehends the whole space occupied by the Ante-Augustan Rome, nearly in the form of a half-moon.

But turn again to the south-east. Close on your left once stood the temple of *Jupiter Capitolinus*; on your right, the *Arx Capitoli*; just beyond which is still to be seen the Tarpeian Rock—

‘The promontory, whence the traitor’s leap
Cured all ambition.’

The large open space exactly before you, and almost at your feet—partly excavated, and everywhere strewn with ruins—was the *Forum Romanum*, the very heart of the ancient city. That semicircular wall, with the concave side toward us—partly covered by the present road—was the Rostrum, from which rolled the sonorous periods of Cicero. That massive arch, covered with *bas-reliefs*, at its left end, is the triumphal arch of *Septimius Severus*. The eight large Ionic columns at its other extremity are part of the portico of the temple of Saturn. The three fine Corinthian shafts of white marble between us and the rostrum belonged to the Temple of Vespasian. Just to the left of these you see a portion of the variegated marble pavement of the Temple of Concord; between which and our present station, but so near as to be concealed by the building beneath us, is the place where the senate held its sessions. On the right of the columns, also invisible, are the remains of the portico of the *Scola Zantha*, where sat the notaries, amid the statues of the twelve *Dei Consenti*. Passing under the

arch of Septimius Severus, you trace an ancient way, paved with large polygonal blocks of stone, deeply indented by chariot wheels: it is that by which the emperor ascended into the capitol. The building nearest the arch on the left is a modern church, beneath which are the Mamertine Prisons, where it is said both Saint Peter and Saint Paul were incarcerated. The single pillar nearly in front of the rostrum, and on the farther side of the present road, is that which Byron, in *Childe Harold*, calls

‘The nameless column, with the buried base;’

but since the poet’s day, its base has been uncovered, and an inscription upon it proves that it was erected in honour of Phocas, and once supported his statue. The large oblong excavation on the right of the forum reveals the broken columns, and some of the marble pavement, of the Basilica Julia. Beyond it are three richly-wrought Corinthian pillars, about which antiquarians have not yet ceased quarrelling, and I shall have nothing to say. The arch beyond them—the most beautiful of all the Roman arches—is that of Titus, reared in commemoration of the conquest of Jerusalem. It is covered with bas-reliefs; one of which represents the victor in his triumphal chariot; and another, the golden candlestick of the temple, borne as a spoil in the procession. The *Via Sacra*, the pavement of which you see passing under the arch, was the favourite walk of Horace. That huge and lofty ruin, some distance to the left of it, is part of the Basilica of Constantine—formerly the supposed remains of the Temple of Peace. The whole space—now covered with buildings—between this and the Forum of Trajan, yonder at the foot of the Quirinal, is thought to contain the most valuable remains of Imperial Rome; but they lie many feet beneath the surface, and their disinterment would be attended with great expense.

You have seen the city of the Cæsars: will you look at the city of the Popes? Saint Peter’s, at least, though nearly two miles distant, merits a momentary glance. Step round to the other side of the tower. Ay, there it stands, beyond the Tiber, and the Castle of Saint Angelo—a mountain of masonry, yet finished like a jewel—the most magnificent basilica in the world. How everything

dwindles into insignificance around it, and the vast six-storied range of the Vatican looks a child's play-house beneath its walls! What a majestic dome—as large as the Pantheon which you see before you—and yet how perfect in its proportions! Farther to the right you behold three broad streets, perfectly straight, all meeting at the northern extremity of the city—the *Babuino* and the *Ripetta*, with the *Corso* between them. The point at which they unite is the *Porta del Popolo*. The church close to it, on the right, covers the spot where tradition reports Nero to have been buried. In that church Martin Luther performed mass, it is said, for the last time. The *Corso* seems to be continued beyond the gate. That is the *Via Flaminia*—the great post-road to Florence.

The bridge by which it crosses the Tiber, a mile farther on, is the place where Constantine achieved his memorable victory over Maxentius. Follow that road some six or seven miles beyond the bridge, and you are among the ruins of *Veii*—the most powerful city of the old Etruscan confederacy; which maintained no less than thirteen successful wars with Rome; but in the fourteenth, after a ten years' siege, fell by the stratagem of a foe that could not conquer her by force. On the precipitous height between it and the Tiber perished the six hundred Fabii—the Roman Spartans; and some old arches to be seen there are thought to be the substructions of their castle. An abrupt hill, with a large building upon it, overlooking the Tiber, five miles from Veii, and the same distance from Rome, is the site of *Fidene*—destroyed by the Romans more than four centuries before the Christian era. Half-way between us and it, also overlooking the Tiber, is another hill on which once stood *Antemne*—‘the city of many towers’—one of the first subdued by Romulus. On the plain between these two cities were fought many sanguinary battles between the Etruscans and the Romans; and it seems fit that Nero should have chosen to cut short his vicious and cruel life in that field of blood. How beautiful are the Sabine Mountains on our right! how glorious their garniture of amethyst and gold! and how quietly the little town of *Tivoli* reposes there in their protecting arms! The lofty and picturesque range still farther to the south is

called the Alban Hills. What a soft and mellow light rests upon the villages along their lower slopes ! and how like piles of crystal the snow glistens upon their summits ! That broad table-land between the two highest points is the place where Hannibal encamped with his army. The road which you see straight before you is the *Via Appia*, excavated chiefly by the present pope, the first eleven miles of which is a street of tombs, now in utter ruin ; and the line of dilapidated arches, nearly parallel with it, once sustained the aqueduct which supplied Rome with water from the distant mountains.

CHAPTER X.

VETTURA TO TERRACINA.

Troublesome Facchino—Across the Campagna—Albano—La Riccia—Velletri—Cisterna—Cora and Norma—A Race for Baiocchi—Pontine Marshes—Foro Appio—Forward again—Monte Circello—Terracina.

HAVING witnessed the carnival, and many other things not worth recording, we made up a travelling party, and set forth for southern Italy. Our company consisted of four young Americans besides ourselves; namely, Mr. Hall, Mr. Dey, Mr. Wood, and Miss Emma Page, the daughter of a distinguished artist at Rome. Fellow-travellers more agreeable were not to be desired, and a more delightful trip of four weeks were scarcely possible. Our *vetturino* too, a skilful and careful driver, was extremely kind and obliging, which contributed not a little to our enjoyment. We chartered a *vettura* to Naples, which cost us about fourteen dollars apiece, including entertainment by the way. The distance is a hundred and forty-three miles, and the journey occupied a little more than three days. The modern post-road follows the ancient *Via Appia*, with the exception of a few brief detours, through the entire route; so that we were constantly travelling over classic ground, and passing some of the most interesting relics of antiquity.

The only incident to mar our enjoyment occurred as we were leaving Rome, and that was but the shadow of a summer cloud. While our driver was arranging on the top of the coach what little baggage we carried, one of those Italian nuisances that are constantly hanging about to force upon strangers assistance which they do not need, unsought and unsolicited, handed up a small trunk and a carpet bag. For this very important service he demanded a fee, and was paid two pauls—a liberal reward. As we drove off he mounted the box, and rode out as far as the gate *San Giovanni*, for which he demanded another fee. His com-

pany being neither profitable nor desirable, we declined paying him anything more. Therefore he went into an Italian rage, called us all the ugly names at his command, warned us to look out for him on the *campagna*, declared that two of the company would never return to Rome, and told the young lady, who, by the way, is very beautiful both in features and complexion, that she was '*molto brutto di colore.*' After sundry ineffectual exhortations and remonstrances, we referred the case to the police-officers at the gate, and went on our way rejoicing.

The *campagna* from Rome to *Albano*, fourteen miles, is everywhere strewn with ruins. On our right, for ten miles at least, were the shattered tombs and monuments of the *Via Appia*; and on our left, the broken arches of the aqueducts, the grandest of all the Roman antiquities. Then we began to ascend the Alban Mountains, between perpetual vineyards and olive-groves. As we walked behind the *vettura* for the relief of the horses, we turned repeatedly to look back over one of the finest landscapes that ever blessed the eyes of man—the far-spreading *campagna*, with Rome in the centre, and the mountains and the Mediterranean beyond. Near the gate of *Albano*, we passed the tomb of Pompey the Great, whose ashes were brought from Egypt, and deposited here by Cornelia. It is a half-ruined structure, of four stories, beautiful in its proportions, and originally encased with white marble. Pompey's Villa, and that of Clodius, were situated where Albano now stands; also the Villa of Domitian, and his amphitheatre, the scene of the most revolting cruelties of the last and worst of the Cæsars. Traces of these are still to be seen, and those of many other villas of the Roman patricians, with temples, and baths, and tombs. Albano is a finely-located town, with about six or seven thousand inhabitants—a favourite resort of the Roman nobility during the sickly summer season. The *Via Appia* passes straight through it, and is the principal street. Just beyond the town, on the right of the road, stands an old Etruscan sepulchre, formerly thought to be the tomb of the Horatii and Curatii, but lately ascertained to be that of Aruns, the son of Porsenna. Immediately after passing this, we crossed a deep ravine, upon a gigantic viaduct, connecting Albano and Laticcia.

This work is one of the most remarkable of its kind, a thousand feet long, two hundred feet high, and consisting of three tiers of arches, six in the lower tier, twelve in the central, and eighteen in the upper. The ravine below abounds in the most beautiful scenery, and the view to the west is one of absolute enchantment. Lariccia, a much smaller place than Albano, occupies the summit of the hill—the site of the citadel of Aricia, one of the confederate cities of Latium. The ancient walls are still traceable, and the ruins of a temple are shown, supposed to be that of Diana. Beyond this we crossed two other lofty viaducts, of truly admirable construction, the work of Pio Nono. It must be remembered that this is the way to Gaeta; and travelling it on the top of a *diligence* in 1849 seems to have suggested to His Holiness the expediency of sundry very expensive improvements; which have since been made, and may be found very comfortable in some future emergency. Our road here overlooked the crater of the Vallericcia, four miles in circumference, beyond which we saw Monte Giove—the site of the ancient Corioli; and Civita Lavinia—built of large rectangular blocks from the ruins of Lanuvium, which once occupied the same ground.

Here we passed a huge black cross by the wayside, indicating the spot where a few months before the banditti had attacked the diligence. The driver saw them coming over the brow of a hill, and put his horses to their utmost speed. Several guns were fired, and a ball passed through the carriage, grazing an Englishman's ear. Another wounded one of the leaders, which, after running a mile farther, dropped dead. The postilions cut him loose before the robbers had time to overtake them; and all hands reached Albano safe, but in a terrible fright.

Our first night was spent at Velletri, a city of twelve thousand inhabitants, situated on the descent of Monte Artemisio, at an elevation of perhaps a thousand feet. A waiter at our hotel, doing his best in French, told us that it contained sixteen million people, and was forty miles above the level of the sea! Here flourished the Volscian Velitre, one of the ancient enemies of Rome. To rid herself of a troublesome neighbour, Rome demolished the city, and took its inhabitants into her own bosom. This was the reputed

birthplace of Augustus, and Suetonius states that in his day the house was still shown in which the emperor first opened his eyes upon his future empire. Here were born Pope Julius the Second, Cardinal Borgia the antiquary, and the learned prelate Latinus—one of the most eminent men of the thirteenth century, and said by his biographers to be the author of the beautiful hymn, '*Dies iræ, dies illa.*' There is nothing very imposing in the architecture of the city, and the streets are narrow and filthy. Some hard fighting was done here during the Lombard invasion, evidences of which are still visible in the crumbling walls and towers. The hills on the north were the scene of the eventful victory of Charles the Third of Naples over the Austrians in 1744. The women of Velletri are thought to be handsome, and their costume is remarkably graceful and picturesque. This whole region is famous for its fruits, and I know not what could be more beautiful than the vineyards and olive-groves which clothe the surrounding hills. As we left the town, a little boy, who had conducted us the evening before to the *albergo*, but whom now we failed to recognize, ran some distance beside the *vettura*, expectant of a *buono mano*; and when he saw that we were not going to give him anything, he began to weep bitterly; whereupon every one of us threw him a piece of money, which made the little fellow dance for joy.

From *Velletri* the road descends gradually for several miles, till it enters the oak forest of *Cisterna*. This was formerly a notorious haunt of brigands, affording fine facilities for concealment and escape to the neighbouring mountains. But the trees along the road have lately been cut down, and the way is well guarded by soldiers, posted at convenient distances. On emerging from the forest, we passed some massive ruins, apparently quite ancient; perhaps the remains of Ulubræ, which was situated somewhere in this vicinity. *Cisterna* stands upon the last elevation, overlooking the Pontine Marshes—the supposed site of Tres Tabernæ—'The Three Taverns'—where Saint Paul met his brethren as he 'went toward Rome.' The view from this eminence I shall never forget. The majestic mountains on the left, the remoter Mediterranean on the right, the vast expanse of the Pontine Marshes before us,

and the isolated Monte Circello beyond, more than thirty miles distant, rising in solitary grandeur over the margin of the sea, with all their interesting associations, classical and scriptural, formed an imposing picture, which daguerre-typed its impression imperishably upon my soul.

Descending from Cisterna, on a pyramidal hill at the foot of the mountains, we saw the modern Cora, occupying the site of the ancient Cora—one of the oldest cities in Italy, and one of the thirty which united to form the Latin League, five hundred years before Christ. There are many ancient vestiges remaining; and a bridge which has stood entire for more than two thousand years is deemed one of the most remarkable monuments of its kind. A little farther on, and near our road, was the village of Norma, so called from the ancient Norbo, which stood upon a loftier ridge of rock beyond it. This was one of the first colonies of the Romans, established as a barrier to the warlike inhabitants of the mountains. During the civil wars it fell into the hands of Lepidus, the general of Sylla; when the garrison, rather than surrender, put the inhabitants to the sword, set fire to the city, and then destroyed themselves. The remains of walls, gates, towers, and temples, consisting of immense blocks, are still identified; with numerous tombs, reservoirs, and subterranean aqueducts hewn in the solid rock.

At the margin of the Pontine Marshes, we passed over the site of the ancient Trepontium, the Tripos of the middle ages, now occupied by a solitary post-house, called Torre Tre Ponti. Half a mile beyond this, we crossed the Ninfa, by a Roman bridge, bearing on each parapet inscriptions recording its repair by Trajan. Here begins the Grand Canal of Augustus, which runs in a perfectly straight line through the whole length of the Marshes from north to south; and the road which still follows the course of the Appian Way, lies along its eastern bank, lined on each side by a triple row of stately elms. For thirty miles there is no variation in the scenery, and the dreary desolation of the plain defies all description. It is a vast waste, bounded on the west by the sea, and on the east by the Volscian Mountains, whose rugged steeps display not a particle of verdure. The whole extent seems to be untilled and un-

tenanted, except by flocks of wild fowl and grazing herds of buffalo; and the thin and sallow denizens of the dubious straw huts along the margin, and the occupants of the post-stations, which occur at regular distances upon the road, betoken too evidently the deadly dominion of the malaria. How different the scene when Horace glided along this same canal on his journey to Brundisium, or when the weary-footed 'prisoner of Jesus Christ' walked Romeward over this same Appian Way! Once, according to Livy, the Volscian Plain was the chief source of supply to the luxurious Mistress of the World; and according to Pliny, no less than twenty-three cities smiled along its border, or looked proudly down from the adjacent hills.

The first attempt to drain this vast swamp is supposed to have been made by Appius Claudius, when he constructed the Appian Way. This, however, is uncertain; and if he undertook the work, it was, probably, but imperfectly done. But we are assured that this object was effected, in part at least, a hundred and thirty years later, by the Consul Cornelius Cethegus. Julius Cæsar again formed the design of accomplishing the arduous task; but we have no record of his carrying the purpose into effect. Augustus seems to have executed the plan, and to him is attributed the construction of the Grand Canal. Trajan and Nerva each reopened and cleared the old water-courses, and perhaps added others to those which before existed. The last work of this kind, before the downfall of the Roman Empire, was conducted by Cecilius Decius, under the reign of Theodoric the Goth. Boniface the Eighth, in the thirteenth century, did something of the same sort; and Martin the Fifth, and Sixtus the Fifth, both followed the example. But it was Pius the Sixth who completely restored the Canal of Augustus, and constructed the modern road. The latter is kept in fine condition by the present Pope, for there is no telling how soon he may want to travel it again! It is beautifully macadamized; but in many places the large polygonal stones of the old Appian pavement are still seen.

About three miles beyond Torre Tre Ponti, we paused for refreshment at the Foro Appio—the ancient Appii Forum, where Horace embarked in the evening on the Grand

Canal, and where a greater than Horace met his Christian friends as he went towards Rome. There is something to me very affecting in the record of this incident in the twenty-eighth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Appii Forum is about forty-six miles from Rome. The apostle is on his way to that city to give account of himself to the emperor. Here is a little band of brethren, once pagans, but recently won to the love of Jesus. Among them, perhaps, are a few devout Jews. They have heard of his landing at Puteoli, and have come to cheer him on his way. With such affection from brethren whom he had never seen, no wonder 'he thanked God and took courage.' I stood upon the little balcony of the humble osteria that now marks the place—perhaps the very ground whereon the parties paused—and gazed along the way, till, in imagination, I saw that blessed prisoner approaching from the south, weary with his journey, a chain upon his left wrist, a staff in his right hand, and the soldiers riding on either side; while from the opposite direction came a score of Christian converts to welcome and comfort the noblest man that ever wore a chain. I saw them quickening their pace to meet him, heard the tender greeting, witnessed the warm embrace, and the tears of love and joy that rolled down every cheek; while the stern soldiers looked on in amazement, and the centurion exclaimed, 'See how these Christians love one another!' I beheld them journeying on together till they reached Tres Tabernæ, where they are met by another party of the brethren, and a similar scene is enacted. Then I descended into the road, and sauntered along the canal, and gathered the wild flowers that grew upon its margin, and wept for joy, to think that I was actually treading the ground consecrated by one of the most touching incidents in the history of original Christianity. Afterwards we sat down to our luncheon, where, perhaps, St. Paul had eaten with his friends.

Dear reader, did you ever think how much you owe to that journey of St. Paul? He remained at Rome at least two full years, dwelling in his own hired house, and preaching the gospel freely to all who came to hear him. During this time many were converted to Christianity. Some of his converts were of 'Cæsar's household.' One of

them is said to have been a Welsh princess, and others were Britons, then sojourning in Rome. These carried Christianity home with them; and lo! the tree whose fruitful branches now shelter and refresh the nations!

But hark! it is the call of our *vetturino*: '*Avante, Signore! Monte, monte, Signorina!*' In three twinklings of an eye we are seated, and rattling away towards *Terracina*. And here is *Sezza*, occupying a conspicuous position upon a mountain—the side of the ancient *Setia*, the native town of Caius Valerius Flaccus, the author of the *Argonauticon*; and *Piperno*, the ancient *Privernum*, the birthplace of Camillus, and famous for its long struggles with Rome; and the Cistercian Monastery of *Fossa Nuova*, where Thomas Aquinas died, on his way to the Council of Lyons, in the thirteenth century; and the place where, in the days of Horace, stood the Temple of *Feronia*, with its grove and fountain, nothing of which now remains but a spring, shaded by three stunted trees. Here we overtook a man riding upon a donkey, while a woman walked by his side, with a child in her arms, and a heavy burden on her back; and when we asked him why he did not let her ride, or relieve her of part of her load, he replied, 'Oh, she is my wife!' To half a dozen little girls, who ran after the carriage, we threw a number of small coins; but one of them, failing to secure any in the scramble, pursued us with most imploring cries, in the name of '*Maria Santissima*;' and when she had run about three miles, and we feared she would kill herself, we threw her a *mezzo paolo*, and she returned to her companions *molto contento*.

What a grand object was *Monte Circello*, lying there at our right, like a great sea-monster sunning himself upon the shore! This is the ancient *Promontorium Circeum*, a perpendicular mass of limestone, several thousand feet high, five or six miles long, and almost surrounded by the sea, situated ten miles west of *Terracina*, at the southern extremity of the Pontine Marshes. There are traces of masonry upon the summit, supposed to be the remains of a Temple of the Sun, perhaps really of an ancient citadel. There are other ruins upon the western and southern sides of the promontory, one or the other of which must have been the location of the city of *Circeii*: the scene of the

exile of Lepidus, a favourite resort of Cicero and Atticus, and afterwards of Tiberius and Domitian. Among the Roman epicures it was famous for its oysters; and those who were fond of the sport came hither to hunt the wild boar. This animal still abounds in the Pontine Marshes, and I have once dined at a Roman *trattoria* upon its meat. Once, I say; and the first time will be the last, so long as I am able to obtain any other sort of food, except blood-puddings and eels.

Terracina was our encampment for the second night. This is the frontier town of the papal dominion, and has about five thousand inhabitants. It is very picturesquely situated, at the southern extremity of the Pontine Marshes, where the Volscian Mountains project into the sea. As we entered the city, the palm-trees along the hillside, with the gigantic cactus, and the yellow orange and lemon groves, told us that we were approaching a more genial clime. Our hotel was close under the cliff, at the very point of the promontory. Across the way, a detached mass of rock shot up several hundred feet like a tower. It is said to have been formerly inhabited by a hermit, and his cell is still seen about half-way up its side. But how he reached it without the wings of an eagle, it is difficult to imagine. We ascended the mountain, twelve or fifteen hundred feet; passing some remains of Pelasgic walls, and several ruined reservoirs, which we found tenanted by kids. Higher up, and almost inaccessible, are the broken arches of Theodoric's Palace, the lower story of which is almost entire. We reached it with great difficulty; but the toil was well rewarded. The view from the top is one of enchanting beauty; including the Pontine Marshes, with the promontory of Monte Circello; the Mediterranean, with Ischia, and the Ponzan Islands; Lago di Fondi, sleeping calmly in the embrace of the mountains; Gaeta, and many other towns along the coast; and, last of all, Vesuvius, distinctly visible at the distance of eighty miles. As we descended, the sun went down over the distant sea, kindling the waters into flame, and shedding a gorgeous glory on the rocky summits around us.

CHAPTER XI.

WASHINGTON IRVING OUTDONE.

A Wild Story of the Alps—A Tender Story of Mount Anxur.

I KNOW not whether our inn was the one immortalized by Washington Irving in his 'Tales of a Traveller,' where he sat all night telling stories with his friends. It was sufficient for us that it was in the same Terracina, and that a portion of the same spirit fell upon our party. Having refreshed ourselves with a sumptuous repast, we gathered around the fire in our common sitting-room, and Mr. H. began as follows :

'You must know, gentlemen and ladies, that I have been some time travelling in Europe, and am a much older man than I seem to be. Once upon a time—I will not say how long ago, for that would spoil the story—in company with a clever English tourist, I was on my way from Lintz to Wasserburg, and approaching the Bavarian frontier. The road was rough and hilly, and the evening twilight overtook us while we were yet many miles short of our destination for the night. Our horses were jaded, and one of them had lost a shoe, which rendered our progress still more tardy and difficult.

'Reaching a small and ugly-looking inn upon the margin of an extensive mountain forest, our driver informed us that it was impracticable to proceed any farther that night, and that it would be unsafe to make the attempt. We remonstrated, reminded him of his engagement, urged the importance to us of its fulfilment, and tried by various arguments to stimulate his courage. Finding all unavailing, we proposed, by way of compromise, to stop an hour and a half, that he might feed his horses, and replace the lost shoe, and then go on by moonlight. To this, after much parleying, he reluctantly consented.

'Entering the inn, we saw eight or ten rough-looking fel-

lows sitting around a large fire, and seated ourselves among them. It was plain to me that my companion did not like their appearance; and, for my own part, I was not altogether void of suspicion. The matter looked still worse when we ascertained that there was no female in the house. Resolving, however, to make the best of it, we called for supper, which was soon ready for us in an adjoining room. As soon as we had an opportunity, we expressed to each other our apprehensions. My friend proposed that we should call in the landlord, and have a friendly chat with him, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, something of his character. He immediately accepted our invitation, and sat down to drink wine with us; while we scrutinized his features, weighed every word he uttered, and carefully noted every tone and gesture. We were soon satisfied; we could not possibly be mistaken: his physiognomy, his conversation, his manner, proclaimed him one of the worst of his kind.

‘We asked him what meant the shooting we had heard as we approached his house. Perhaps, he said, some of the boys were hunting; or it may have been some of his men trying their hands at a mark; one would very often hear shooting in the forest; occasionally he did something at it himself; and he thought he might have occasion to practice a little to-night. His manner, more than his words, during these remarks, convinced us that we had not judged him too severely. He endeavoured to persuade us to remain till morning; but we told him we must, if possible, reach Wasserburg that night. When we arose to depart he said: “Well, gentlemen, if you will go, I wish you a pleasant journey, though I think I shall see you again before you reach Wasserburg.” These words grated on our ears rather harshly; but we smiled as naturally as we could, said we should be happy to have his company, and with affected cordiality bade him good evening.

‘Less than half an English mile from his door we met a carriage containing six men, who appeared to be officers of the Austrian army. Learning, upon inquiry, that they intended to spend the night at the inn, we resolved on remaining with them. We informed them at once of our suspicions, and it was soon agreed what policy we had

better pursue. So turning about, we drove back, and told the landlord, that having unexpectedly met with this party of friends, we had concluded to stay till morning, and have a jolly time together. At our request he gave us a large upper room. We called for much wine, drank but little, yet made a great deal of noise. We told stories, laughed loudly, sang vociferously, and counterfeited drunkenness to perfection. Some time after midnight we gradually grew quiet, extinguished our candles, and lay down, but not to sleep, though some of the party snored. Through a crack in the floor we could see that the lights were still burning below, that the men we first met around the fire were all there, and that others had been added to the number, though there was not a sound to be heard. Soon there were cautious footsteps on the stairway, and soft whisperings at the door. Then all was quiet again. An hour elapsed, and the footsteps and whisperings were repeated; and lights were seen moving to and fro in the passage. Now one of our party, as if awakened from sleep, began talking to his bedfellow; whereupon the sounds without ceased, the lights were suddenly darkened, and we remained undisturbed till morning.

‘Before we parted, our new friends informed us that they were not what we had supposed, but police-officers; that several robberies and murders had lately taken place in the forest; that this inn had been suspected as the headquarters of a desperate gang; and that they were now here for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, by observation, the true character of the landlord and his house. They furthermore requested us, on our arrival at Wasserburg, to go immediately to the police-office, relate all that we had witnessed, and request that more officers should be sent to their assistance. My friend gave them his address, and obtained the promise of a letter in case anything important should transpire. About six weeks afterwards a letter reached him in Paris, informing him that a secret watch had been set upon that inn, that a very large gang of robbers and murderers had been arrested, that the master of the house himself proved to be the captain of the band, and was executed with eleven others, while several more were awaiting their trial in prison.

‘Ladies and gentlemen, my story is no fiction, but a simple narrative of facts as they occurred.’

Mr. H. having ended, Mrs. C., who occupied the next seat in the circle, took up her parable and said :

‘Theodoric the Goth had supplanted the unworthy emperor of Rome, and all northern Italy had submitted to his sway ; but as he proceeded farther south he was destined to meet resistance from the haughty lords whose castles crowned the heights around Terracina.

‘At the point which we passed this afternoon, where the Volscian Mountains crowd down upon the sea, until only a narrow passage is left, a desperate battle took place ; and the hill-sides now glowing with pomegranate, and orange, and lemon, were then reddened by the blood of warriors. Bravely did the Italians defend the pass ; but the arms of Theodoric were triumphant. Happiness seldom comes unalloyed, and in the moment of victory the conqueror found himself deprived of a friend—a companion in arms, who had fought with him side by side from his youth. Kneeling, he received the last sigh of Rudolph, and promised to become the father to his little girl, Elesif, now truly orphaned, as she had lost her mother at her birth.

‘The promise so solemnly made by Theodoric he determined to fulfil, and by his kindness to the child to atone for any injustice that he might ever have done the father ; for who of us, alas ! is it that can see the heart of a friend grow chill in death, and say, “I have never planted in that heart a thorn ?”

‘The advantages of Terracina as a naval station had made it a place of importance ; and here upon the high mountain, overlooking the town, the Gothic lawgiver determined to build him a palace resembling that of Nero, at Rome. A quarry was opened in the side of the mountain, and in the course of time a palace arose, whose present ruins attest its former magnificence. When Theodoric came to take possession of this mansion, there was in his court a young girl of some fifteen summers, whose curls of paly gold shaded a face of exquisite fairness. Her cheek was coloured with the softest rose-tint ; and in the depths of her blue eye there was a spirit of meditation and pensiveness. This was Elesif. She was not sorry to have come

to Terracina, for her father lay buried near ; and this was a comfort, though his tongue could no more bless her, nor his eye beam with affection upon her. Hours she spent in gathering wild flowers from the mountains to deck his grave ; then seating herself beside it, she pursued her work in silence, or in this beautiful solitude surrounded herself with pleasant memories of the departed, and wove them into dreams in the midst of the evening sunshine.

‘ But the mornings of Elesif were more cheerfully employed. As she stood upon the terrace of the castle, a smile stole over her face ; while she beheld upon one side the Pontine Marshes, almost without habitation, yet glittering with fields of grain ; and at their southern extremity the promontory of Circe, seeming an inaccessible island, a fit abode for the ancient enchantress. Upon the other hand, far over the waves, were groups of islands, and in the remoter distance light wreaths of smoke floated from Vesuvius.

‘ Then the young girl hastened down the mountain, down through the olive-grove, crushing with her bounding step the odour from the wild thyme, and scarcely pausing to pluck a flower until she had reached a high and isolated mass of rock near the sea. This is the rock which we all admired so much this evening, as forming so remarkable a feature in the picturesque scene. Midway up was excavated a cell, reached only by a ladder, and inhabited by one weary of the world. He was renowned for his learning and revered for his piety. The deep lines that sorrow and disappointment had left upon his face were softened by a smile of resignation, as one has seen a rugged landscape made beautiful by the breath of spring. He had met Elesif in her rambles upon the mountains ; and being interested in her, he became, more by accident than design, her teacher. Every day she went to his cell, and listened, well pleased, to the instructions he gave ; or to the wonderful legends he related.

‘ The court of Theodoric left for Verona, but Elesif remained behind with the Lady Julia, who had care of her. Pleasantly did the years glide away. Her cheek grew warmer and her eye brighter beneath a southern sun.

‘ One day she had rambled far to gather flowers for her

father's grave. Her lap was quite full, and she was about to return, when she espied a bunch of the most lovely "forget-me-nots" growing on the verge of a crag that overhung the sea. She thought she might reach it, and clambered up after it, but found the task more difficult than she had supposed. At length, however, she gained a point upon which she knelt; and reaching forward, grasped the flowers. Just then the treacherous soil gave way, and she was precipitated into the sea. She uttered a single wild shriek of alarm, and then gave herself up to death. With the "forget-me-nots" still clutched in her hand, she folded her arms upon her breast. Scenes of her former life floated over her brain, like summer-clouds driven by the wind. Then she felt herself seized by a strong arm—and she knew no more.

'Consciousness came with a feeling of confusion, as if she were awaking from chaos. All things swam before her, mingled in inextricable perplexity; and among other things was a vision of large brown eyes, and a pale face shadowed by dark hair, bending over her. At the same time she heard a voice, as in a dream, uttering most fervently the words, "Thank God!"

'In a few moments more she had recollected herself; and opening her eyes the second time, she saw again the same pale face, the same dark hair and eyes, but more distinctly. A young man, whom she had never seen before, knelt beside her, alternately chafing her hands and wringing the water from her fair curls.

'She murmured thanks to him, and said feebly: "I think now I can walk home;" but in making the attempt to rise, she fell back fainting; and the young man, without further ado, took her in his arms, and bore her as far as the cell of the hermit. Here he met some of the retainers of the castle, to whom he resigned his charge. She was placed upon a litter, and borne to the presence of the surprised and terrified Lady Julia. For some weeks after this she was so much troubled with a cough that she was not permitted to leave the castle. During this time the hermit daily toiled up the steep ascent to learn news of her welfare, and to take her fresh flowers. On these occasions he was unaccompanied, but a figure might be seen walking

with impatient steps along the strand, awaiting his return. No sooner did the old man appear coming down the mountain, than this figure was seen rapidly ascending the mountain to meet him. When they met, his first question always was: "How is she?" his second: "Did you give her the flowers?" And then, as if to justify his interest, he would say: "Poor thing, she seems so lonely here!" He would then assist the hermit down the hill, and being seated upon the shore, where the waves chased each other to their feet, the young man would take from his bosom a book or manuscript, which they would con together. In these latter days, however, the student had grown absent. After reading a passage, he would often let the book fall beside him, and sit looking at the blue sea with half-closed eyes, his face assuming the expression of one lost in a delicious revery. The hermit usually sighed softly as he thus beheld him, and awaited in silence until he would resume his book. But one day he said to him:

"Of what do you dream, my son?"

"Dream!" said the young man, starting from his revery, "Oh, nothing! that is, nothing of any moment. A mere idle train of thought, suggested, perhaps, by the book."

"You are not wont, my son, to indulge in idle thought," said the hermit; "your life has been one of study, that your name, made glorious by your ancestors, might not be dishonoured in you."

"Yes," said the young man, musingly, "it has been a life of study; but, after all, what can I accomplish? The power of our family broken, our property confiscated, our name itself falling into oblivion, nothing remains to me but the old tower, in which I seem shut out from glory or hope, And whatever I may achieve, who is to be made the gladder by it? What heart would rejoice?"

"You may so use your knowledge," replied the hermit, "that many lives may be made gladder, and many hearts rejoice. The rose does not hoard her fragrance, but lavishes it with her life, upon the air; the bee, with patient skill, extracts the sweets destined for others; the stars shine unceasingly, but not for themselves—their trembling rays guide the mariner to his home; and He who was himself 'a man of sorrows,' brought joy to every heart."

“Yes, Father, I know that, I know that,” rejoined the young man, rather impatiently; “but the human heart seeks sympathy; it yearns for some other heart to rejoice in its success: and this longing has been implanted in us by God himself—is it not so?”

“Yes, my child, yes,” answered the hermit, with a soft sigh; “but let us be careful that we ask not sympathy where it would be dangerous for it to be given.”

‘The young man understood the allusion, and rejoined, with a sad smile:

“Fear not; I ask nothing; I hope nothing.”

‘After a few moments’ silence the book was resumed, but it had lost its charm:

‘In its leaves that day they read no more.’

‘The student arose and slowly wended his way to a solitary and half-ruined tower that stood upon a neighbouring mountain. As he walked he muttered to himself: “Fool, fool that I am! Why have I permitted that bright creature to mingle with my dark dreams? What can I ever be to her, or she to me? No, I will think of her no more! I will devote myself with fresh ardour to my studies. I may some day achieve a name that even she will deign to pause and listen when she hears it mentioned—there again! she is ever the end of my thought! I must conquer myself.” And with this he strode rapidly forward, as if he intended to get out of sight of himself.

‘That was a day of struggle, as the bird struggles with the tempest, beating the air with its wings without ever rising. Book after book was taken up, manuscript after manuscript; but the sentences lost themselves in reveries, and a cloud of golden curls quite obscured the sense.

‘The next morning he started once more to the cell of the hermit with a fresh bouquet, saying to himself: “At least it can do no harm to send her the flowers while she is sick; she receives them as the gifts only of Father Paolo.” But as he approached the cell he saw that bright form, which had become so inextricably intermingled with all his thoughts, coming down the mountain path. In the distance he watched her while she moved as if with invisible wings. He was not sufficiently near to observe the

expression of her face, but every motion had the joyousness of an uncaged bird. Once her hair became entangled in an olive-branch, and she stopped to disentangle it; then she plucked a spray of *pomegranate*; and then again she moved gaily forward. The young man stood as in a trance, and she passed as a vision before him. He saw the hermit go to meet her, and then he turned to wander alone upon the mountain.

‘The hermit arranged Elesif a comfortable seat upon the shore, and there they sat and conversed rather than studied. Father Paolo expressed his gratitude for her preservation.

“‘I also,” she rejoined, “am very thankful that I was saved; for although I trust I shall not fear to die when it is God’s will, yet one shrinks from a sudden and violent end. But I must know my earthly deliverer—can you tell me aught of him, Father?”

“‘He is a son,” replied the hermit, “of one of those Italian nobles who made a stand against Theodoric when he came to Terracina. His father was wounded in battle, and borne off by his followers to his own castle. Of the wound, though severe, he might have recovered; but his chagrin at the defeat of his countrymen was so great that it produced a fever of which he died. That, you know, was many years ago. Since then Cecilio has resided with a single domestic in that solitary tower which you see to the left of the palace, upon that high point above the spot where the Emperor Galba was born. There he resides, and has but little interest in anything save his studies.”

“‘How kind it was in him to rescue me!” said Elesif; “how noble!”

‘The hermit did not answer, for he knew how dangerous this awakened interest might become.

‘Weeks passed away without Elesif having again seen Cecilio; but as she stood one day at the portal of the palace, receiving a despatch sent her from Theodoric by the young knight Atillio, she descried him through the trees, and exclaimed, “Oh, that is he!”

“‘Is who?” said Atillio, who had learned before this to appreciate the charms of the maiden.

“‘The stranger,” she answered, “who saved me when I fell into the sea.”

“A very interesting personage, no doubt,” said Atilio, with a slight sneer.

“At least his saving me was an interesting fact to myself,” answered Elesif.

“Yes, and to others,” said the knight, with earnestness.

A few days after this, when Elesif visited the grave of her father, she found some of the flowers she had planted withering. Remembering a spring that burst from the mountain-side not far distant, she ran to it to procure water for the flowers. As she turned abruptly round a projection of rock which concealed the spring, she found herself standing in the presence of her deliverer, who sat beside the gurgling water, deeply absorbed in a manuscript. He looked up as he heard her approach, and the faces of both were suffused with a glow of crimson.

She, however, instantly advanced, and holding out her hand to him, said: “I am most happy to have this opportunity of thanking you for having saved my life.” She would have said more, but, overcome by his earnest gaze, she paused, and her face was once more covered with blushes.

He pressed his lip tremblingly upon her proffered hand, and said, “Speak no more of it, lady; it was nothing.”

“Nothing for you perhaps,” she rejoined, “but an act that can never be forgotten by me.” After a pause, she added: “I come to get water for my flowers. I suppose this cup which I have made of leaves will hold sufficient.”

“Hold, lady,” said Cecilio, “I think I can do better;” and taking a cup from his pocket, he filled it with water; “permit me,” he continued, “to carry it for you.”

Elesif was confused; she knew not whether to refuse or to accede to his proposition. In the mean time, he walked beside her, and when they had reached the tomb, he was about to pour the water on the flowers, when she said hastily:

“No, no, that I must do myself!”

He relinquished the cup to her, and said:

“I can understand your feelings; I, too, have lost a father, and I may say on the same mournful occasion.”

“Then we are alike the children of misfortune,” said Elesif; “the battle-field is dreadful! Yes,” she resumed, after a pause, “Father Paolo had told me something of

your history; and that you sometimes study with him, though I never see you there."

"Cecilio did not reply. He spoke of other matters—of the beautiful country, the soft skies and balmy air of Italy.

"I suppose, however," said he, "that you would be willing to exchange all these for your northern home again."

"Oh no," she answered, "no; I love my northern home because I was born there, but I scarcely know it. Here is my father's grave, and here would I have my home."

"There was something not unpleasant in these words to the young man's ear.

"They continued to talk and stroll along the shore, unmindful of the time, until the sun had sunk behind the horizon, and Elesif, surprised to see the moonbeams trembling on the water, said:

"I must hasten home; the Lady Julia will be anxious."

"They parted, and she hurried to the palace, her heart filled with soft music, and enveloped in the rosy light that comes with the morning of love.

"The next day, whether it was by accident I cannot tell, but their lessons at the hermit's clashed, for she had not finished hers before he arrived.

"Cupid often approaches warily; but once his rosy fetters about the limbs, he is the veriest tyrant. Every day Cecilio and Elesif met, at the cell of the hermit, or on the mountain, or by the spring, or by the shore. No situation could have been more favourable to love. Separated as each seemed from the world, their souls drew nearer to each other for sympathy.

"The hermit saw their growing passion with uneasiness. In secret he remonstrated with Cecilio, and tried once more to arouse his interest in his studies; but all the ardent nature of the Italian had been stirred, and he answered:

"Father, I would not give one smile of hers for all the lore that was ever learned from books."

"But, my son," said the hermit, "what will Theodoric, what will the stern Goth say when he comes?"

"I know not; I care not; he cannot prevent my loving her, and that is happiness."

“But, my son, is there no happiness but your own to be consulted? The affections of this young creature being entangled, what will be her fate if Theodoric separate you?”

“Alas! Father, I know not; our best affections make us selfish. I thought only of myself, and I may bring sorrow to that innocent heart, for which I would gladly sacrifice my life. But perhaps she loves me not; I will know; and if her heart is still fetterless, I will leave it free as the young bird; I will make no attempt to ensnare it. I will not darken her bright path by my presence; I will once more bury myself among my books in my own lonely home.”

‘The conversation ceased, for the hermit was troubled, and knew not what to say.

‘ . . . The sun was sinking towards the west. The roselight of evening was tinging the wave and the wood, while Cecilio and Elesif wandered along the shore. A jutting crag shut out the view of the palace and of the hermit’s cell. Before them was the sea, and behind them the flowery sides of the mountains. It seemed a little world shut in, fit for innocent and peaceful hearts.

‘Cecilio felt his pulse beat quicker, as he said to Elesif: “When will Theodoric with his court return?”

“In twenty days,” she replied, “they are expected.”

“And then your present dull life will be exchanged for one of gaiety and happiness.”

“Happiness,” said Elesif, “does not always go hand in hand with gaiety—I prefer quiet.”

“But,” continued Cecilio, “you will then be surrounded by many admiring knights and noble gentlemen; and then perhaps your quiet life, and he whose happiness it has been to share it, will alike be forgotten.”

‘She looked up into his face with an earnest and half-reproachful glance.

“Do you suppose,” she exclaimed, “that I could be so unworthy, so heartless as to forget him who saved my life?”

“I claim no gratitude,” he said, with impetuosity; “I deserve none, as I knew not at the time whom I had saved. Nay, lady, if that is the only remembrancer of me, forget me altogether!”

‘Alternately the blood rushed to the brow of Elesif, and then left it pale as death; the tears were in her eyes as she said, in a low and trembling voice:

“‘I shall not forget you.”

“‘Elesif,” he said, and he breathed the words in a fervent whisper, as he gently placed his arm around her, “do you love me?”

‘The heart of the young girl fluttered, the blood glowed in every part of her neck that was visible through her falling curls, as she bent her head. A moment she was silent, then raising her face, the tear-drops glittering on her burning cheek, her eyes looking up trustingly to his, she answered earnestly: “As my own life.”

“‘God bless you, Elesif, bless you for those words!” said the young man, and lifting her curls as if with reverence, he pressed them to his lips.

‘No other word was spoken. They wandered homeward hand in hand, enjoying that one moment of happiness, which in itself

‘Is a life ere it closes,
A sole drop of fragrance from thousands of roses.’

‘Swift and bright-winged were the hours of the twenty days until Theodoric’s arrival. The last evening had come, and all the palace was in preparation. Weary at length of the bustle, Elesif had stolen forth, and was sitting alone beside the spring that ran near her father’s grave. Her hands, slightly clasped, had fallen upon her lap, and her eyes were fixed upon the great waves, as they rushed with their white manes to the shore, and she murmured to herself: “So do our hopes rush forward but to be broken and scattered.” She was thinking of the morrow, and her heart had grown sad. She felt that the life of love and joy which she had led for months must now be interrupted; that her freedom, which had been almost unbounded during the absence of the court, must be curtailed; that she could no longer hasten daily with joyous steps to meet her lover, or strolling by his side exchange with him vows of tender and innocent love. Their life had been like the life in Eden, but already the gate seemed opening for their departure. In truth, the heart of Elesif was sad. Suddenly she was

startled by feeling something fall lightly upon her head—it was a wreath of “forget-me-nots.” Looking up, she saw the dark, laughing eyes of her lover. He, too, knew that this was the last evening; but the human heart is wayward, and often laughs at the control of circumstance, as if in anticipation of that time when it shall be beyond the reach of the changes of earth.

“What,” he said, “my lady-bird, have I found you at last? I was beginning to fear that the preparations for Theodoric had detained you, and that I should be disappointed in meeting you. See, I have woven you a garland of forget-me-nots, to remind you of our first meeting, when I drew you like another Venus from the sea, and your hand still grasped the flowers for which you had perilled your life.” By this time he had reached her side, and noticed the slight cloud of sorrow which his words had failed entirely to dissipate. Taking her hand, he said, “But you are sad, Elesif; has anything disturbed you?”

“Only the recollection that this is the last evening,” she replied.

“Too true,” he said; “I can no more watch day after day for your footsteps, nor look for that smile which has been to me life—more, more than life, dear Elesif. All that riches, fame, and power are to other men, you have become to me. To live without you now were impossible. Alas! what do I say? What right have I to aspire to your hand? It has been wrong and selfish in me to strive to engage your affections, and yet what human heart could resist the temptation? And now Theodoric comes perhaps to tear you from me, to give you to another——”

“Do not speak of it,” she said; “I can never be another’s; and whatever may be our future, you, Cecilio, will never doubt that my heart is true to you even unto death?”

“Never! never!” he exclaimed; and with mutual vows they parted.

The next day Theodoric arrived, and was delighted to see the growing loveliness of his adopted daughter. He designed to bestow her hand upon Atilio, who, it will be remembered, has been mentioned in these memoirs before.

The meetings of Elesif and the young Italian had not

been unobserved, and that evening the story of their love was whispered into the ear of the Goth. His brow slightly darkened, but he replied : " A passing fancy, which will soon be forgotten."

' The next morning he sent for Elesif, and informed her of the brilliant fate to which he had destined her in uniting her with Atillio. She stood before him with downcast eyes, and face as pale as the marble statues that adorned the room. A shade of vexation passed across the face of Theodoric, as he exclaimed :

" What, girl ! hast thou no thanks for this care that I have taken of thy future, for the brilliant destiny that I have provided thee ? There are few maidens that would not be proud to wed Atillio."

" Doubtless," she answered, with trembling lips, " it would be for many an enviable station, and any woman might be proud of the homage of his heart ; but—I cannot marry him."

" Thou canst not !" replied Theodoric, in a rage ; " we shall see ! Go to thy room, thou perverse girl, and dare not leave it until thou art in a better humour, and comest to tell me that thou repentest of thine obstinacy—go !"

' This was the first of a long series of trials to Elesif. In her chamber she wept, as the young heart weeps when it first finds itself in the embrace of sorrow. The thought of Cecilio became consecrated by tears and prayers. She did not care to mingle in the gaieties of the court ; she did not dare to take her accustomed strolls, or even to venture so far as the cell of the hermit.

' In the mean time Cecilio wandered about the mountain constantly, in sight of the palace ; hoping vainly, from day to day, to catch a glimpse of her he loved. She came not. A feverish anxiety devoured him. He applied to the hermit ; but he could tell him nothing of her. Sleep fled from his eyes. In the night-time he took his lute, and, going beneath her window, he poured forth his soul in strains of the saddest music. Elesif recognized the sounds. She stood trembling. She feared to open her window, lest she should be heard ; yet her heart could not permit him to leave without some token. She took a rose from a vase of flowers, and had quietly opened the window, when she heard

the sound of voices as in strife—a struggle—the jarring, discordant sound of the lute, as if it had suddenly fallen to the ground, and then all was silent. Her heart stood still in terror. Falling upon her knees, she poured forth her soul in supplication for the safety of her lover; then rising, she threw herself upon her couch, but not to sleep, for her heart was filled with the most cruel anxieties.

‘The next day she received orders from Theodoric to prepare for a high festival that was to be held that night in the palace. She dared not disobey. The evening came, and the rooms flashed with a thousand lamps. All was joyous, all but the heart of Elesif. As she appeared in simple white robes, with the blue forget-me-nots twined amidst her hair, and her cheek glowing with the fever-flush of anxiety, a murmur of admiration ran through the assembly. Atillio was ever by her side, heightening her distress by his attentions.

‘Finding themselves at length amid the fragrant gardens of the palace, separated from the crowd, he spoke to her more tenderly than he had hitherto done: he told her of his love and of his hopes.

“In mercy, speak not of it,” she said, “my soul is already tortured beyond endurance.” Then, seeing his look of surprise, she added “Pardon me! you are noble and good! too noble, too good, not to deserve the whole affection of one whom you would wed. Should I consent to marry you, I should be doing you a gross injustice, for my heart has already been given beyond recall. It has been a fatal gift, I fear, and has already brought pain and misfortune to the possessor.” The feelings of her heart would not be repressed. She told him artlessly and fearlessly the story of her love. She told him the events of the last night, and of her fears, not the less terrible because they were undefined. The generosity of the young man justified her trust. “Lady,” he said, “you shall never be persecuted upon my account. I will learn what tidings I can of your lover; and, though my love must be hopeless, it will ever be my happiness to serve you.” These words were sadly spoken, and Elesif wept afresh, as it appeared that she was destined to give pain to every one around her.

‘From that evening Theodoric no longer confined her to

her own room, nor spoke to her of Atilio. She was permitted to wander freely as hitherto ; but nowhere did she find any trace of her lover. The bloom fled from her cheek, and the light from her eye. Her only consolation was to visit the hermit and listen to his counsel. He could tell her nothing of her lover ; but he had himself known sorrow, and his sympathy lulled the poignancy of her grief. She came no more with the blithe, bounding step of former days, for her body seemed to partake of the weariness of her soul.

‘ Even Theodoric noticed how she was fading, and his heart smote him as he thought of her father. In this melancholy way three months had passed, when Theodoric was alarmed by the news that his enemies were ravaging the more southern portions of his dominions. He determined to go forth and meet them ; but at the same time he wished to place his palace in a complete state of defence. It was unprovided with water sufficient to serve any great number of troops. Theodoric was sorely perplexed how to have it conveyed to that height. He offered a large reward to any one who would supply the want. Atilio had learned, after many inquiries, that Cecilio was held a fast prisoner in the dungeons of the castle ; he had learned also from Father Paolo that he was skilled in science, and it occurred to him that this might be an opportunity for his liberation. He mentioned to Theodoric that a young Italian had inhabited the neighbouring tower, who, if he could be found, might assist them in the difficulty. Theodoric immediately ordered Cecilio to his presence, and offered him his liberty on condition that he would supply the palace with water. Cecilio immediately undertook it. Reservoirs, in the remains of which we saw the young kids this afternoon, were constructed, water was conveyed into the palace, and the young Italian was crowned with favours.

‘ Where or how the lovers met, our chronicle does not say, but the light soon came back to the eye of Elesif, and her step was as buoyant as ever. Some days of anxiety she was yet destined to experience, for her lover went forth to battle ; but for this she was repaid when he returned victorious, and when Theodoric placed her hand in that of Cecilio, saying, “ Pardon the pain I have given you ; your

own heart was your best counsellor ; for in my dominions there is not a nobler heart nor a braver spirit than his whom you have chosen."

' There was mirth and revelry at the palace—trains of noble lords and gay dames ; wine, and fruits, and flowers decked the feast. The altar in the chapel was wreathed with roses, and Cecilio and Elesif stood before it, and received the blessing of the hermit. Many years of happiness remained to them. Under the direction of Cecilio the Pontine Marshes were drained, and the Appian Way repaired—works which Theodoric thought worthy to commemorate on tablets of stone.'

But telling stories at *Terracina* is not getting on towards Naples ; and should I undertake to report all that were improvised on this occasion, probably the reader would fall asleep over the record, as I did during the entertainment ; and one, at least, of the remaining *improvisatori* would suffer no small disparagement in comparison with the preceding specimens. It was something past midnight when we

' Wrapped the drapery of our couch
About us, and lay down to pleasant dreams.'

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNEY RESUMED AND FINISHED.

Wayside Glimpses—Fondi—Itri—Cicero's Tomb and Formian Villa
 —Extensive Prospect—Gaeta—Water-nymphs—Valley of the
 Liris—Sant' Agata—Sessa—Capua—Aversa—Naples—History
 —Population—Trade—Fortifications.

LEAVING this romantic town, the road for some distance is overhung by the mountain on the left, and washed by the Mediterranean on the right. In this narrow passage, the Romans encountered the Samnites, three hundred and fifteen years before Christ. In the second Punic War it was the stronghold of Fabius Maximus, who successfully disputed the pass with Hannibal. The cliffs are full of sepulchral excavations, and mouldering tombs and towers everywhere speak of departed glory. Then the road strikes inland, between the mountains and the Lago di Fondi, instead of following the sinuosities of the shore. Upon the mountains we saw the Convent of the Passionists, on the site of the villa where the Emperor Galba was born; and in the plain across the lake once stood the ancient city of Amyclæ, which, according to Pliny and Servius, was depopulated by swarms of serpents. Passing these, and the picturesque town of Monticello beyond, we ascended a beautiful valley, full of vineyards, and famous for its wines. As we drew near to Fondi, nine miles from Terracina, the groves of lemons and oranges constituted a very beautiful sight. The town itself is a more miserable place than an untravelled American can imagine, and from time immemorial has had the reputation of being a nest of banditti. It boasts a population of nearly six thousand souls, and a more beggarly and suspicious-looking set of inhabitants I am sure it would be difficult to find. Anciently it bore a better character; for the family of Livia, the wife of Augustus, was originally of Fondi. Some of the polygonal wall is still seen at the gate

by which we entered the city, and a portion of the Appian pavement remains in the principal street by which we passed through it. Here too is the old Dominican convent in which Thomas Aquinas taught theology five hundred years ago, an orange tree which he is said to have planted with his own hands, and a well which yet bears his name. There is a pretty story told of the beautiful Countess Gonzaga, who dwelt here in the sixteenth century, whom the pirate Barbarossa attempted to seize and carry off as a present to the Turkish Sultan ; but the lady fled naked at midnight from the castle, and eluded her pursuer among the mountains ; whereupon Barbarossa, disappointed of his prize, sacked and destroyed the town ; and pity it is, I cannot help thinking, that it was ever rebuilt !

In Fondi we halted an hour ; during which our horses were cruelly branded on the side, for what purpose I did not learn ; and two more were added to the number, so that we had six to draw us up the mountain, through the dreary pass of Itri. This defile was formerly the much-dreaded haunt of banditti ; and even now, it is not altogether secure for the lonely traveller. Here, in the sixteenth century, Marco Sciarra had his head-quarters. This notorious brigand, learning that Tasso was to pass this way, sent to offer him a safe passage, and assure him of his protection. The wild and desolate scenery of the mountains on either hand, independent of the reputation of the place, is sufficient to justify the worst apprehensions of the traveller. Itri, seven miles from Fondi, is nearly as despicable in appearance, and glories in a still more infamous history. This was the birthplace of the notorious brigand Fra Diavolo—so called from his constant elusion of his pursuers, while he was robbing and murdering all who came in his way ; on account of which it was supposed that he was favoured with the special aid and friendship of his satanic majesty. Itri and Fondi have contributed more heroes to the lists of banditti than any other two towns in Italy, and each still quarrels with the other for the fame of pre-eminence in this production. As we passed through the place at a smart trot, a number of little boys ran along by the side of the vettura, singing a sort of chorus to a not unmelodious air, the twofold burden of which seemed

to be a eulogy of Miss P.'s beauty and a petition for alms :

‘ Signorina grazziosa,
Date mi qualche cosa.’

Descending from Itri, the road follows a narrow valley, the hills on either side of which are terraced, and covered with vineyards and olive-groves. A pleasant ride of six or seven miles brought us to the tomb of Cicero—a lofty round tower upon a square base, occupying, according to tradition, the very spot where the executioners overtook the orator, as he was escaping in a litter to the seashore, and cut off the noblest head that ever sat on Roman shoulders. We spent a couple of hours at the *albergo* just beyond, which is called by his name, and said to stand on the site of his beautiful Formian Villa. The grounds around the hotel are full of orange and lemon trees ; and, only think of it, classical reader, we feasted on fruit which grew in Cicero's garden ! Scattered here and there, we saw masses of reticulated masonry—probably the remains of Cicero's baths. This was the orator's favourite residence, the scene of his political conferences with Pompey, and the calm retreat where he enjoyed the society of Scipio and Lelius. It was near this that Horace lodged at the house of Murena ; and the whole coast, for a considerable distance in both directions, is lined with the remains of Roman villas. The view from the terrace of the *albergo* is one of great beauty, even independently of its classical associations. To the north is the dark-brown mass of bare and rugged mountains. To the east are smiling valleys, clothed with perpetual verdure, and dotted with towns and villages. Far to the south-east stands Vesuvius, with his crown of vapour, and the mountains that half encircle the bay of Naples. A little farther to the right is seen the blue outline of Ischia and Procida—two vast volcanic heaps thrown up from the bed of the sea. Next comes the island of San Stefano, where the state criminals are incarcerated ; and near it, Ventotene—the ancient Pandataria, to which Augustus banished his dissolute daughter Julia, and where Agrippina and Octavia both perished in exile. Still nearer is Pontia—now called Ponza—the brilliant feat of whose capture by Sir Charles

Napier won for him the title of the Count of Ponza ; where Nero, the son of Germanicus, died by his own hand ; and where many of the early Christians, under Tiberius and Caligula, suffered for their faith. Not far from this are seen Palmarola—the ancient Palmaria, and Zannone—the ancient Sinonia. And there, three or four miles to the west, completing the circle, stand the town and castle of Gaeta, on a projecting hill, extending some distance into the sea, and connected by a low and narrow isthmus to the mainland. This is a place of great strength—the key-fortress to the Neapolitan kingdom. It survived the invasions of the Lombards and the Saracens, and maintained its liberty till the thirteenth century ; when, with the other free cities of Southern Italy, it was absorbed in the Norman conquest. In later times it has been strongly fortified, and again and again has withstood the shock of war. Hither fled the present Vicar of the Most High, when the Roman dirk threatened his bastard divinity. Here lies sepulchred the Constable de Bourbon, who was killed in the capture of Rome in 1527.

Mola di Gaeta is a smaller town on the opposite or eastern side of Cicero's Villa, lying along the sea-shore at the foot of the mountains. Our road passing directly through it, we walked forward, and awaited our vettura beyond. As we left the town, we crossed a rapid mountain stream, in which stood some fifteen or twenty women, with cart-loads of soiled linen, pounding and splashing as if for life, and chatting, and laughing, and singing, in the merriest mood imaginable. Here the modern post-road runs inland, up the broad valley of the Garigliano—the ancient river Liris—leaving the Via Appia, which follows the sea-shore to Pozzuli. At a little distance to the right we saw the village of Mondragone, on the site of Sinnessa—memorable in the journey of Horace, who there met Virgil and his other friends. We passed close by all that remains of Minturna—the mouldering amphitheatre, a few half-buried substructions, and a long line of aqueduct arches—many of them still entire—stretching across the plain ; and on a hill two miles to the left stood the town of Traotte, built from the ruins of the ancient city. We crossed the river on a fine suspension bridge, near where

Marius concealed himself among the rushes from the pursuit of Sylla; and near the scene of the memorable battle of December 27, 1503; in which Gonsalvo the Spaniard put the French army to flight, and made himself master of the kingdom. The road follows the sinuous course of the stream for several miles; and then, quitting it, and climbing the lower slopes of the mountains, winds about in a curious manner, among beautiful wheat fields and olive plantations, till it reaches Sant' Agata, where we spent our third night.

Arriving here early in the afternoon, we walked over the lofty viaduct to Sessa, the gate of which is less than a mile from our *albergo*, and took a view of the town. It stands on the site of the ancient Suessa Arunca; and contains about eighteen thousand people—as miserable a herd, I believe, as can be found in any city on earth. Many ancient remains are found here—the ruins of a fine bridge and a large amphitheatre—vaulted reservoirs, and polygonal pavements; and in the volcanic rock beneath are vast excavations, with painted chambers, similar to those of the old Etruscan cities. While looking about we were beset with crowds of beggars, whose clamour was so annoying that we cut short our excursion, and returned to the hotel. The mountains in this neighbourhood all indicate former volcanic action; and the hills of Rocca Monfina, at a little distance, are full of extinct craters. A circle of detached elevations, which seems to have formed the outer edge of one of these, encloses an area nine miles in circumference; and within this space are two cones, one of which is thirty-two hundred feet high.

Early the next morning we were again *en route* for Naples, passing through that rich and beautiful region so much praised by the Latin poets for its Falernian wine, and about noon reaching the memorable Capua, where we paused for refreshment. The city stands in a curve of the Volturno, which nearly surrounds it, flowing with as rapid a current now as in the classic days of old. We entered by a gate in a formidable wall, enclosed by a double *fosso*, with drawbridges. In case of necessity, the *fosso* can be filled with water from the river; and all external communication, except by ball and bombshell, effectually cut

off. The city has about ten thousand inhabitants, and is one of the most important military stations in the kingdom. Ancient Capua is two miles nearer Naples, where its ruins are still to be seen, with its beautiful amphitheatre. In the year of our Lord 1501, this town was taken and sacked by Cæsar Borgia, when five thousand of the inhabitants perished by the treacherous cruelty of the conqueror.

From Capua to Naples is sixteen miles. The whole distance is one continuous vineyard, and produces the choicest Falernian. The vines are supported by trees, and grow to the height of forty or fifty feet. The fertility of this region is wonderful, and not exceeded by any part of Europe. The country is perfectly level, and the trees and vines, like a perpetual forest, shut in the view, so that nothing is seen except what is immediately on the road.

About half-way between Capua and Naples is Aversa, containing eighteen thousand inhabitants; but for the reason just mentioned we saw nothing of it, except the gate as we approached, and the street through which we passed, and which was very much like those of other Italian cities—narrow, dirty, full of priests and donkeys, monks and soldiers, police-officers and pickpockets, noisy *facchini* and lousy *lazzaroni*. There is one thing here worth mentioning—a famous lunatic asylum, established by Murat, and affording convenience for five hundred patients.

It was here, I think, that we saw an interesting work of art—a pietorial admonition for brigands, painted on the outside wall of a little chapel by the wayside, for the profit of all who pass. A gang of robbers, who had committed some great atrocities, having been taken, were executed upon this spot; and here they are, in hell, the flames curling round them, and long-tailed devils tossing them about with pitchforks.

Soon after leaving Aversa it was very evident that we were drawing near to Naples. The way was thronged with people of all descriptions, on foot, on horseback, on oxback, on assback, and in all sorts of vehicles. We frequently met a mule carrying three men; or a donkey, not larger than a good-sized Newfoundland dog, bestridden by half a dozen boys; or a rickety two-wheeled nondescript, drawn by a single horse, and containing from ten to fifteen

persons—some sitting, some standing, some hanging on behind, and others suspended by hands and feet from the axle-tree. It was quite surprising, after having travelled half a day through a region perfectly flat, to find ourselves suddenly on the brow of a hill, with the beautiful Napoli far beneath us. And there sat the imperial Vesuvius, like a Turkish sultan smoking his pipe, upon his vast carpet of green fields and vineyards, adorned with a hundred towns and villages, and walled in with mountains of amethyst and jasper, and the bay at his feet like a monarch's bowl at a feast.

The road descends, by a deep cutting, through the suburban San Giovanniello, to the gate of the city. Here our passports were taken from us, and certificates furnished us instead; and by the payment of a fee to the custom-house officials, our baggage was exempted from examination. This was the policy observed throughout the entire route; and, indeed, if one has plenty of *carlini*, he can travel all over the kingdom and never unlock his trunks. As faithful servants of the government, is it not the duty of these officials to make as many *piastres* as possible out of the *forestieri*? Is not this the purpose for which they are posted at their several stations along the road? At any rate, they invariably proposed, for a consideration, to pass our baggage unopened; and their profit, of course, was our preference, since by this method we saved both time and temper.

The first thing that strikes the stranger, on arriving in Naples from Rome, is the dissimilarity of the two cities. They say: 'Naples for beauty, Rome for sanctity.' It may reasonably be questioned whether this is the true point of contrast; or if the true, I doubt if it is the chief. Naples is certainly a very beautiful city, and the Strada Toledo is pronounced 'the finest two-mile street in Europe;' but the beauty of Naples consists mainly in its situation and environments, which cannot be surpassed without the gates of Paradise. Its climate also is milder than that of Rome, and tropical flowers and fruits are abundant, and the ladies sit uncovered in their balconies, and all sorts of artisans are plying their various handicrafts in the streets. The Eternal City looks as if it were just going into an

eternal sleep, and the people are as indolent and stupid as the Pope ; but Naples is brisk with business, and its stir and hum constantly remind an American of New York or New Orleans, though the multitude perhaps are more intent on pleasure than profit. Its population is twice as large as that of Rome, many living entirely in the open air ; and large districts through which we passed seemed crowded almost to suffocation.

Naples is the ancient *Neapolis*. It was originally a Greek city. Four hundred and twenty-seven years before Christ it confederated with the Samnites against the Romans. The latter soon triumphed, but the conquering eagle spread his protecting wings over the conquered. Under the fostering care of the Republic, the city rose rapidly in prosperity and importance. But her strong attachment to the Roman interest excited the resentment of Hannibal, who ravaged her territory with more than his usual ferocity. After this it enjoyed a long period of tranquillity, still retaining its original language, with most of its ancient laws. The unrivalled fertility of its soil, the incomparable beauty of its coast, and the balmy mildness of its winter climate, drew hither the luxurious Romans ; and poets and orators, consuls and emperors, adorned its romantic scenery with their villas. Virgil and Horace sang in its groves ; Pliny and Cicero sojourned upon its shores ; here ‘ Lucullus dined with Lucullus,’ and Augustus swept along with his magnificent array ; here Tiberius enacted the beast, and Nero and Caligula played the madman and the fiend.

During the reign of Titus, in the year seventy-nine of the Christian era, occurred the first serious interruption to the prosperity of the city—the first recorded eruption of Mount Vesuvius, terrifying its inhabitants, demolishing its palaces, and desolating its coasts. Then, for a series of centuries, with the rest of Italy, it was wasted by civil wars and barbarian incursions. It was taken by Theodoric the Goth, but restored by Belisarius to the Grecian empire. It was harassed and plundered successively by the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Normans ; who, in their turn, became the prey of the Germans, the French, and the Spaniards. The latter remained its acknowledged masters, governed it

by viceroys for many years, and at last gave it a king. Of all these different tribes many traces may be discovered in the manners, the customs, and the dialect of its people. Probably the Latin was never its popular language; and there are more Greek words in its present Italian than in that of any other city of the peninsula. The French also has affected its pronunciation, and the Saracenic has left its alloy.

No vestiges remain of the ancient magnificence of *Neapolis*. Her temples, palaces, theatres, and basilicas, despoiled by the barbarian conqueror, have been shattered by the sledge of Vulcan, and Neptune has covered their fragments with his waves. Her modern edifices are less remarkable for their taste and elegance than for their wealth and magnitude. Her population, however, is undoubtedly greater now than at any former period; perhaps also her opulence, her industry, and her general prosperity. True, never was there a greater swarm of soldiers in Naples during a season of peace; and never, perchance, were they more essential to the royal safety and the popular quiet. At the same time, never was there so great an influx of tourists and transient sojourners; while, it is said—Heaven grant it may be true!—the class of *lazzaroni* is constantly decreasing, and likely soon to be unknown. Containing within her walls nearly half a million of people, her suburban towns and villages number not less than a hundred thousand more. The third city of Europe—the queen of the Mediterranean—she sits enthroned in beauty upon the border of the bay, with all her maids of honour beside her; and Vesuvius, her royal spouse, with his crown of fire, overlooking the array. From the deck of a steamer, or from the distant heights of Sorrento, the whole assumes the appearance of a continuous city, stretching in a semi-circle eighteen miles along the shore, from the *Punta di Posilipo* on the left, to *Torre del Annonziata* on the right.

Of the many thousands that eat their daily macaroni within the gates of this fair metropolis, though pretending to love their native city to distraction, where is the man that would lift his little finger for her benefit? Her artisans are snails; her tradesmen are greedy jobbers; her soldiers are servile hirelings; her nobles, such as have not yet taken

to street-begging, care for nothing but the table and the theatre; the king himself is the greatest gambler in the world, and derives his largest revenue from the lottery; while his subjects, of both sexes and all classes, live, move, and have their being in its hazards and its hopes.

The most independent class of citizens are the *lazzaroni*. See that specimen yonder, with head, and neck, and bosom bare, toasting himself upon the glowing pavement. What cares he for yesterday, or what for to-morrow? His *abandon* is perfect. With a wit proverbial, a temper invariable, and a patience inexhaustible, he unites the art of an *improvisatore*, the tact of a diplomatist, and the grace of an Apollo. All this is indigenous with him: if he ever stoops to the drudgery of what Coleridge calls 'originating an idea,' it is in the way of pondering a lucky number for the lottery.

The morning after our arrival a woman lay upon the naked stones, in front of the theatre of San Carlo, with four ragged little children around her, and she was weeping amain. I threw her a few *carlini*, and passed on. On my return, an hour afterwards, she was sitting erect, and playing with the children; but as soon as she saw a *forestiero* approaching, she threw herself flat upon her face, and 'lifted up her voice and wept.' Subsequently I met with her often, and in various places; and she was generally lying upon the ground, and howling as loud as she could. Not understanding how she managed to maintain such constant intensity of grief, I one day asked our *cicerone* about it. He replied: 'Oh, that is her business; she weeps for her *maccaroni*; she will never cease weeping till the *forestieri* depart!'

Without the regularity of what we call a market, certain districts here have a traffic peculiar to themselves. If you would see oranges, step down to the quay when the boats from Sorrento are unloading. If you like oysters, go along the street next the bay towards the Villa Reale. There is a place near the heart of the city where you may purchase almost anything that ever breathed the ocean brine. There you will see the delicate little sardine, fresh from its watery home; the skait and the sole, with eyes in the wrong place, and mouth all askew; beautiful creatures of all colours,

pink and purple, green and yellow, blue and scarlet, all intermingled and changeable; great crawling masses of non-descript pulp—half-animal, half-vegetable—contracting and expanding like living jellies; huge eels—the real progeny of the sea-serpent—squirming and writhing in their tubs, in anticipation of the frying-pan; little transparent monstrosities, all head, and ninetieth cousins of the crab and the lobster, all claw. You will find any desirable number of glove-stores in the *Strada Toledo*, and the article in Naples is equal to any you get in Paris, and cheaper than in any other city in Europe. You should walk the whole length of this fine street, and you will be astonished at the amount of mercantile business in sundry departments. Of *belle arti* shops there is no lack in Naples. Who under the sun buys all these imitative wares, to say nothing of antiques—real or supposed—lava ornaments from Vesuvius, and coral trinkets from the sea? In this rainbow-tinted climate, everybody is a painter, but every painter is not an artist, and most of the pictures are copies, and most of the copies are caricatures.

But he who has seen only the Toledo, and the broad streets and beautiful open spaces along the margin of the bay, knows nothing yet of Naples. He must dive into the populous centre, and thread the narrow lanes and alleys, where two-thirds of its people dwell in their dark and filthy dens. I had wondered how it was possible that nearly five hundred thousand human souls embodied should live within an area only some two miles wide and five miles long, till one day I accidentally wandered into the locality now alluded to. It is impossible to describe the scene there beheld—streets without sidewalks, scarcely wide enough for a cart; buildings so lofty as entirely to shut out the sun, and almost the daylight; and these literally crammed, from cellar to garret, with a miscellaneous and miserable population. Thousands also seem to live altogether in the streets (if that is the appropriate name for such dismal ditches), and thousands in the open air carry on their various handicrafts. The cobbler, the tinker, the bootblack, the blacksmith, the carpenter, and even the public cook, pitch their industrial apparatus against the wall, reckless of hoof and wheel, and work away as if the city

were their shop. In other localities frequented by such as read and shave, you will see bookstores and barber-shops apparently doing a brisk out-door business; and the mantua-maker and merchant-tailor arrange their respective assortments along the swarming avenues; and here are dry-goods and groceries, hardware and cutlery, and all imaginable vendibles except cleanliness and virtue. Even water for drinking is publicly sold in the streets, carried about in earthen jars, and dispensed at the corners for a *grano* a glass.

Half the people one meets with here are soldiers. You see a company or two march by your hotel every hour; and from sunrise to sunset, there is scarcely a moment when you may not hear the sound of trumpet and drum. The castles that guard the harbour command the city too; and their bastions are bristling with cannon, pointing down into the streets and squares; and armed sentinels are pacing the walls, and clustering at the corners, and crossing their bayonets at every portal. *Sant' Elmo* stands upon a conical hill, overlooking everything; and an enemy in possession of it, though an enemy would have something to do to get there, might demolish Naples in a few hours. The *Ovo* and the *Nuovo* could sweep the harbour, and make the bay in front of them a hot place for a hostile fleet. Every guard-house has its row of mounted guns; and the royal residence looks doubly formidable, with its dark array of iron muzzles. I never saw another city so earnestly watched over, and so evidently ready, at a moment's warning, for an outbreak of the people. All is quiet now, but there have been recent mutterings underground, and there is no telling how soon the smothered fires may burst forth. Where is *Masaniello*?

CHAPTER XIII.

NAPOLI LA BELLA.

Environs—Villa Reale—Chiese de Partu—Poetry—A Picture—
 Burying in Churches—Grotta di Posilipo—Tomb of Virgil—The
 Cathedral—Church of St. Paul—Other Churches—Royal Palace
 —Capodimonte—The Camaldoli.

Deep bosomed in the still and quiet bay,
 The sea reflecting all that glows above ;
 Till a new sky, more soft, but not so gay,
 Arched in its bosom, trembles like a dove.

THE situation of Naples is one of unrivalled beauty. Whoever would look upon the grandest of terrestrial panoramas, should climb up to the citadel of Sant' Elmo, or ascend the lofty ridge of Posilipo. There he will see at his feet, lying in a semicircle along the margin of the most beautiful bay in the world, a city as fair as a pearly shell just cast up by the purple wave. To the east he will see Vesuvius, rising in imperial majesty from the level Campagna—nature's great altar, smoking with perpetual sacrifice. At its base are four populous towns, sitting as gaily upon the shore as if Herculaneum did not slumber in her lava tomb beneath, or the excavated palaces and temples of Pompeii continually rebuke their temerity. At its southern side flows the Sarno, through a valley brown with vineyards and bright with villages; while the Apennines in the background stretch away to the right and the left, 'all glowing of gold and amethyst.' Farther southward the Sorrentine Promontory runs far out into the sea, its dark side studded with five gemlike cities, and the three-pointed Sant' Angelo shooting boldly up five thousand feet above the waters which lave its base. Still turning westward, the eye rests upon the broad expanse of azure, where the bay opens out into the Mediterranean; with Capri on the one hand, and Ischia on the other, lifting their rocky battlements three thousand feet towards the sky, like two great martello towers, reared by nature, on opposite sides

of a channel fourteen miles in width, to guard the entrance to her loveliest domain.

Naples is a city difficult to describe. The Italians call it *bella*, and certainly there is about it something of strange and wondrous fascination. The grounds of the Villa Reale are delightful, with open walks and umbrageous avenues, and the fresh breeze from the wave which breaks just below the terrace. In the main promenade you see the enormous granite bowl from *Pestum*, supported by modern lions. And here are busts and statues—saints and sages, poets and orators, heroes and emperors—for those who love to look at such things. But let us pass on to the *Mergillina*, where the tide of life ebbs away. Haste, or that pernicious musician will craze you with his bagpipe. I myself narrowly escaped with my hearing the other day, when one of them walked along by my side, blowing most dissonantly in my ear; and, on quickening my pace, he quickened his; and the more I cried *Non c'è niente*, the more lustily he blew. Those half-clad urchins, groping among the slippery rocks for crabs and sea-horses, seem brothers to the gulls that soar and swoop so familiarly about them. Every one of the little rascals can dive like a dolphin; and even now that roguish eye is watching to see if you will not cast a *carlino* into the thundering surf. The fishermen yonder are noble, stalwart fellows, the honest expression of whose swarthy countenances gives them an appearance of decided superiority to the mass of lower-class Neapolitans.

Let us proceed. Here is a church, which, though a little one, is one of the most interesting in Naples. It was built by the poet Sannazarius, on the site of his favourite *Villa Mergillina*, which had previously been destroyed by the Prince of Orange, who commanded the garrison during the famous siege of Naples by the French. Its builder dedicated it to the Virgin, and called it *De Partu*, endowed it richly, and sung its charms in true Virgilian verse. The poem with which its name is chiefly associated is deemed one of the most beautiful that has appeared in the Latin language since the revival of letters. Thus it opens:

'The virgin-born, coëval with his sire,
Who left the mansions of celestial bliss,
To wash away from fainting man the stain

Of sin original, and opened wide
 The long obstructed way to light and heaven—
 Be he my earliest theme ! with him, my Muse,
 Begin ! Ye Powers above, if naught forbid
 My pious task, unfold the hidden cause,
 And all the progress of a scheme so great !

Then follows a magnificent appeal to the Virgin :

‘Celestial Queen !
 Thou on whom men below and saints above
 Their hopes repose ! on whom the bannered hosts
 Of heaven attend—ten thousand squadrons armed,
 Ten thousand cars self-moved—the clarion shrill—
 The trumpet’s voice—while round in martial pomp,
 Orb within orb, the thronging seraphs wheel !
 If on thy fane, of snow-white marble reared,
 I offer yearly garlands ;—if I raise
 Enduring altars in the hollowed rock,
 Where Mergillina, lifting her tall head,
 A sea-mark to the passing sailor’s eye ;—
 If, with due reverence to thy name, I pay
 The solemn rites, the sacrificial pomp,
 When each returning year we celebrate
 The wondrous mystery of the birth divine ;—
 Do thou assist the feeble bard, unused
 To tasks so great, and wand’ring on his way,
 Guide thou my efforts, and inspire my song !

Whether the ‘Celestial Queen’ heard and answered the prayer of the ‘bard,’ I will not presume to say. Certainly she would have done so, if capable of anything like gratitude ; for never before was woman invested with so magnificent an array—not even Beatrice by her adoring Dante ! He appears, at least, to have obtained help from some quarter ; for, beyond all question, he sings very sweetly.

But what of the church ? Well, it is neither spacious, nor splendid, nor pretty ; but it is most poetically situated, as the poet intimates in the foregoing verses, on the side of the hill which slopes gently towards the bay, not far from the tomb of Virgil, and the poet himself sleeps within its walls. His resting-place is adorned with statues and bassi relievi, representing, among other things, pagan divinities, satyrs, and nymphs—not very suitable ornaments for a Christian sanctuary ; but the fathers of the convent connected with the church have ingeniously obviated the incongruity, by inscribing the statue of Apollo with the name of David,

and that of Minerva with the name of Judith—an expedient which has often been resorted to, it is said, in Rome; and certainly quite as consistent as christening a bronze statue of old heathen Jupiter after ‘the prince of the apostles,’ and requiring the whole Catholic creation to come and kiss his great toe; or putting a Saint Peter upon a pillar, whose sculptured ornaments perpetuate the fame of the Emperor Trajan; or a Saint Paul, with a sword in his hand, upon a column sacred to the memory of Marcus Aurelius!

But look we into this little chapel. Here is a picture—Michael the archangel trampling Satan under his feet. But what a curious conceit of the artist! the old serpent has a female face of most exquisite loveliness! The reason is as curious as the fact. A lady of uncommon beauty unfortunately fell in love with the Bishop of *Ariano*. Whether the Right Reverend Father returned her tender passion for a season, I cannot say. Certain it is, however, according to the story, that sooner or later—perhaps about the age of sixty-five, or in the near prospect of death—he was smitten with abhorrence of the fair one’s sacrilegious temerity; and when fitting up this chapel as his mausoleum, he ordered the painter to degrade her into the infernal spirit, and lay her prostrate at the point of the archangel’s spear. This Joseph died, and was not canonized!

By the way, what a lamentable, disgusting, pernicious, and impious practice is that of heaping up putrid carcasses in holy places, and making the house of God a graveyard! How strange it is, that so odious a custom should have been so obstinately retained, not only in Papal Italy, but also in Protestant England and America! It would be difficult to educe one argument in its favour, either from the principles of religion, or from the dictates of reason; while its inconveniences are obvious, and its evil consequences are undeniable. Among the early Christians, the honour of being deposited in the church was reserved for martyrs. Constantine only desired to lie in the porch of the Basilica of the apostles, which he himself had erected at Constantinople. Therefore the eloquent Chrysostom, speaking of the triumph of Christianity, proudly observes, that the Cæsars, subdued, through the grace of God, by the fisherman whom they had

persecuted, now appeared as suppliants before them, and gloried in occupying the place of porters at the doors of their sepulchres. Bishops and distinguished divines were afterwards gradually permitted to share the honours of the martyrs, and to repose with them in the interior of the sanctuary. A pious wish in some to be entombed near such holy persons, and to rest under the shadow of the altars; in others, an absurd love of distinction even in death—to which may be added the avarice of the clergy, who, by making the privilege expensive, rendered it enviable—by degrees broke through all the wholesome restrictions of antiquity, and at length converted the temples of the living God into the loathsome dormitories of the dead!

But let us proceed, submissive reader, for there are wonders beyond. See you that lofty promontory, projecting far out into the bay? That is the *Punta di Posilipo*. See you that dark aperture, looking like a great Gothic arch in the brown *tufa*? That is the *Grotta di Posilipo*—an ancient tunnel, half a mile long, twenty-two feet wide, and at the entrance seventy feet high, by which the road passes through the hill, from Naples to Pozzuoli and Baiæ. Observe, as we approach it, how the long lines of dimly-burning lamps glimmer through the darkness on both sides of the little patch of daylight, apparently not larger than your hat, at the other extremity. Hark! as we enter, how voice and footstep echo along the subterranean gloom, and the single horseman that comes yonder makes more clatter than a whole troop of the old Roman cavalry, and the thunder of a solitary vettura is as if Cæsar were at hand, with a hundred triumphal chariots.

Who knows the origin of this great tunnel? In the middle ages it was supposed to be the work of Virgil, and the common people believed it to have been done by the poet's magic. It must have existed from the early days of Rome, but we have no distinct mention of it till the time of Nero. Seneca passed through it on his way from *Baiæ* to Naples; and he describes it as a long and gloomy prison, in which he 'found nothing but mud, and dust, and darkness visible.' In the fifteenth century, the floor was lowered, the roof was raised, and two air-shafts were opened above. A hundred years later, it was paved with large

polygonal blocks of lava, *à la Via Appia*; and since that period sundry other improvements have been added. One sees now, upon the walls on either side, at different elevations, the grooves made by the axles of vehicles in former times. Some of these are twenty or thirty feet above our heads at the entrance, indicating that the floor has been as much higher than it is at present. About midway of the cavern, we find a little chapel cut in the wall, in which a light is ever burning before the image of the Virgin. These scanty lamps are not half sufficient for the length of the passage, and one would think it must be a dangerous place for pedestrians. But here it opens to the western daylight, toward the ancient Elysian Fields, and a hundred scenes of classic interest beyond. These, however, at present we cannot visit. Let us retrace our steps through the darkness, for we have left behind us one object which no tourist in Italy neglects—the tomb of Virgil.

Just where we entered the *Grotta*, a steep flight of steps leads up the rugged precipice into a vineyard. The *custode* already awaits us there, with the key. We follow him to the very top of the stupendous arch under which we lately passed. Here is a vaulted chamber, with a dome over it, and niches for urns and statues in the walls. Here, tradition says, sleeps the great Latin poet. He died at *Brundisium*, and was brought hither at his own request for burial. Somewhere upon this picturesque promontory he had his villa; where he wrote his Eclogues, his Georgics, and perhaps his *Æneid*. The laurel planted by Petrarch over the tomb has disappeared piecemeal beneath the knife of the tourist, and many a twig and chip of it has travelled to England and America. From this advantageous eminence, one has a delightful view of the city and the bay, with Vesuvius across the water, whose cloudy pillar props the incumbent heaven. It is a delicious day, and sea and sky combine to produce an effect which defies alike the pencil and the pen. The purple sheen of the wave, the pearly radiance of the shore, the opal tints of the surrounding hills, and a heaven whose blue seems melted down in a way never witnessed out of Italy, invest the prospect with an ineffable beauty, making sight a wondrous blessedness, and giving a new luxury to life.

Let us return into the city, and take a view of some of its churches. And first to the Neapolitan Cathedral. It stands upon the substructions of a temple of Apollo, and is adorned with more than a hundred columns once belonging to that ancient edifice. It was originally a Gothic structure; but having been shattered by successive earthquakes, it has been repaired in so many different manners, that it presents now no particular order, but rather a combination of all. Its ornaments are in perfect keeping with its architecture—a jumble of beauties and deformities. Its most sacred deposits, and indeed the most valuable treasures in the city—not excepting even the great sardonix in the *Museo Borbonico*—are, first, the remains of Saint Januarius, which lie in a chapel beneath the choir; and, secondly, his blood, which is kept in a bottle, and said to liquefy twice a year, while the stone on which he suffered martyrdom breaks into a crimson perspiration. Into the truth of these phenomena the Neapolitans never give themselves the trouble to inquire; acting on the maxim of the ancient Germans, that it is more reverent and holy to *believe* things relating to the gods than to *know* them. And why should they not believe? Have not the bones of Saint Januarius, borne in procession through the streets of Naples, more than once appeased the wrath of old Vulcan, and arrested the fire-torrent that was rolling down the steep of Vesuvius?

The Church of Saint Paul occupies in part the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux, and in part that of the theatre where Nero first made his appearance in the imperial character of an actor on the stage. In its front are two of the fine Corinthian columns which formed the portico of the original building; six others were destroyed by the earthquake which overthrew it. The interior is spacious, well proportioned, and encrusted with precious marble. The chancel is extensive, and supported by beautiful antique pillars, which possibly belonged also to the ancient temple.

I must hasten. The Church of *SS. Apostoli* stands on the ruins of the temple of Mercury, is supposed to have been erected by Constantine, has been several times shattered and rebuilt, and is now a magnificent structure. That of *S. Lorenzo* occupies the site of the *Basilica Augustalis*

—a noble hall, demolished in the thirteenth century, and replaced by the present comparatively tasteless building. That of *S. Spirito* is of a purer and simpler style; adorned with fine Corinthian pilasters, entablature, and cornice; encumbered with a superfluity of ornament, and wanting a softer colour to please the eye. That of *S. Dominico Maggiore* is remarkable for the tomb and bronze bust of the poet *Marini*, erected at the desire of *Manso*, the friend of Tasso and Milton, who left a bequest for the purpose. That of *S. Filippo Neri* is one of the finest churches in Naples, and famous for the number of ancient pillars that support its triple row of aisles on each side of the nave. That of *S. Gaudioso*, belonging to the Benedictine convent, contains the blood of St. Stephen, which, like that of Saint Januarius, liquefies annually on the day of the martyr's festival. That of *S. Giovanni*——

But you must be tired, dear reader, and so am I. Let us have done with churches. If I should devote half a dozen lines to every one of the *S. Giovanni*s, and *Giocomos*, and *Gregorios*, and *Giorgios*, and *Gennaros*, and *Martinos*, and *Antonios*, and *Catarinas*, and *Augustinas*, and *Annunziatas*, and *Incoronatas*, and *Ascensiones*, I fear you would never forgive me; and if I should add all the *Marias*, of which there are not less than thirty, surely I should ruin myself with all my readers. There are more than three hundred churches in Naples; and some of them, artistically considered, are of immense value; but religiously regarded, the African church in Nashville, or the basement of Trinity in Charleston, is worth a million of them!

The Royal Palace is a spacious and magnificent structure. Its front is five hundred feet long, and more than a hundred feet high. The columns and pilasters of its three stories exhibit three orders of architecture—the Doric, the Ionic, and the Composite. Its furniture is equal to that of any palace in Europe. One of its upper saloons has twelve of the largest mirrors in the world, simply empanelled in a delicate border. On the ground-floor is a suite wholly wainscotted with real frescoes and arabesques from Pompeii.

Capo-di-monte is the King's suburban villa. It occupies

an elevated site, strangely beautiful, upon the undermined crust of a tufo quarry, which has been artificially strengthened to support the superincumbent structure. The grounds are delightful, and there is an ilex-shaded avenue more than a mile in length. Its farm is said to supply the royal table, and send a surplus to the Neapolitan market. Its balconies afford refreshing views of the city and its environs. Its pictures are not despicable, especially those which relate to events in the national history. Particularly interesting is 'The Brave Girl of Gaeta,' who, after despatching the French sentry *à la Jaël*, spikes the guns with a store of ready nails from her apron, and then delivers over the fortress to her townsmen.

Occupying the highest point of a range of hills northwest of Naples, overlooking the city, and commanding a view of the bay, and many a scene immortalized by Livy and Virgil, stands a monastery, called the Camaldoli. Of course the ladies of our party were not permitted to enter the cloisters, and we preferred their company to that of the monks, and the view we enjoyed without must have been infinitely better than anything to be seen within. There were the bay and the sea, as blue as the azure above them; and there was the capital of the Two Sicilies, with the fine promontories of Posilipo and Misinum; and there was the modern representative of the town, where Paul, the prisoner, with Luke, his companion, first touched the Italian shore; and there were Avernus, and Lucrinus, and the Acheron, and the Elysian Fields, and the site of the beautiful Baiæ, and of Cumæ and Liturnum, and the two villas of the greatest of Roman orators; and there were the sweet islands of Nesida, Procida, and Ischia, with Capri beyond, lying like a great sphinx upon the water; and the Sorrentine coast, with its mountain crest, and its smiling cities; and Vesuvius sending up its vapoury column to the sky, like the fume of a mighty sacrifice; and the vast panorama of the Campania Felix, with its far-spreading vineyards and olive groves, and here and there a village gleaming out from the foliage, walled in by the purple Apennines. It was a scene to intoxicate the soul; and, in the satisfaction of the hour, we forgot the monks and the monastery, and all the little sorrow of life floated off into the blue ether above us.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

The Ascent—The Summit—Ancient condition—Grand Eruption of A. D. 79—Constant Changes—Other Eruptions—View from the Top—Descent—Various Impressions.

MOUNT VESUVIUS was in full view from our hotel; its dark swelling outline forming a grand pedestal for the column of cloud which stood upon its summit during the day, and which the night kindled into a pillar of fire. The sun had just risen above it, and hung tremulous in his lurid canopy, as if ready to fall back into the crater whence he seemed to have come, when we set forth on a visit to the volcano. Six miles from the city we rattled through the main street of Resina, with the palaces and temples of the buried Herculaneum eighty feet beneath our wheels. Here begins the ascent, where carriages are usually exchanged for horses and donkeys. Forty persons, at least, offered their services as ciceroni. Advertised of the impositions continually practised by these fellows, and desirous of obtaining the well-known veteran who has had the honour of conducting Baron Von Humboldt and many other scientific gentlemen, we inquired at once for Vincenzo Cozzolino. One of the crowd promptly replied, 'I am Cozzolino;' and our driver, who knew him well, promptly confirmed the declaration. Unwilling to take the word of either, we applied to a shopkeeper for further information. He pointed us to a sign across the street, where we had the good fortune to find the real Cozzolino at his breakfast. Cozzolino, the pretender, was now ready to furnish us with beasts, and in five minutes more we were mounted and on our way. Our cavalcade was a most ludicrous spectacle, climbing a steep and narrow alley in single file, a dozen men and boys belabouring the poor animals with clubs, and shouting and yelling like a whole tribe of Indians. This assistance was more than we had bargained for; and we had actually to

beat the rabble off, before we could pursue our way in peace.

A rough ride of an hour and a half, by a gentle ascent, first through gardens and vineyards, and then over successive beds of lava, some of them only a few years old, brought us to the foot of the great cone. Here we left our animals, and began the ascent on foot. It was the steepest and roughest road I had ever travelled. The lava, which contracts in cooling, and breaks into a thousand fragments, has precisely the appearance of cinders from a furnace, only the masses are larger, and their sharp angles form as uncomfortable a pavement as can well be imagined. We saw other ladies carried up in chairs, each upon four men's shoulders, *à la* pope in Saint Peter's; but ours were American ladies, and declined all such assistance. We then advised, and even urged, that they should allow the guides to aid them with straps; but they stoutly resisted our importunity, and worked their way over the sharp masses with characteristic independence and energy. It was a long and toilsome effort; and ever and anon, as they paused for breath, our officious Italian friends would call out one to another, '*Signora é medza morta, Signorina é pronta di morire!*' but our fair heroines pressed bravely on, literally panting for the summit, and insisting that their promenade was very pleasant; till their score of kind attendants, finding all their arguments and entreaties thrown away, forsook them, and returned in grievous disappointment to the foot of the cone. We were all under the necessity of stopping frequently to rest, and it was amusing to hear old Cozzolino urging us forward, with his mingled French, English, and Italian—'*Courage, Signora! Avante, Signorina! Allez, allez! Come along, Come along!*' The ascent occupied nearly two hours, and the whole company was sufficiently fatigued; but when near the summit we found a large mass of snow, which proved a delightful refreshment. We could not have had a more favourable day for our purpose; for the sky was perfectly clear, and a light breeze bore the vapour and ashes in the opposite direction, so that we breathed a pure atmosphere, and had an unobstructed view.

I shall never forget the moment when I first stood upon

the verge of the great crater, and looked down into the fierce caldron at my feet. It is a round hole in the top of the mountain, about three hundred feet deep, and something more in diameter. Its walls are perpendicular, and appear to consist of solid masses of sulphur. From the centre rises a black cone nearly to a level with the surrounding rim, precisely in the form of a funnel inverted in a tub. In the apex is an opening some twenty or thirty feet in width, puffing and blowing like fifty steam-engines, and pouring forth a tremendous volume of smoke. Occasionally the liquid mass is seen boiling and surging within, and ever and anon it flows over the edge, and rolls down the outside, like a stream of melted iron. At irregular intervals, varying from one minute to five, a grand explosion, like the blowing up of a Mississippi steamer, sends the red-hot stones five or six hundred feet above the summit; and these fall back into the glowing furnace, or come rattling down upon the sides of the cone. When these phenomena occurred, our old guide would clap his hands, and shout—‘Bravo, bravo, Fra Diavolo!’ and challenge his infernal majesty to a bolder demonstration. Indeed, he entered heartily into the enthusiasm of the company, and seemed to enjoy the scene as much as any of us, though he had witnessed it a thousand times. Several black masses beneath our feet, he told us, had fallen there during the preceding night; but there was no danger now, for the wind was blowing in the other direction. He showed us two large stones, one of which, in falling, some time ago, had killed an American officer, and the other had broken the skull of an Englishman. He said he had attended Humboldt in twenty-seven visits to the mountain, during three months which the philosopher spent at Naples for this purpose. While we were there, an English party came up, under the guidance of the old man’s son, some of whom ventured too near the brink to suit his ideas of prudence, and one of them, in spite of his admonitions, exposed himself to great danger, whereupon Cozzolino exclaimed—‘Oh, he is an Englishman: he is a fool!’

Very near this crater is another, of about the same diameter, but not quite so deep, with a smaller cone near its western wall, whose action was similar to that of the

former, though less violent. One side of this crater is sloping; and we descended, ankle-deep in hot ashes. The bottom is a level space, about two hundred feet across, and looks like a mass of melted pitch, the surface of which has hardened in ridges, contracting as it cooled, producing many cracks and chasms. The sulphurous vapour that came up through these openings was almost suffocating; and though we remained there not more than two or three minutes, and kept stepping continually, our boots were burned, and our feet well-nigh blistered with the heat. In the fissures, as we crossed them, we could see the red mass boiling beneath us; and here and there it was slowly oozing up, and flowing over the surface. The bottom of Mrs. C.'s dress took fire, and she beat a hasty retreat. As she stepped from the edge of the black crust, it broke beneath her tread, and the red lava came gushing up from the crack, and the fragment went slowly under, like the scum in a boiling pot. This black crust, indeed, is but the surface of a lake of fire, partially cooled upon the top by the action of the atmosphere. When we ascended, we found a collation awaiting us, consisting of bread and wine, with oranges, and some eggs, which an old man had cooked in a crevice, whence hot vapour issued. But poor Mr. Dey sank fainting from the effect of the sulphurous fumes he had inhaled, and it was a long time before he fully recovered. He had 'taken too much of the *crater* !'

Viewed from Naples, Vesuvius appears to have two summits, with a deep valley between them; the southern or right hand one being the volcano, and the other called Monte Somma. From the top, however, the latter seems to be the segment of a circle, extending nearly half-way round the former, and perpendicular on the inner side. It is supposed to have formerly encircled the present eruptive cone, and formed the wall of the original crater, which rose to a much greater height; but the top of it, with all the southern and western sides, was blown away in the terrible eruption of 79, which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii. This supposition is abundantly confirmed by the history of that eruption, as well as by geological investigations and the ancient descriptions of Vesuvius. The old geographers, before the reign of Titus,

speak of it as much larger and higher than it is now, and covered with a luxuriant vegetation to the very rim of the rocky hollow upon its summit. There were traditions of its having vomited fire and smoke; but the first recorded eruption was that just mentioned, in which the elder Pliny perished, and of which his nephew—the younger Pliny—was the historian. The latter tells us that the column of smoke which heralded that grand disaster was similar in form to a pine-tree. This will hardly be understood by one who has never seen the stone-pine of Italy, of which I believe we have no specimen in America. The tree shoots up to a great height without limbs, and then spreads out into a broad top, something like an umbrella. Such was the appearance of this tremendous cloud, ascending to an immense altitude, and then spreading over the heavens. Afterwards it settled down over land and sea, producing darkness deeper than the blackest night; and ever and anon broad vivid flashes of lightning broke through the gloom, with reports which made heaven and earth to quake. The steam which ascended from the crater fell in torrents of hot water, bringing with it the light ashes which filled the air, and sweeping down the loose cinders from the side of the mountain, burying Herculaneum in a deluge of mud, which penetrated all its houses, and afterwards hardened into stone. Meantime the glowing ashes piled themselves over the loftiest palaces and temples of Pompeii, producing a destruction not less effectual than the former. An immense column of flame shot up from the mountain, and fire and noxious vapour burst forth from the plain. The elder Pliny, who was creeping along the coast in a galley to rescue his friend at Stabie from the danger, saw huge masses, rent from the summit, roll down into the sea; while a tempest of fire and ashes, flint and pumice-stone, beat incessantly into the ship. The smoke extended over a vast area, the scoria fell in very remote localities, and the greater part of the mountain was torn away. But this tremendous discharge exhausted the volcano, and it remained quiescent a hundred and twenty-four years. After this, eruptions succeeded one another at long intervals, the greatest being two hundred and sixty-nine years; during which the mountain became covered

with trees, and the thick copse-wood within the crater was a covert for wild boars. In the seventeenth century, however, there were six distinct eruptions; in the eighteenth, no less than thirty; and the nineteenth promises a still greater number, for seventeen have occurred already. There are fifty-four of these destructive phenomena on record, besides many smaller ones, which did little or no damage.

The form and appearance of the mountain are constantly changing, and often an eruption alters the entire aspect of the great central cone. During the last twenty-five years, its altitude has varied about seven hundred feet. It is now about four thousand feet high; and, according to Humboldt, is constantly growing higher, being lifted up by the tremendous force within; and this process may still go on, till another grand explosion shall rend it asunder, and demolish the mountain as before. An American gentleman, long resident in Rome, informed the writer that when he visited Vesuvius, soon after the eruption of 1850, there was but a single crater, and that apparently bottomless; that by means of a rope fastened around his waist, he descended to a great depth, and then could see nothing but an immense black orifice beneath him. But when we were there, there were two active craters, divided by a narrow ridge, both nearly full; and the fiery mass was heaving and boiling with a heavy sound below, and the two black cones, with frequent terrific explosions, were gradually piling up the material for the magnificent eruption which has since occurred. What would I not have given for such a spectacle! Old *Cozzolino* warned us of its approach, and prophecies of the event were rife among the Neapolitans, who seemed anxious to get up an eruption, probably less for our benefit than their own; but our time was short, and our purse was shorter, and the old fire-king was too tardy in his grand pyrotechnical display. From the top of the mountain we could trace a dozen distinct streams of lava down its sides, into the plain below, eight or ten miles from their source; the more recent looking like rivers of pitch, streaked here and there with sulphur. We passed solid masses of this latter substance, some of them very large; and walked over extensive beds of it, as pure

and beautiful as any I ever saw in the shop of an apothecary.

The glory of Vesuvius is terrible. Even in the comparatively tranquil mood in which we beheld him, 'the hiding of his power' impresses the mind with astonishment and awe. What a sight, when he is licking the sky with tongues of flame, and flooding his broad flanks with fire! There lies Herculaneum, buried beneath six successive deluges of lava, to the depth of eighty or a hundred feet. There lies Pompeii, just emerging from her volcanic grave, preserved by the very agent of her destruction. This mighty ruin, so sudden and entire, more than anything else, aids us to a proximate idea of the tremendous forces at work in the interior of the mountain, and the fiery depths below. The eruption which happened in 472, described by *Procopius*, is said to have 'covered Europe with ashes, which fell even at Constantinople and Tripoli.' That of 1500 left an opening five miles in circuit, and a thousand paces deep. In that of 1631, the column of vapour extended more than a hundred miles, and many persons were killed by its incessant discharges of electricity; while seven distinct torrents of fire flowed from the crater, destroying four towns and eighteen thousand people. When it was over, the mountain was only half its present height, with a crater whose sloping sides might safely be descended; but the next eruption, in 1660, completely cleaned out the vast cavity, and left the interior inaccessible from the steepness of its walls. In 1695 the mountain poured out a fiery stream, five miles long, three hundred feet broad, and more than a hundred feet deep; and when examined six years afterwards, the inside of this mass was found to be in a glowing heat. In 1707 it sent forth a shower of ashes, which produced total darkness in Naples, accompanied with the most appalling thunder and lightning. In 1730 it hurled red-hot stones to the height of fifteen hundred feet above the orifice whence they issued. In 1737 the ashes and pumice-stone fell four feet deep at Ottaiano, eight miles distant; and trees were broken and houses crushed by the weight. In 1760 fifteen small craters threw out immense quantities of ashes, and two of them discharged torrents of fire. In 1767 the decks of

vessels sixty miles distant were covered with the falling ashes, and a river of lava seventy feet deep ran six miles down the mountain, which was hot enough to set a stick on fire thrust into it a year afterwards. In 1779 there was an explosion which shook the whole country, and a stupendous column of fire suddenly rose to three times the height of Vesuvius itself, and vast stones were hurled two thousand feet towards heaven, many of which burst like rockets in the air, and some of the fragments which fell weighed over a hundred pounds, and the roof of every house in Ottaiano was demolished by the fiery hail, and the black cloud of smoke and ashes travelled a hundred miles in less than two hours, and so fierce and frequent were the lightnings that darted from it that the Neapolitans were in the utmost consternation, fearing the destruction of the city. In 1794 there was a still more tremendous explosion, and the surface of the ground along the coast was seen to undulate from east to west like the sea in a storm, and a fissure opened down the south-west side of the mountain three thousand feet long, and fifteen distinct streams of lava poured forth, which united as they descended, passed through the town of Torre del Greco, and ran nearly four hundred feet into the sea, and two days afterwards the water was in a boiling state at the distance of a hundred yards, and no vessel could approach without melting the pitch from its bottom. In 1822 ashes and stones were thrown out, which fell for four days in one continual shower; and the column of vapour, which rose ten thousand feet above the mountain, descended in deluges of scalding rain upon the surrounding villages; and the eruption left a hollow place in the top, with perpendicular walls, three miles in circumference, and two thousand feet deep. In 1834 the river of lava ran nine miles, and radiated a heat which was felt at Sorrento—eighteen miles distant. In 1850 Bosco Reale was overwhelmed; and the large and beautiful illexes which shaded the village, as soon as the fiery flood enveloped them, with sudden explosions burst into columns of flame. In 1855 the current of lava descended ten miles into the plain, destroying vineyards and houses in its course; and there it lies now—jagged, and rusty, and streaked with sulphur—like a vast furrow ploughed up by confederate

thunderbolts. For an account of this eruption the reader is referred to an extract from the manuscript notes of an eye-witness, in 'Reflected Fragments,' by the Other Side of the House.

Ætna and Vesuvius are two hundred miles apart. It is a remarkable fact, that when the former is in eruption, the latter is perfectly tranquil; and, when the eruption ceases, immediately resumes its action. It is equally remarkable, that before the first great eruption of Vesuvius of which we have any account, Ischia and the Solfatara—twenty or thirty miles distant—were both active volcanoes; but since the internal fires found vent in Vesuvius, they have been constantly dormant; though the Solfatara is always steaming, and gives out an unusual volume of vapour when the old monarch slumbers. These facts indicate a subterranean connection. All southern Italy, indeed, seems to be volcanic, and the mountain range which runs through its centre is probably but the vaulted covering to a vast furnace of fire.

The view from the top of Vesuvius is inconceivably fine; including Naples, with its unrivalled bay; the bold headlands of Posilipo and Miseno; the beautiful islands of Procida, Ischia, and Capri; the broad expanse of the blue Mediterranean beyond; and the vast prospect of the Campagna, enclosed with mountains, mantled with vineyards, and dotted over with numerous towns and villages. It is all bright and beautiful now; but who knows how soon the fair scene may be buried again in ashes, and the villages that are climbing the mountain-side swept down by floods of fire?

We returned as far as the Hermitage, which is about midway up the mountain, and then took the new road, constructed upon a lofty and narrow ridge of lava, which runs directly down towards Naples, with a deep gulf on either side. The road is exceedingly fine, and winds to and fro along the summit of the elevation like a great serpent, in the most regular and beautiful manner, through terraced vineyards, and gardens, and groves of golden fruit. Resuming our carriage at Resina, we reached our hotel in Naples about half-past six in the evening, having been absent ten hours and a half—all thoroughly fatigued with the trip, but a thousand times repaid for the toil.

Some writers and tourists in Italy have spoken of Vesuvius in language of great disrespect ; and so, I am sorry to say, did one of our own company, when we were standing upon the brink of the crater. Horace Binney Wallace, an American poet, calls it 'an accursed monstrosity'—'a vision of the second death'—'a fetid cancer upon the breast of earth'—'a raw and open ulcer threatening its destruction'—'a black bosom in which sensual passion has burnt itself to exhaustion'—'the parched shore of the ever-absorbing and ever-empty sea of annihilation'—'covered with brilliant knoblike blossoms, the sulphurous flowers of hell !' Madame de Staël, in *Corinne*, says that it is 'nature committing suicide'—that the lava is 'of such a lurid tint as might represent infernal fire,' advancing with 'the united strength and cunning of a great serpent,' or of 'a tiger that steals upon his prey'—that the rocks at the source of the flood are 'covered with pitch and sulphur whose colours might suit the home of fiends, forming to the eye a dissonance like that which the ear would experience if pierced by the harsh cries of witches conjuring down the moon from heaven,' furnishing 'all the materials of the poets' portraitures of hell,' suggesting 'a power of evil that labours to thwart the designs of Providence,' and starting the inquiry 'whether goodness presides over the phenomena of the universe, or some hidden principle forces nature like her sons into ferocity.'

All this is to me as 'revoltingly beautiful,' as 'disgustingly splendid,' as to one of these authors was the aspect of Vesuvius. It is a libel upon the character of the volcano, and an unworthy reflection upon the benevolence of the Creator. To me, the variegated and blended hues of the crater were exceedingly beautiful, while its form and action were incomparably sublime. The scene thrilled me with ineffable pleasure, and gave me new and delightful thoughts of the power of God and the glory of his works. One of our party, after descending, said he felt as if he had been in the infernal regions ; for my part, I felt as if I had been somewhat nearer heaven. The smoke and fire made me think of Moses upon 'the Mount of God,' while the glorious prospect which lay spread out beneath and around reminded me of his Pisgah view of the Promised Land.

One of the writers referred to above says he cares not 'to see such a thing again in this world,' and prays that he 'may never see anything like it in the next.' For my part, I should like to see it once a week as long as I live; and daily, while we remained at Naples, the first thing I did after leaving my chamber in the morning, and the last before retiring at night, was to take a look at Vesuvius.*

* The contrast between the preferences of our traveller, and 'one of the writers referred to,' is at least striking.—ED.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BURIED CITIES.

Museo Borbonico—Works of Art—Domestic Articles—Herculaneum—The Theatre—‘New Excavation’—Pompeii—Temples—‘Street of Abundance’—Theatre—Miscellaneous Objects—Via Appia—Villa of Diomede.

TAKING the advice of the guide books, we visited the Museo Borbonico, the Royal Museum of Naples, preparatory to an excursion to the Buried Cities. Here is a large collection of curious and interesting things, found during the excavation of Herculaneum and Pompeii—illustrating more perfectly than any history could do it, the manners and customs of the ancient times. The first hall we entered contained frescoes, transferred from the disinterred walls. Some of these are indeed wonderful productions, considering the age in which they were executed, and the centuries they have lain concealed in their lava shrouds; and, even independently of these circumstances, many of them are intrinsically interesting as works of art. There are already nearly two thousand objects, and the number is constantly increasing as the excavations progress. Few of the subjects of these paintings are historical; many are natural, and more are mythological. The last seems to have been the favourite department of the Pompeian and Herculanean artists, and nearly all their larger works consist of delineations of the more sentimental scenes of mythological literature. Some of the best pieces are Hercules strangling the serpent, Telephus nursed by the hind, Theseus killing the centaur, Iphigenia borne to the altar, Ariadne abandoned at Naxos, Polyphemus receiving a repulsive letter from Galatea, Achilles delivering Briseis to the heralds of Agamemnon, Pylades and Orestes conducted in chains to the sacrifice; and then there are the love-bargain, the rope-dancers, the thirteen Danzatrici, a lady at the toilette, a blind man led by a dog, fruits and flowers, birds and fishes,

men and donkeys, temples and landscapes, battles and festivals, with other objects too numerous to mention, but too curious not to be observed.

From this we passed to the galleries of sculpture, occupying three large porticoes, six smaller apartments, a cabinet, an ante-room, and a spacious open court. Our hasty walk through this rich storehouse of beauty was, of course, insufficient for any adequate impression of its details; and selecting such objects as seemed most worthy of our attention, we were obliged to pass the rest with the briefest side-glance. Of equestrian statues, those of the Balbi—father and son—found in the Basilica of Herculaneum, are the most remarkable. The Farnese Minerva, a colossal figure in Parian marble, cost nearly forty thousand dollars, yet it does not appear at all conspicuous in the collection. The Farnese Bacchus is exquisitely graceful; and the Wounded Gladiator, and the sitting statue of Agrippina, are scarcely surpassed in their kind. The Venus Callipyge stands like a queen amid a crowd of Venuses. The busts are innumerable—busts of gods and goddesses, of poets, sages, orators, and emperors. To describe minutely one in fifty would be to write a volume, and a mere catalogue could not be very edifying to the reader.

The ancient bronzes constitute the largest and finest collection in the world, occupying some nine or ten spacious rooms, and most of them found at Herculaneum and Pompeii. A statue of Mercury in repose, from the former, has been pronounced the most perfect in existence. A sleeping faun, a dancing faun, a drunken faun, six statues of actresses, found in the theatre at Herculaneum, busts of three of the Ptolomies with diadems, of Plato, Berenice, and Scipio Africanus, are among the chief beauties of this incomparable collection. Bronze seems to have been the common metal of the ancients, answering nearly all the purposes for which we now employ iron. Here is one room occupied entirely with cooking utensils—pans, skillets, kettles, egg-boilers—all of bronze, lined with silver, and many of them filled with lava. Here is a Pompeian cooking-stove, which would afford an interesting study for a New England genius, and which any modern housewife might deem an acquisition. Another room is full of weights,

scales, and measures, candelabra, and so on, many of them of the most curious and fanciful construction. Another contains vessels and instruments of sacrifice—knives, hooks, plates, braziers, tripods, caldrons, and altars. And then there are the weapons of the warrior, strangely grouped with the tools of the citizen and the husbandman—the sword hanging with the carpenter's saw, and the spear with the vine-dresser's knife. There was the helmet of the soldier whose skeleton was found guarding the gate of Pompeii, where he had stood 1678 years—the helmet and nothing else! And there were musical instruments, surgical instruments, and the gambler's cards and dice, with the stylus and tablets of the scribe. And there were nails, and locks, and keys, and thimbles, and needles, and bodkins, and tickets for the theatre, and nice little soap dishes for the toilette, and tiny pots of whiting and rouge for the necks and cheeks of Pompeian beauty. The sixth and seventh chambers contain a heterogeneous assemblage of the most recently discovered articles—kitchen furniture, bathing vessels, the tools of all arts and occupations under the sun; most of them as ingenious in contrivance, and as convenient for use, as anything of the kind now found in France, England, Germany, or America; and some of our party were constantly exclaiming, 'The nineteenth century has nothing better than this!'

Then we came to the cabinet of gems, containing all the articles of jewelry found in the buried cities. Here is a wonderful collection of gold and precious stones, a large proportion of which was taken from the house of Diomedes at Pompeii. Here are earrings, pendants, brooches, bracelets, and necklaces, all of the costliest gems, set in the finest gold. Some of the golden bands for the wrists and ankles, I should judge, would weigh two or three pounds a pair. We saw rings still upon the fingers, just as they were found; and one large case is filled with rings recently taken from the fingers that wore them two thousand years ago. The hand of a woman, grasping a purse of money, retains its perfect shape, though charred by volcanic fire. Of *cameos*, *intaglios*, and the like there seemed to be no end. A single onyx, six inches or more in diameter, carved with the most curious devices, is said to be worth everything

else in the collection. Then there were spoons, forks, knives, plates, silver kettles, and elegantly engraved mirrors. And there were figs, olives, walnuts, lentiles, barley, rice, and wheat, and seeds of various sorts, all completely calcined. And there were corks and sponges, nets, ropes, and linen cloths, in the same condition; but showing distinctly their texture, and giving us an insight of the household economy of a former age. And there were paints, and oils, and dyes, and chalk, and soap, and putty, and white lead, still in the glass jars in which they were exposed for sale. And there were bottles of wine, not easy to drink at present, and loaves of bread stamped with the baker's name, and meats and vegetables in the pot, which the red lava finished cooking, when it roasted the cook in his kitchen. One very interesting object was a large piece of cloth, of very coarse texture, not unlike American tow-cloth, which, we were assured, was *asbestos*, found near a tomb, and used for wrapping the body when it was burned, in order to preserve the ashes.

The collection of ancient medals, numbering fifty thousand, and the *terra cotta* articles, amounting to six thousand, and the curious hall of mosaics, and the fine array of sepulchral vases, and the incomparable assemblage of antiquities from the Nile, these, 'all and sundry,' we passed unseen for want of time. Nor is it to be much regretted that we could not even look into one of the fourteen rooms of paintings, when we remember how useless is the hasty examination which the tourist usually bestows upon such productions; for it has been truly said, that 'He who has seen but one work of ancient art has seen none, and he who has seen a thousand has seen but one.'

Having examined the Museum, we were now ready for a survey of the buried cities, whence most of its treasures were taken. The sun rose, wreathed with smoke, over the cone of Vesuvius, as we rushed merrily along the curving shore towards the scene of his triumph, seventeen hundred and seventy-eight years before, over the pride and the power of man. Three quarters of an hour brought us to the royal villa at *Portici*, a handsome building, with fine gardens and shrubbery. It spans the street, and you pass through its court on your way to Vesuvius. One of its

rooms is inlaid with porcelain, representing flowers, fruits, birds, and various animals, copied chiefly from frescoes found in Herculaneum. In another department were formerly deposited the various interesting objects taken from the buried cities; but, as they increased in number, the place became, 'too strait' for them, and they were removed to the Royal Museum in Naples. The palace contains some fine paintings and statues; which, however, we did not tarry to examine, for a vast city lay beneath, and we were anxious to explore its subterranean halls.

Herculaneum was destroyed in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era, when Titus was on the imperial throne, not by a flood of fire, but by a torrent of volcanic mud, which rolled down the mountain side, filled and covered all its houses, and afterwards hardened into stone. Subsequent eruptions buried it still deeper beneath alternate strata of ashes and lava, till it lay eighty feet under the surface. Its name and catastrophe were too well recorded to be forgotten; but its site, though marked out by the ancients with tolerable precision, was a subject of debate among the learned, till an accident determined the controversy. Near the beginning of the last century, a peasant, sinking a well in his garden, found several fragments of marble. Excavations were now instituted, and a marble temple was discovered, adorned with the finest statues. Then the Neapolitan government interposed, and all further investigation was suspended for the next twenty years. At the end of this period, the ground was purchased, and a palace built upon it for the king. How much better it would have been to order extensive excavations, and lay open to public inspection the buried glories of antiquity! But such is a specimen of royal stupidity.

More recently, however, other openings have been made in the tufa; but more for the purposes of gain than of a liberal curiosity. A basilica has been discovered, two temples, and a theatre; all of which have been stripped of their numerous pillars and statues, and nothing has been left that could be turned into money. Streets have been opened, well paved, with side walks; and private houses, and sepulchral monuments, have been explored,

and rifled of their treasures. Columns of marble and alabaster, numerous bronze statues, paintings, and mosaics, many of them perfectly preserved, others fractured and damaged, have been brought up from their dark concealment; with various pieces of armour, articles of jewelry, surgical and agricultural instruments, kitchen utensils and domestic furniture. But the most curious and valuable things found in this subterranean city were the manuscripts, Greek and Latin, which had slept here for so many centuries. It was impossible to recover them uninjured, and many of them were totally ruined in the process of unrolling. Hundreds and hundreds have been obtained, but the excavations are as yet very limited and partial, and who can tell what literary treasures—what extensive libraries—lie yet entombed in these beds of tufa? Perhaps some future excavator may be fortunate enough to find here some of those great works of antiquity, the loss of which has been so long lamented—the books wanting in Tacitus, the Decades of Titus Livius, the treatise of Cicero De Gloria, or his dialogues De Republica, that grand repository of all the political wisdom of the ancients. But royalty* moves slowly, and Herculaneum must bide her time.

The entrance to the buried city is from the main street of Resina. The guide furnished each of us with a light, and then led the way down a dark staircase hewn in the solid lava. We soon came to the area of the great theatre, larger than any modern theatre of Europe. There were the semicircular seats, cut in the everlasting travertine, and rising one above another like a flight of steps. The walls, pillars, and arches which are laid bare display occasional patches of frescoes, mosaics, and inscriptions, though most of these ornaments have been removed to the Royal Museum. The orchestra is very spacious, affording ample room for more than a hundred musicians. We went ‘behind the scenes,’ and stood upon the stage where the actors strutted in mimic royalty, or fumed and fainted with counterfeit passion two thousand years ago. We entered the ‘Green Room,’ where we saw the impress

* This relates to a type of Italian royalty rapidly disappearing.
—ED.

of a comic mask in the volcanic stone ; and where, when the place was first opened, were found inscriptions relating to the erection of the theatre, and recording the names of the architects, and of the censor and judge at whose expense it was built. From this great theatre were taken the fine equestrian statues of the Balbi, mentioned in my account of the Museo Borbonico. While there we heard the thunder of the carriages upon the paved street above us, faintly representing the terrific noises which accompanied the catastrophe of the city. For a long time past there have been no new excavations in this direction, and probably it will be a long time before there will be any more ; for the depth and hardness of the tufa render it very laborious, and the property above is deemed too valuable to be endangered. It is a pity, however, that the streets and buildings formerly opened should be filled up again with the rubbish of more recent excavations ; but such is the characteristic indolence of Italian labourers, and such the Vandal indifference of those who have charge of the work.

Having explored these interesting vaults, we retraced our steps, up the dark staircase, into the light of day. The next thing to be seen was the 'New Excavation,' near the seashore, where several houses have been opened, and a villa of large extent. These, having been buried to no very great depth, are completely uncovered to the sun. There were walls, and pillars, and frescoed chambers, and mosaic pavements, in a wonderful state of preservation. There was an inn, with some of its ancient *amphoræ*—or wine-jugs—still remaining ; but the vessels were empty, and barkeeper and landlord and guest were gone. There was a chapel, with its altar still standing, as if awaiting the victim and the priest ; a prison, in whose dark cells skeletons were found sitting in the stocks ; and a well, whose marble curb is grooved by the chain of the bucket. In various places in the walls, and over the doorways and windows, the remains of the woodwork were visible, reduced to charcoal by the intense heat of the fire-torrents which rolled over them long after the original deluge of mud and ashes. There is a flower-garden within the enclosure of the villa, not quite so well kept as it was by

its ancient proprietor; and we plucked roses, and wall-flowers, and sweet-scented violets from amid the ruins.

From Herculaneum we drove to Pompeii. The distance is about seven miles, perhaps fourteen from Naples. Our road lay along the margin of the bay, at the base of Mount Vesuvius, crossing numerous beds of lava, poured out at different periods, running in vast ridges down the mountain-side, and here and there jutting far out into the sea. We passed through Torre del Greco and Torre del Annunciata—towns, each of about fifteen thousand inhabitants. They have both been several times destroyed by eruptions, evidences of which are everywhere apparent. Many of the present houses are built upon the lava which buried the old; and others, which were not entirely covered, were so surrounded by the rolling mass, that they are now entered at the second story, and the way into one of the churches is through the great window over the ancient door. It was a festa day, and the air was musical with the voice of bells; and men, women, and children thronged the streets, the neat and gaily-dressed mingling with the ragged and filthy rabble that swarm in all Italian towns; and the places of worship were so thronged, that the kneeling crowds overflowed at the portals, and down the broad steps into the public ways; *for there were relics to be shown!*

Reaching the little inn at Pompeii, we took a hasty luncheon; and then one of the government guides conducted us through the 'Sea Gate' into the silent city. It was with a feeling like that which one experiences on entering a vast cemetery by moonlight, that I first looked along the deserted streets, and the walls of palaces and temples, parched by volcanic fire—a pale ghost of the mighty past—a dead city, untimely disinterred from its ash sepulchre! Pompeii was destroyed not by a stream of lava, or a deluge of mud, but by showers of ashes and pumice-stone, the loose nature of which rendered its excavation comparatively an easy work; and many of its streets and forums, dwellings and theatres, laid entirely open to the day, sun themselves amid vineyards and flowery fields—a pleasant contrast to the darkly-buried Herculaneum.

The largest temple, and the first shown us, was that of Venus. It consists of an area paved with marble, surrounded by a portico, and having at one end a raised platform, with an altar upon it, and rooms in the rear for the priests. Near this is a spacious forum, also paved with marble, and showing the bases of several statues. At its northern end is the temple of Jupiter, raised upon a lofty basement, having a portico of Corinthian pillars, some small chambers at one extremity, and part of a staircase that led to an upper story. Then we came to the temple of Augustus, called also the Pantheon, in which was found the statue of Augustus, with the statues of Livia and her son Drusus, now in the Neapolitan Museum. It was built around an atrium or court, in the midst of which are twelve pedestals arranged in a circle, and believed to have sustained the statues of twelve divinities, and on the south side are twelve small chambers for the twelve priests.

We passed through a long street, sometimes called 'the Street of Abundance,' from a statue of that goddess which was found at one end of it; and sometimes 'the Street of the Silversmiths,' from the quantities of jewelry discovered in its houses. The buildings are nearly all of the same size and form, and painted in the same manner. They were chiefly of one story, built around an open court. The apartments, especially the sleeping-rooms, were very small. Some of the frescoes and mosaics were beautiful, and in a good state of preservation. In this street are several large fountains or reservoirs, evidently intended for public use. At one end of it was found a skeleton with a sack, containing a large number of silver coins, with some of bronze and gold.

The theatre, which was found entire, lies fairly open to the day; but its statues and other ornaments have all been removed to the metropolis. It stood on the slope of the hill facing the bay, the stage and the orchestra being at the foot, and the seats rising in semicircular ranges up the acclivity. The seats were divided and numbered, and it is calculated that five thousand people could have found accommodation there. It was well furnished with means of ingress and of egress; and as it was without a roof, there

was no want of ventilation; and the audience might enjoy a glorious view of the outspread waters before them, with Stabiæ and Surrentum beyond, and the mountain heights of the promontory, while they sat witnessing the play.

We now passed through several streets, visiting numerous shops and dwellings, some of them quite remarkable for their contents and decorations. There were stores for wine and oil, with the great earthen vessels still standing in which those things were kept. There were restaurants and baker-shops, with ovens and flour-mills exactly like those now used in Naples and Rome. There was the custom-house, where weights and measures were found, and a great pair of scales. There was a basilica, with a raised tribune for the judges, and dungeons beneath for criminals. There were the barracks, with the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, as fresh as if it had been done but yesterday. There were the public baths, with all the appurtenances of such an institution complete, and separate apartments for hot water and cold. Men evidently shaved in those days, for there was the barber-shop, though its occupant appeared to have stepped out for a moment or two. Two houses, standing side by side, were remarkable for their beautiful fountains, with large semicircular niches fronting the atriums, and elaborately ornamented with mosaics, shell-work, bas-reliefs, and statuary. In many of these places, when they were opened, skeletons were discovered, with coins of various metals, and quantities of gems and gold.

The Via Appia runs through the centre of the city. It is rather narrow, but has side walks three feet wide, and elevated about twenty inches above the central pavement. The stones are worn into deep ruts by the wheels, about four feet apart; showing that the carriages of the Pompeians were much narrower than ours, and that they generally kept the same line. We passed through this street, leaving the city at the 'Porta Herculanea.' Here was found the skeleton of a soldier who was on guard when the fiery tempest came down, and here he had stood at his post nearly two thousand years. Some distance without the gate, on the Street of Tombs, is the

superb villa of Diomedé—the largest and finest establishment hitherto discovered, and which has furnished more than any other of the curiosities and works of art now in the museum at Naples. Close by the garden gate were found the skeletons of the master and an attendant—the one grasping a key, the other a purse of gold. In the vaulted basement, whither the household seem chiefly to have fled for shelter, seventeen skeletons were discovered, principally of women and children; and on the side of one of the subterranean passages is still to be seen, as distinct as if painted there, the outline of the nurse's form, with an infant in her arms.

But what avail such details? The reader must see and survey these ruins for himself. He must walk these silent streets, and enter these tenantless houses, before he is prepared to appreciate any description of them from another. We spent four or five hours here, but needed as many days. As we wandered about, it seemed difficult to realize that Pompeii had been hidden under ground for so many centuries; and at every corner I almost expected to see some old Roman patrician sweep by in his toga, or hear the children chattering Latin to one another in their sports. But all around is silence—the silence not of solitude and repose, but of devastation and death—the silence of a great city without a single inhabitant, and there, hanging its white signal-vapour in the sapphire sky, stands the destroyer, looking down upon the destroyed!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SORRENTINE PROMONTORY.

Nocera—La Cava—Beautiful Scenery—The Convent—Charming Drive—Amalfi—Its History—Beggars and Begging—Wild Night-scene—Monte Sant Angelo—Courage, Maccaroni, and Cheese—Glorious Prospect—Castellamare—Plan of Sorrento—The Town and its Antiquities—Poetic Curiosity.

Know ye the land of the cypress and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gull* in their bloom ;
 Where the citron and orange are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all but the spirit of man is divine ?

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

WE had communed with the ghost of antiquity in the dark vaults of Herculaneum. We had wandered many hours through the silent streets of Pompeii, amid ruined palaces and theatres, forums and temples, baths and tombs. To this dreary and deathlike solitude, the bustle of a railway station and the rapid motion of the train afforded a refreshing contrast ; and as we rushed past villa and vineyard up the sweet valley of the Sarno, it was delightful to find ourselves once more surrounded by the realities of the living world.

A visit to Pestum, the brief time we had allotted ourselves would not allow us to enjoy ; but we determined to see all we could of Southern Italy, especially of the classical localities and incomparable scenery of the Salernian and Sorrentine coasts. It was nearly sunset when we left the little inn at Pompeii ; and before we reached the railroad terminus at Nocera, the gray evening had mantled the plain, and hung a soft veil over the mountains. It was a festa day in honour

* The rose.

of some one or other of the saints, and had been worthily kept by the agents and drivers of the various public vehicles. Powerfully wrought the spirit that was in them, and bravely did they contend for the privilege of conveying us to La Cava. The Italians always talk louder than any other people, and an extra glass amazingly augments their vocal powers. They surrounded us like a pack of hungry wolves, yelling like panthers, and fighting like tigers. The ladies were not a little frightened, and I know not what would have been the result, had not a stalwart policeman come in good time to our rescue. He stalked in among the rabble like a Hercules, smiting right and left with his ponderous mace. A peace was soon conquered, and through the imperfect Italian of Mr. Hall—the standing spokesman of our party—we were enabled to bargain for a ride to La Cava. Six *carlini*, without ‘buona mano,’ was the stipulation, thrice repeated. Away we went, as if flying from the wrath of Vesuvius. Our carriage was as crazy as the drunken driver, yet it would have tried the railroad locomotive to keep our company. Half an hour’s race, and we were at our hotel; but here occurred a scene demanding the pen of a Dickens. Mr. Hall offers *veturino* his fee—*veturino* starts back in astonishment—insists on a *piastre*, with *buona mano*—is reminded of the contract—declares it is too little—will have more or none—dashes the money upon the pavement—raves—threatens—curses the foreigners—is suddenly left to his own reflections—quietly picks up the discarded coin, mounts his box in the most exemplary manner, and manifestly *molto contento* drives away. Such is a specimen of the scenes we witnessed almost every day in Italy. An Italian is never satisfied with what he receives, though it be all he at first demanded, and twice the worth of the service rendered, so long as he deems it possible to get an additional *grano*.

We had a comfortable supper, and a refreshing sleep. When we rose in the morning, we found ourselves in a charming villa, surrounded with a luxuriant lemon grove. The scenery was altogether of a different character from any we had seen before. Behind us towered the majestic *Fenestra*, far into the turquoise firmament; while before us many an isolated cone shot up from the loveliest of valleys, clothed with forests of oak and chestnut, and crowned with grand

old ruins. These were the scenes that inspired the genius and formed the taste of Salvator Rosa.

La Cava seems to be a thriving little town, but claims no classical antiquity. It dates from the invasion of Genseric, and was formed gradually by the attraction of a rich Benedictine abbey. When the neighbouring town of Marciana was destroyed, its dispersed inhabitants took shelter in the mountains, settled around the monastery, and subsequently built La Cava. The convent is beautifully situated on a lofty sandstone cliff, and is approached by a steep winding path through a shady copse. A stream brawls below, which the *fratti* have widened into a small lake under the very walls, where fish are fattened for the frying-pan. In a deep recess of the chapel lies the body of Alpherius, the first abbot, whom the inscription on his tomb declares to have died at the 'good old age' of a hundred and twenty years. Here is one of the finest organs in Italy, containing, they say, six thousand pipes; a number which appears incredible!

But what of Nocera? The dusty evening, and the civil war that raged around us, allowed us to see but little of it; we saw, however, that it was without walls, and scattered over an extensive area—more like an American town than an Italian. It is a place of great antiquity, remarkable for its constant loyalty to Rome, and the misfortunes which have befallen it in consequence of that loyalty—first, the vengeance of Hannibal, by whom it was sacked and destroyed; afterwards, the fury of Ruggiero, king of Naples, who razed its walls to the ground, and dispersed its citizens over the campagna. It is still called Nocera dei Pagani—Nocera of the Pagans—from the circumstance of its having been once a long time in possession of the Saracens. Judging from that evening's demonstration of its character, the appellation seems quite appropriate; yet not more so, perhaps, than to most other towns of Southern Italy. Mrs. Eaton, in her work on Rome, observes, that artistic representations of God in the churches are less frequent than those of the saints, simply because he is not so much worshipped as they. If there is no idolatry now in Italy, there was none in the days of Cæsar or Porsenna.

Breakfast, settlement, and vettura for Amalfi. Our road wound down a valley scarcely surpassed in Paradise. On

one side the terraced mountain was covered with tropical fruit-groves; and on the other, the sparsely wooded slope was matted with primroses and violets, among which the nightingales sang divinely. Shortly the valley opened upon the fine bay of Salerno, and Vietri at our feet overhung the purple waves. Here the road turns westward, over a deep gulf, towards the Promontory of Minerva and the Isles of the fabled Syrens. The mountains before us rose abruptly from the edge of the water; here jutting out in a bold precipice, and there retiring in a wild ravine. Our road, than which there is no better in Italy, was cut through the solid rock, and followed the irregularities of the shore; now running along the verge of the cliff, and then crossing a deep chasm upon a series of lofty arches. Towns and villages looked down from dizzy heights upon us as we passed, or hung upon the precipices beneath us, as if meditating a plunge into the sea. Wherever a terrace was possible, the rocky steeps were green with olives, or golden with lemons. The sky was clear as sapphire, the sea was blue as lapis lazuli, and at every turn in the road some new beauty broke upon our sight, thrilling our hearts with a strange, unwonted joy. Never, till all earthly impressions perish, can the memory of that morning be effaced from my soul.

But here is Amalfi, with its little patch of snowy beach, its boats drawn up upon the sand, and its brawny fishermen spreading their nets in the sun. The town lies at the mouth of a deep gorge in the mountains, through which a torrent rushes into the sea. The Hotel of the Capuchins, at whose base beats the Mediterranean surf, is to be our temporary 'Alabama.' The scenery of Amalfi is famous throughout the world. I will attempt no description. There is nothing equal to it but the macaroni which we ate for dinner. The article is produced here in great abundance; and after visiting several of the large manufactories, we sat down to feast upon it with a new relish. The crypt of the cathedral is said to contain the body of Saint Andrew, brought hither from Constantinople in the thirteenth century. It is a grand old edifice, and has one of the most beautiful campaniles I have met with in Italy. The convent of the Capuccini retains its cloisters as perfect as they were six hundred years ago. There is a grotto hard by—

a stupendous vaulted chamber in the mountain-side—from the mouth of which the traveller gets one of the finest seaward prospects in the whole country.

The origin of Amalfi is assigned to the fourth century. The legend is, that it was founded by some Roman patricians wrecked upon the coast. It afterwards became a great city, the capital of a flourishing republic, the first naval power of Europe, the Athens of the middle ages. Here, if tradition is to be relied upon, was born the inventor of the mariners' compass. Here was preserved the first known manuscript of the Pandects of Justinian. Here originated the famous order of the Hospitallers of Saint John, afterwards denominated the Knights of Malta. In the tenth century Amalfi had fifty thousand inhabitants, and its dependent territory a hundred thousand. In the twelfth century it was taken by King Roger, and sacked by the Pisans, who carried off, and retained three hundred years, the Pandects of Justinian. From this disaster Amalfi never recovered. The barbarians overwhelmed it with double destruction, and successive volcanic convulsions sank its very ruins beneath the sea. A solitary tower now stands upon a lofty rock, almost the only representative of its ancient grandeur. All else that the traveller sees is comparatively modern.

As we walked about the place, we were followed by crowds of beggars; and when we returned to our hotel, a large number of them collected upon the beach beneath the balcony, to whom we threw a few *grani*, saying: 'Be ye warmed, be ye filled!' I have nowhere else seen so many of this wretched trade, as in some of those beautiful localities of Southern Italy. The streets were thronged with them; they pursued us into the churches, followed us over the mountains, and ran for miles by the side of our carriage, with ceaseless importunity and impassioned gesticulation, pleading for *qualche cosa*. I never felt so forcibly the utter inadequacy of a passing aid. Alas! the very flagrancy of the case—the undisguised fact that one-third of the population are starving mendicants—renders habitual lookers-on indifferent to their needs. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. The public is an abstraction, and does not recognize the evil though it is gnawing at the roots of society. The mischief is aggravated to hopeless-

ness by the universal propensity for begging. The servants beg at the hotels; the postilions beg upon the highways; the woman spinning at the door rises to beg as you approach; the peasant labouring in the field drops his hoe, and runs to beg, as you pass; even the infant in its mother's arms, before it can utter its mother's name, learns to stretch out its little hand, and twist up its face into a petition, whenever it sees a foreigner. The genial warmth of the climate, and the comparative cheapness of food, more, perhaps, than the perpetual influx of tourists, tend to encourage this ruinous proclivity, whose fruit is emaciation, and indolence, and disease, and rags. The King of Naples sees and knows it all; but are not the people his? and has he not a right to drain their money into his lotteries? and does he not need the revenue to pay the soldiers that are hired to keep them in order?

Night fell over the waters. The sirocco, which had been blowing gently during the day, rose to the majesty of a tempest. Amid the gusty winds, the rain fell pattering against the window, and the surf beat heavily upon the shore. Through the roar of the storm we heard the faint accents of a single voice, apparently calling for help. Soon there were torches gleaming along the strand, and other voices rose upon the wind. Then a bonfire was kindled, in the broad glare of which we saw a motley crowd of both sexes; while out upon the dark waters was discerned the dim outline of a fishing-boat, with several men in it, toiling to effect a landing. Two or three heroic fellows, stark naked, with ropes fastened around their waists, were endeavouring to force their way through the boiling surf. Several unsuccessful attempts were made, apparently with great danger, and amidst a mighty clamour of voices. At last the object was gained, a rope was carried to the boat, all hands on shore laid hold upon it, and with shouts of triumph drew their comrades far up upon the sand. It was a wild scene, and a worthy close to a day spent amid the most beautiful scenery in the world.

One of the most prominent and picturesque objects included in a southward view from Naples is the Isle of Capri, lying about four miles from the point of the Sorrentine Promontory. To visit its far-famed Blue Grotto, and

see what remains of the baths and aqueducts of Augustus, and the Twelve Palaces of the Twelve Superior Divinities built by 'that deified beast Tiberius,' constituted one of the chief pleasures we had promised ourselves in a southern excursion. But after waiting twenty-four hours at Amalfi for permission of the winds and waves, the sirocco still blew, and the troubled sea could not rest. Thwarted in one plan, we were not long in projecting another. With an agreeable accession of three Englishmen to our party, and half a dozen Italians for an escort, making about fifteen in all, we set forth on donkey-back, across Monte Sant' Angelo, to the northern side of the promontory. The distance may be twenty miles; the mountain is the loftiest on the Bay of Naples; and the scenery along our path, of the most varied and romantic character.

For two full hours we climbed the rugged steep, chiefly by steps cut in the solid limestone; often winding along the brink of the precipice, with a frightful gulf a thousand feet below; and occasionally obliged to dismount, and clamber up the rocks upon our hands and knees. At length we reached the first table-land, occupied by a picturesque village, three thousand feet above the beach of Amalfi. Here our cunning escort desired to rest thirty minutes, and refresh themselves at an osteria, doubtless at our expense; but the Monte Sant' Angelo still towered before us two thousand feet above the village, and we promptly negatived the proposal. Yet we could not help pausing a few moments to admire the glorious view behind us. There rolled the white surf three thousand feet beneath; and green vineyards and yellow orchards, interspersed with modern towns and ancient ruins, hung like a jewelled wreath along the terraced rocks. And there sat Salerno, like a little Naples, nestling in the curve of a charming bay, with its mountain-amphitheatre in the background; while in the dim distance beyond were faintly seen the temples of Pestum, and the mountains towards Calabria, and the fair Lucanian coast. And there stood the myrtle-crowned Promontorium Minervæ; where, according to Seneca and Strabo, Ulysses erected a temple to the goddess; where, in the sixteenth century, Charles the Fifth built a martello tower to warn the inhabitants of

approaching danger; and where the last King of Naples reared a lighthouse, which still gleams nightly over the waters. And there rose the three rocky islands, now called the Galli, inhabited only by seafowl, and beaten by the eternal surf; where, as classic fable tells us, the Syrens lured their victims to destruction by the very sweetness of their songs; where, as authentic history assures us, wandered the banished tyrant of Amalfi—Doge Mansone the third—after his brother had deprived him of his eyes; and where, during the middle ages, many a criminal felt the republican vengeance, and expiated his offences by a dreary exile and a lingering death.

We resume our course, and for two hours more toil up the mountain. It was not a little amusing to hear one of our English friends cheering on his jaded donkey, with the small stock of Italian which he had acquired, and manufactured into a couplet for the occasion:

‘Corragio—Corragio!
Maccheroni e fromagio!’

Some of the company seemed quite exhausted before we reached the summit; but once there, what a prospect rewarded the toil! The bay lay spread out before us, bathed in as pure a light as ever fell from heaven; and its semi-circular coast, for fifty miles a string of towns and villages, interspersed with groves and gardens, seemed a colossal necklace of alternate emeralds and pearls, with Capri and Ischia for its golden clasps at the two extremities, and Naples and Vesuvius (the one a huge diamond, and the other a monster amethyst) for its central ornaments. Beyond this stretched the vast Campagna, with its boundary wall of Apennines—

‘The masonry of God!’

As we descended the mountain, pausing and gazing again and again upon the goodly prospect, my soul, with unspeakable satisfaction, drank in full draughts of beauty. We passed two or three villages, picturesquely situated on the flanks of Sant’ Angelo, with churches perched upon the most inaccessible heights, and old castles and towers crumbling on the cliffs. It was amid these lofty solitudes that

Salvator Rosa dwelt a long time with the brigands, enjoying their protection while he pursued his art. At the foot of the mountain we entered Gragnano—the city of macaroni. There are no less than seventy-five large manufactories of this Italian indispensable in the town. Everywhere the yellow fringe hung on poles and lines along the streets. We breathed macaroni; and the very houses, as we looked into them, seemed built of that material.

Two miles farther we came to Castellamare. Stabiae, which once flourished here, was destroyed by Sylla. In Pliny's time the place was occupied by the villas of several Roman patricians, attracted hither by the fame of its mineral waters, and by its salubrious climate. Pomponianus was sojourning or residing here when the first great eruption of Vesuvius occurred, in the year 79. The elder Pliny, then in charge of the Roman fleet lying at Misenum, came in a galley to aid his friend's escape. Such, however, was the darkness, and such the agitation of the water, that they dared not put to sea. With pillows upon their heads, to protect them from the falling stones, they retired along the shore. Fire and vapour frequently burst up from the ground around them; and Pliny, as his nephew supposes, was suffocated by one of these eruptions. The ruins of ancient Stabiae are still seen, though many of its remains are sunk under the sea. Castellamare was sacked in the fifteenth century by Pius the Second, and again in the seventeenth by the Duc de Guise. It is now a flourishing town, and a popular summer resort of the Neapolitans, and of invalid forestieri; who come hither for its incomparable climate, and its twelve medicinal springs.

At this place we discharged our donkeys and escort; and after the usual quarrel about *buona mano*, engaged a vettura for a piastre to take us to Sorrento. The distance is nine miles; and the road, which is an exceedingly fine one, runs along the brink of the precipice, several hundred feet above the sea; crossing the ravines on tiers of lofty arches, and winding in and out with the indentations and projections of the shore. Passing several small villages, we reached an elevated terrace, on the point of a small promontory, overlooking the Piano di Sorrento. It is a broad table-land,

bounded on one side by the Bay of Naples, and on the three others by precipitous mountains, separated from it by a deep and narrow ravine. It is evident from the form of the surrounding hills, and from the nature of the soil, that its entire area is the bed of an ancient crater. I have never seen anything comparable to it in fertility. Orange and lemon trees, loaded with golden fruit, overhang the road; the fig-tree stretches out its crooked arms at the height of fifty or sixty feet; the gray olive soars upwards like a cypress, overshadowing the tallest dwellings; while the grape-vine, interlacing the lofty branches, or hanging in festoons from tree to tree, runs riot over all. We drove into the town, and found a pleasant home at the Villa Nardi, embosomed in a dense grove of lemon, and orange, and pomegranate, on the very brink of the bay, whose waters chafe the base of the precipice three hundred feet below the walls.

As soon as we could the next morning, we went forth on an exploring expedition among the antiquities of Surrentum. The ancient aqueduct, repaired by Antoninus Pius, still supplies the people with water from the mountains, and is remarkable for the musical echo of its vaults. With this exception, there are very few remains of the former city—a few arches, and grottoes, and massive substructions, which they call the Temple of Neptune, the Temple of Ceres, the Temple of the Syrens, the Caves of Ulysses, the villa of Pollius Felix, the shattered walls of some nameless baths, and the mouldering corridors of a supposed amphitheatre. This was the native city of Torquato Tasso, and the house in which he was born is still standing, and occupied as an albergo. In a small piazza near the middle of the town, we met with a curious relic of Egyptian art—a headless kneeling statue of black marble, dating from the reign of Sethos, the father of Ramses the Second, more than fifteen centuries before the birth of Christ. Capo di Sorrento—a small promontory just west of the city—is covered with Roman remains; foundation walls of large stone, and reticulated brick-work; ruined chambers, with relics of faded frescoes and broken mosaics;—extending over a large area, and visible beneath the transparent waves. In our walk we met men and women carrying

large baskets of lemons and oranges upon their heads, and saw great heaps of the golden fruit in storehouses, awaiting exportation. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the inhabitants much like those of La Cava and Amalfi; yet Sorrento seems to be almost as much frequented now, as when the Roman patricians had their villas here, and Antoninus and Augustus came to inhale new health from its balmy climate.

One of the greatest curiosities we saw at Sorrento was a piece of poetry, engraved on a slab of marble inserted in the outer wall of a church. The lines began and ended alternately with the words *croce* and *cuore*. The following is, as nearly as possible, with the preservation of the measure and peculiar form of the original, a literal translation :

Cross, most adored ! to thee I give my heart :
Heart I have not, except to love the cross.
Cross, thou hast won my wayward, alien heart :
Heart, thou hast owned the triumph of the cross.
Cross, tree of life ! to thee I nail my heart :
Heart cannot live, that lives not on the cross.
Cross, be thy blood the cleansing of my heart :
Heart, be thy blood an offering to the cross.
Cross, thou shalt have the homage of my heart :
Heart, thou shalt be the temple of the cross.
Cross, blest is he who yields to thee his heart :
Heart, rest secure, who cleavest to the cross.
Cross, key of heaven, open every heart :
Heart, every heart, receive the holy cross.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CLASSICAL EXCURSION.

Punta di Posilipo—Bagnoli—Nisida—Pozzuoli—Monte Nuovo—Lago d'Averno—View from the Cliff—Cumæ—Baia—Promontorium Misenum—The Solfatara—Lago d'Agnano—Grotta del Cane—Fuorigrotta—Frightful Assault—Caserta—Capua—Adieu to Naples.

THE road from Naples, around the *Punta di Posilipo*, to Bagnoli, and thence along the coast to *Pozzuoli* and the classical localities of *Baia* and the Misenian Promontory, is full of interest to one who has an eye for the beautiful, or any reverence for antiquity. Who will not pause a moment as he passes the little church of *Santa Maria*, when he learns that it occupies the probable site of the ancient *Pharos*? The shore beyond is everywhere lined with ruins of Roman villas, of tombs and temples, baths and theatres. The tufa hills are pierced with tunnels and canals, which date from the days of the Emperors. The headlands and islands are covered with massive fragments of reticulated masonry. You ride over broken marbles, and prostrate columns look up to you from beneath the translucent waters. Parts of this coast seem to have sunk, submerging the relics of imperial grandeur in the sea; while other portions, especially those farther westward, have been elevated fifteen or twenty feet above their ancient level; an effect nowise to be wondered at, when we recollect the frequent volcanic convulsions of this whole district in the twelfth and sixteenth centuries.

Here is a miserable hamlet, called *Bagnoli*, the first we reach upon this classic coast. It consists of only three or four houses, with two warm mineral springs. This was the birthplace of *Sebastiano Bartolo*, the reputed inventor of the thermometer. The grand villa of *Vedius Pollio* was situated here; and you may still see the artificial ponds, built of brick, and faced with *pozzolana*, where, according

to Dion and Seneca, he fed his immense eels with human flesh. During a feast which he gave to Augustus, a slave accidentally broke a valuable glass, for which his master ordered him to be thrown to his fishes; but the emperor arrested the inhuman mandate, and directed all the glass vessels of the villa to be cast into the ponds instead of the slave.

That bluff island, standing like a tower in the sea, now called *Nisita*, is the ancient *Nisida*. Thither Brutus fled after the assassination of Cæsar. There he parted with his faithful Porcia, when he sailed for Greece. There Cicero conferred with Pompey, and wrote several of his letters to Atticus. There Lucullus had a princely villa, the ruins of which form the foundations of a lazzeretto and a prison.

Our next point, and the only town on the Bay of *Baia*, is *Pozzuoli*, the ancient *Puteoli*, where Paul tarried a week on his way to Rome. The modern inhabitants, however, seem to think much more of *San Genaro* than of Paul. He is their patron god. It is a most filthy and miserable place; and the people look as if they might all be bought for a piastre apiece; and at half that price the purchaser would probably make a bad bargain. It was anciently, however, a town of considerable commerce, a favourite resort of the Roman patricians and emperors; and Cicero, in one of his orations, describes it as 'a little Rome.' This was the scene of the last debaucheries and miserable death of Sylla. There is little now to be seen of its architectural glory. What Alaric and Genseric left, was shaken to pieces by earthquakes, and the very fragments submerged in the encroaching sea. When partially restored, it was again spoiled by the Saracens and the Turks, and overwhelmed with volcanic scoria. There are two statues here, as old as the time of the Cæsars; albeit, one of them has lost his ancient head, and wears a modern substitute. Here also are the broken columns of the beautiful temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, which was one of the very finest in Italy, and perhaps more richly adorned with marbles and mosaics than any other of its age. And here are the massive Temple of Neptune, and the Temple of the Nymphs, both submarine at present; a temple to Juno, another to Diana, another to Antinous, all doubly

ruined ; one to Augustus, partially preserved, extensively repaired, and transformed into a cathedral ; a noble amphitheatre, with baths, reservoirs, aqueducts, mouldering tombs, and many nameless ruins, which the antiquary labours in vain to identify. A little beyond the town, beaten by the everlasting surf, are the remains of Cicero's Puteolan Villa, which he dignified with the name of *Academia*, and esteemed so highly for its delightful promenade along the shore—the place of Hadrian's burial, whence he was subsequently removed to his grand mausoleum at Rome, the present *Castel Sant' Angelo*.

Immediately on the coast, a mile and a half west of *Pozzuoli*, is *Monte Nuovo*, thrown up by volcanic force in 1538. The eruption was preceded by violent convulsions, which upheaved the whole coast, and drove the sea 'two hundred paces' within its ancient boundary. These were succeeded by a dense volume of smoke and steam. Then followed enormous jets of hot water and black mud, which fell in a destructive deluge. Next, the new crater, with tremendous explosive noises, cast up immense masses of red hot pumice, amid a cloud of fiery ashes. Some of the stones, which are described by two eye-witnesses as being 'larger than an ox,' were hurled a mile and a half high, and then fell back into the glowing orifice. The ashes covered the surrounding country, and were carried one hundred and fifty miles by the wind. Birds fell dead upon the field, suffocated by the noxious gases ; and many men and animals, in the immediate neighbourhood of the volcano, were killed by the falling pumice. The eruption lasted only three days, but during its continuance it formed a mountain nearly two miles in circumference, and four hundred and fifty feet in altitude. As soon as it ceased, Toledo ascended the mountain, and found a circular crater, full of liquid fire, in which the stones that had fallen were boiling up as in a great caldron of melted metal. Since that the mountain has remained quiescent, and is now overgrown with trees and brushwood. The crater is a cavity, with steep walls, a quarter of a mile in circumference, and nearly as deep as the bottom of the mountain.

A little farther west is the *Lago d'Averno*. Here is the Sibyl's Bath, still warm and comfortable, in a dismal grotto,

within a deeply wooded glen. It is here Æneas is first introduced to the prophetess, and conducted down into the realm of spirits. Reader, have you the curiosity or the courage to follow him? Passing the outer grotto, we enter a dark avenue, winding under low arches. Here a stout Italian, in stockings such as Adam wore in Eden, takes you upon his back, and bears you through the tepid water into a gloomy chamber. The smoke of the torches, however, which are necessary to make the darkness visible, is not very agreeable to weak lungs and tender eyes. I think Æneas, with all the superstition of his time, must have been something of a hero. And did the Carthaginian general descend into this dismal hole to sacrifice to Pluto? It is scarcely to be supposed that the Sibyl herself dwelt perpetually in this pitchy night. Here is an ancient passage, now closed up by a mass of fallen rock, which no doubt led to better apartments. Very likely the cunning sorceress had subterranean galleries known only to herself and a few interested persons. There appears at least to have been an underground communication with Cumæ on the north, and Lake *Lucrinus* on the south. Her palace, if such it was, on the heights above us, is now occupied as a stable; and if you go there to consult the oracle, you will probably get a response from a calf, a goat, or a donkey. Agrippa felled the surrounding forest, and cut a canal from *Avernus* to the *Lucrine*, and another thence to the Bay of *Baiæ*; by which means the waters of the lakes were reduced to the level of the sea, and a spacious harbour formed for the Roman fleet. The eruption of *Monte Nuovo* filled up this canal, and half the *Lucrine*; and where the ships of Agrippa once rode at anchor is now a dank copse of myrtles, and a marsh overgrown with reeds, and tenanted by innumerable wild ducks.

From the hill above *Avernus* a fine view is obtained of the queenly Cumæ on its 'sea-girt cliffs;' once immensely rich, and deemed impregnable; now a mass of undistinguishable ruins. The *Arco Felice* was probably the gate on this side; and a few columns, half buried in the soil, possibly belonged to the temple of Apollo. There the valiant *Xenocrita* won her immortality; and *Sempronius Tiberius Gracchus* bravely repelled the attack of

Hannibal; and *Tarquinius Superbus*, expelled from his throne, lived and died in exile. Beyond is *Lago di Licolo*, by which Nero would have connected the *Avernus* with the distant Tiber; and farther north, the Sacred Grove, celebrated for its nocturnal sacrifices, and for the treachery and subsequent massacre of the Campanians; and still farther, the *Lago di Patria*, with its solitary tower, marking the site of *Liternum*, the scene of the voluntary exile and melancholy end of *Scipio Africanus*. On the other hand, towards the south-west are the remains of Cicero's *Cumæan Villa* among the hills, where the orator received the young *Octavius*—the future Emperor Augustus—on his return from school in Macedonia. No traces are found of the villas of *Varro* and *Seneca*; but here are the ruins of that of *Servilius Vatia*, to which he retired from the perils of public life during the reign of Nero. And here is Virgil's *Acheron*, now called *Lago di Fusaro*, surrounded with antique funereal monuments, and abounding in what is better—the finest oysters in Italy. You will find a Charon ready to ferry you, soul and body, over the flood; and a pretty *casino* beyond, where you may dine on fish which you select while swimming about in their native element; and the accompaniment of macaroni and genuine Falernian, added to the bivalvular *testacea* aforesaid, will furnish you a fare by no means despicable.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the approach to Baia from the Lucrine Lake. The shore is crowded with instructive ruins; and masses of crumbling masonry, broken columns and cornices, elaborate mosaic pavements, and fragments of precious marbles, cover the hills to their summits. There towers the castle of Toledo over the beach, and here a finely paved street is visible beneath the waves. The palaces of Cæsar and Lentulus have perished; but the *Picina Mirabilis*, built to water the Roman fleet at Misenum, still remains as perfect as when it was first constructed. Here are the hot baths of Nero, where you can get an egg boiled for a *carlina*. The *Via Herculeæ* may still be traced by the eye; but the giant could not travel it now without wading in several feet of water. Among these shattered heaps, could they be identified, we

might find fragments of the villa of *Cornelia*, daughter of *Scipio Africanus*, and mother of the *Gracchi*; where, like her noble father at *Liternum*, she ended her days in voluntary exile; also of that in which *Octavia* resided after the death of *Marc Antony*, and her son *Marcellus* died; and that in which *Tiberius* was suffocated by the captain of his *Pretorians*, and *Nero* planned the murder of his mother; and that in which *Piso* listened to the conspirators against the tyrant, and afterwards avoided the imperial vengeance by suicide. The port of *Misenum*, where *Augustus*, *Anthony*, and the younger *Pompey* held their conference, is now the *Mare Morto*, and well deserves its name. *Virgil's Amplum Elysium* is a richly cultivated plain, covered with vineyards and gardens; and the road which runs through it is lined with ancient tombs. The *Monte di Procida* is a noble headland, and the *Promontorium Misenum* rises like a pyramid from the margin of the sea. On its southern side is the *Grotta Dragonara*, a long and intricate subterranean passage, containing five galleries, with a vaulted roof resting on twelve pilasters, of which the origin and the use are not yet determined by the antiquaries. It is here that *Virgil* drowns the trumpeter of *Æneas* by the agency of a triton. This whole region is now a vast solitude, presenting a perfect contrast to its appearance in the days of imperial Rome, when *Puteoli* was the *Saratoga* of the luxurious Italians, and *Baiæ* was their *Baden-Baden*. Hither in those days resorted the wealth, the pride, and the beauty of the *Eternal City*; wit, genius, eloquence, and philosophy followed; and to popularity succeeded profligacy, and infamy, and ruin!

Just behind *Pozzuoli* is the old volcano, called the *Solfatara*. The earth is everywhere full of sulphur, and jets of sulphurous vapour rise from a thousand crevices. And here is the evident bed of the ancient crater, with the opening in its south-eastern wall, whence flowed the fiery steam into the sea at the end of the twelfth century. It is a level area now, surrounded by broken hills, and overgrown with myrtle, and arbutos, and the white-bellied heather. There is a place which emits a respectable volume of smoke, with a deep murmuring sound, when *Vesuvius* is clear and quiet; but all this ceases as soon as the old fire-

king resumes his action. In a neighbouring ravine one hears a noise, as of boiling water, in the hollow caverns of the mountain; and a little farther down, a torrent, at boiling heat, is actually gushing from a chasm in the rock. The ground is hot, and resounds to the tread; and numerous *fumeroli* give out large quantities of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. Everything betokens an abyss of fire beneath.

A short distance to the east of the *Solfatara*, between it and the heights of *Posilipo*, lies the beautiful *Lago d'Agnano*, a sheet of water three miles in circumference, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, and covering the remains of a ruined villa. The lake is alive with various wild fowl, and surrounded with luxuriant vegetation; but the constant exhalation of warm vapours, impregnated with noxious gases, generates malaria, and renders it a dangerous resort.

On its banks the subterranean forces play some singular freaks. In the *Grotta del Cane* torches expire as well as dogs, and you cannot fire a pistol within a foot of the bottom. The white vapour lies like a napkin extended in the air, about fourteen inches from the ground, supported by a layer of carbonic acid gas. The deadly current flows over the threshold like a stream, and may be traced by a chemical test some distance along the surface of the earth. The hardiest terrier will not live in it more than five minutes; and a serpent, which I believe survives longer than any other animal that has been tried, not more than ten. A man standing erect is safe, for the destructive agent does not rise above his knees; but if he stoops, so as to inhale it, he is immediately stupefied; and if he dashes a handful of it up into his face, it produces a sensation like that of brisk soda water. The grotto was once used as a place of execution for criminals, who were shut up within its walls, and left to die of suffocation. A neighbouring cavern is impregnated with ammonia; in which, if an animal is immersed, it lives but a few seconds.

Half a mile north of the *Lago d'Agnano*, overlooking the Phlegrean Fields, is *Astroni*, the most spacious and most perfect of all the volcanic craters in the district. Its rim, four miles in circuit, is entirely unbroken, except in

one place, where an opening has been cut for an entrance. Its bottom is a beautiful park, full of stately ilexes, and encircled by a carriage drive. Here wild animals are kept for the sport of the royal household, and a high wall is built around to prevent their escape. In this grand amphitheatre Alfonso the First, in the fifteenth century, gave a magnificent entertainment to thirty thousand people, in honour of the marriage of his niece—Eleanor of Aragon—to the Emperor Frederick the Third.

Returning to Naples, we pass through the village of *Fuorigrotta*, so called from its situation with reference to the *Grotta di Posilipo*. Here sleeps the poet *Giacomo Leopardi*; and a simple monument in the porch of the little church of *San Vitale* indicates the place of his repose. ‘*Qualche cosa, Signori! Qualche cosa, per carità! Qualche cosa, per l’amore di Dio!*’ Verily, the whole population must be *lazzaroni*; and they are all after us, men, women, and children! Mount, mount, and ride for life! it is the only way of escape! But in the dismal *Grotta* they overtake us; and ‘*Qualche cosa, per carità,*’ with the names of ‘*Maria Santissima,*’ and ‘*San Gennaro,*’ and every other saint in the calendar, follow us into the subterranean gloom! The few *carlini* we are able to spare procure us no relief. The clamour continues, and waxes louder as we advance, till echo makes it deafening, and darkness makes it terrible. But here is the daylight again, and we escape safe to Naples.

Ancient Capua we have not yet seen. An hour or two by *strada ferrata* will take us thither. We have another day to spare, and how can it be better improved? *Caserta* lies in our way, and we shall see the most imposing of all the palaces of his Neapolitan Majesty. Well, here it is—a stupendous pile, uniting four cubes upon a square base, any one of which might serve as the abode of a king. The surrounding grounds are exceedingly fine, and afford views of most romantic beauty. Nothing could be more picturesque than the crumbling walls and bastions of the old Lombard city, whose isolated gables and gaunt arches, on their hill of emerald, admit the blue sky through the rents of ruin. Here is also an artificial waterfall, descending from a lofty ridge, over accommodating rocks, into a broad basin, full

of disporting life. This is advantageously seen from the entrance of the palace, through a portico which pierces its entire depth, several hundred feet long. Part of the old feudal forest is still standing, upon the height beyond the ancient town; and its majestic oaks, if not the very same, are at least the descendants of those which flourished there a thousand years ago. This paradise is nearly twenty miles from Naples, and has long been the favourite summer residence of the royal family.

Farewell, Caserta! Twenty minutes more bring us to the ancient city of the Vulturnum. Its modern representative has about twenty thousand inhabitants; but the *Capua* so wretchedly helped by Hannibal, numbered not less than three hundred thousand. Her ambition was her ruin, and her alliance with the foe of Rome brought down upon her the full weight of Roman vengeance. In the time of her extremity, the Carthaginian proved 'a broken reed;' and the conqueror, who knew no mercy, made her palaces a slaughterhouse. After lying a long time enslaved and half ruined, she found grace in the sight of the Cæsars, and regained something of her former magnificence; but the Goth, the Vandal, and the Lombard came, and *Capua* fell with her ancient conqueror. There are now to be traced the fragments of its walls, five or six miles in circuit; with the towers of its seven gates, through which as many roads lead out in different directions to the Campania. There is the pavement of the *Via Appia*, lying through the centre of the ruins; and the *Porta Jovis*, pointing to the site of the temple of Jupiter on *Mons Tafata*. But the most remarkable thing there is the Amphitheatre, the oldest perhaps in Italy, and the pattern after which all others were modelled. Three of its corridors are almost perfect, and the remains of two more are seen beyond them. This place, according to Cicero, was capable of accommodating a hundred thousand spectators—more than twice the entire population of Charleston.

This was our last excursion in Southern Italy. The time came when we must bid adieu to Naples. Never did I leave any other place with so much regret; we had seen so many beautiful things, and still left so many interesting localities unvisited. We had not been to *Pæstum*, to

Capri, to *Ischia*, to *Procida*; and I must depart without the hope of ever beholding them even in the dim distance again. I should like to have spent a whole week at *Pompeii*, and to have climbed the rough scoria of Vesuvius daily for a month; but time will not tarry for the traveller, and his money is fleetier than his moments. Bills are settled, baggage is on board the steamer, and a little boat is bearing us out into the open bay. An hour of sad, last, long, lingering looks; and the anchor is lifted, and we are away. Farewell, sweet *Napoli*! My sojourn has been one protracted throb of joy, and my soul has drunk in continual streams of pleasure through every sense. Farewell! never again shall I behold thy beautiful shores. Farewell, Posilipo! never again shall I enter thy ancient *Grotta*, or walk thy classic heights. And thou, dread Mountain, great Preacher of 'the wrath to come!' lift up thy voice, and publish to deceivers and deceived 'the day of the Lord that shall burn as an oven!' but never more shall these ears hear thy awful prophecy, nor these feet tread the crusted surface of thy 'lake of fire!'

Surely, no city needs less of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples. With fewer of these, indeed, it would be a most desirable residence—so charming its scenery, so balmy its atmosphere, so blue its waters, and so bright its sky! Before it spreads the sea, with bays, islands, and promontories almost worthy of Paradise; behind it rise romantic hills, clothed with fruitful vineyards, and ever-blooming gardens, and groves of living green. Every morning a gale from the Mediterranean brings health and refreshment on its wings, and tempers the fervid day to pleasure; every evening a breeze from the Campania comes laden with the perfumes of flowers and the songs of nightingales, filling the darkness with fragrance and with melody!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CRADLE AND THE THRONE OF ROME.

The Palatine and the Domus Aurea—Present Appearance—The Capitol—Its Destruction—Its Restoration—Temple of Jupiter—Its Influence and Utility—Present Buildings—Forum Romanum—Julian Forum—Augustan Forum—Forum of Nerva—Forum of Trajan—Fora Venalia—Temple of Peace—Flavian Amphitheatre.

A STORMY night on the Mediterranean, with something more than our equitable share of sea-sickness, and we are again at *Civita Vecchia* the despicable ; where we are doomed to spend twenty-four hours, in no very neat hotel, at no very moderate charges. The next morning—bills *rendu*, baggage *plombé*, passports *visé*, sundry *paoli* paid to waiters, *facchini*, *commissionaires*, and custom-house officials, besides a dollar to the ever-needy American consul, and all our *carlini* and *baiocchi* to the importunate *lazzaroni*—at precisely ‘past thirty minutes half nine,’ as our Italian host most intelligibly expressed it—we were *en route* by *vettura* for Rome ; and about eight in the evening we greeted our friend, His Holiness, again in ‘the Capital of the Christian World ;’ not *Pio Nono* the livery servant, who once upon a time, in some degree of excitement, went by diligence on an important errand to *Gaeta* ; but a very placid and amiable *Pio Nono*, who stands upon a pedestal in one corner of our little parlour, smiling benevolently upon the *forestieri*, and fearless of insurrection from the faithful. All hail, thrice reverend Rome ! however impoverished by the rapacity of thy priesthood, and degraded by the tyranny of superstition, yet consecrated by the memory of the good, the sepulchres of the great, and the struggles of the brave ! To all true souls, thou must ever be venerable and sacred ! An inexpressible solemnity reigns upon thy seven hills, and the spirits of sages, heroes, and martyrs hover over the wrecks of thy perished glory ! And now for a leisurely survey of all that is impressive in

the mouldering relics of the Rome that was ; and whatever is grand, gorgeous, or beautiful, in the Rome that flourishes upon her tomb. Let us first to the ancient nucleus, the Palatine and the Capitoline Hills, the cradle and the throne of empire.

The humbler structures reared by Romulus gave place to the palace of the Cæsars ; and the eminence which had borne a city was found too small for the residence of a single man. The buildings erected by Augustus were enlarged and beautified by Tiberius and Caligula. Then came Nero with his *Domus Aurea*, which extended over the neighbouring *Cælean* ; and covered the intervening valley. To this structure the world has never seen a parallel. Its rooms were lined with gold and mother-of-pearl, adorned with a profusion of sparkling gems. The ceiling of the dining-saloons was formed of ivory panels, so contrived as to scatter flowers and shower perfumes upon the guests. The principal banquetting-hall revolved upon itself, representing the revolutions of the firmament. The baths were supplied with salt water from the sea, and mineral water from the *Aqua Albula*. In the vestibule of the palace stood the colossal statue of the Emperor, a hundred and twenty feet high. There were three porticoes, each a mile in length, and supported by three rows of lofty pillars. The garden contained lakes and fountains, groves and vineyards, herds of cattle, enclosures of wild beasts, and clusters of buildings resembling towns. Here the luxurious fiend found himself ‘lodged almost like a man.’ But he fell, and went ‘to his own place.’ Vespasian and Titus demolished that part of the palace which extended beyond the Palatine. Domitian enlarged and decorated it, and Septimius Severus added the magnificent *Septizonium*. This consisted of seven porticoes, supported by pillars of the finest marble, and rising one above another, in the form of a pyramid, to a prodigious elevation. In consequence of its great solidity and strength, it survived the disasters of the city, and suffered less during the triumph of barbarism than most other public edifices of ancient Rome. Three stories remained entire at so late a period as the reign of Sixtus Quintus, who took its pillars to adorn the basilica of Saint Peter, and demolished the

rest of the building. Alas ! all the monuments of Roman power and splendour, so dear to the artist, the historian, and the antiquary, depend upon the will of an arbitrary sovereign ; and that will is influenced too often by interest, ambition, vanity, or superstition. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations ; depriving the past of the trophies of its genius, and the title-deeds of its fame ; the present, of the noblest objects of curiosity, and the strongest motives to exertion ; the future of the most admirable masterpieces of art, and the most perfect models for imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations, must be the desire of every man of genius, the duty of every man in authority, and the common interest of the whole civilized world.

The palace of the Cæsars is now a heap of ruins, nearly two miles in circuit, of which it is impossible even to make out the plan. Its area is covered with a rich soil, from fifteen to thirty feet deep, in which potatoes, artichokes, and cauliflowers flourish with great luxuriance. There are two villas upon the top, and a prosperous convent. I have walked around its base, and over its gardens, and through its crumbling arches and subterranean corridors, till its mournful spirit took possession of my soul, and I could have wept for the fall of the imperial glory. On the southern and western sides of the hill are immense fragments—some of huge rectangular blocks, pointing to the times of the Republic ; and others of *opus reticulatum*, indicating their imperial origin—all overgrown with weeds and briers, amidst which the wild hare makes her home, and the serpent and the lizard sun themselves without fear. Deep under ground, at the northern angle of the eminence, looking towards the forum and the capitol, is a set of vast arches, now occupied as a stable ; in passing through which I came near being torn to pieces by a furious dog, and eaten up by fleas. About a century and a half ago, an immense hall was uncovered, which had long lain concealed beneath its own ruins ; but its pillars, statues, mosaics, and precious marbles were immediately removed by the Farnese family, who owned the soil, to enrich their galleries and beautify their palaces.

The Capitoline was originally a precipitous hill, covered

with a dense grove of trees ; and from the very foundation of Rome, regarded with awe and veneration as the abode of celestial powers.

‘ Some god they knew—what god they could not tell—
Did there amid the sacred horror dwell :
The Arcadians called him Jove, and said they saw
The mighty Thunderer, with majestic awe ;
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scattered tempests o’er the teeming ground.’

This superstition doubtless led to the subsequent glorious destination of the place. Romulus consecrated it by erecting the Temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* ; and the kings, consuls, and emperors added structures of a solidity and magnificence which, says Tacitus, the wealth of succeeding ages might adorn, but could not increase. Thus it became both a fortress, frowning defiance on the foes of Rome ; and a sanctuary, crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the fatal oracles, and the seat of the tutelary deities of the Empire. Twice the buildings were destroyed by fire ; first in the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, and afterwards in the dreadful contest between the partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian. Tacitus deploras this event as ‘ the most lamentable and most disgraceful calamity that ever happened to the Roman people.’

But the Capitol rose once more from its ashes, more splendid and majestic than ever ; and received from the munificence of Vespasian, and of his son Domitian, its last and richest embellishments. On its two extremities stood the Temples of *Jupiter Feretrius* and *Jupiter Custos*, flanked by those of *Fortune* and *Fides*, and of other inferior divinities. In the centre, crowning the majestic pyramid, rose, high over all, the residence of *Jupiter Capitolinus*, the guardian of the Empire, on a hundred steps, supported by a hundred pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the world. Within the splendid fane, with Juno on his left and Minerva on his right, sat the Thunderer on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and with the other wielding the sceptre of universal dominion. The walls glittered with jewelled crowns and various weapons of war

—the offerings of emperors and conquerors—the spoils of vanquished and subjugated nations. The portals flamed with gems and gold ; and pediment, niches, and roof teemed with the costliest treasures. The building was covered with bronze, the mere gilding of which amounted to the enormous sum of fifteen millions of dollars—an item which, perhaps more readily than any other, suggests the incalculable wealth of this Throne of Empire and Religion.

Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and implore the favour of the gods, before they marched to battle. Hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph, to present the spoils and royal captives they had taken, and offer hecatombs to '*Tarpeian Jove.*' Here, in case of danger and distress, the senate assembled, and the magistrates convened, to deliberate in the presence and under the immediate influence of the tutelar gods of Rome. Here the laws were exhibited to public inspection, as if under the sanction of the divinity ; and here also they were deposited, as if intrusted to his guardian care. Manlius, as long as he could extend his arm, and fix the attention of the people upon the Capitol which he had saved, suspended his fatal sentence. Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience, when he pointed to the Capitol, and asked, with all the emphasis of despair, whether he could hope to find an asylum in that sanctuary whose pavement still streamed with the blood of his brother. Scipio Africanus, when accused by an envious faction, and obliged to appear before the people as a criminal, instead of answering the charge, turned to the Capitol, and invited the assembly to accompany him to the Temple of Jupiter, and give thanks to the gods for the defeat of the Carthaginian invader. And to the Capitol Cicero turned his hands and his eyes when he closed his first oration against Catiline with that noble address to Jupiter, presiding there over the destinies of the Empire, and dooming its enemies to destruction. Such was the solemn interest of this consecrated eminence, the awe which it inspired in the Roman mind, and the influence which it exerted over the populace, that the poets, orators, and historians of Rome are constantly referring to the Capitol as the most sacred locality in the world, and ap-

pealing to the gods who were supposed to dwell there as the guardians of their favoured city.

The hill is now occupied by three fine palaces, designed by Michael Angelo, but vastly inferior to those which adorned it in imperial times. It is ascended from the modern city on the northern side, by a long broad flight of steps, at the top of which are the ancient statues of Castor and Pollux holding their horses. Here you enter upon a spacious square, with the mansion of the Roman senator in front, two large buildings with fine porticoes on the right and left, and in the centre the noble equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which originally stood in the forum. The palace of the senator—there is but one Roman senator now, and he is nothing more than a name and a fine carriage—is a tall and unattractive edifice, with Corinthian pilasters, heavy grated windows, and a campanile as ugly as it is elevated. In this tower is an immense clock and several bells. One of the latter, which is very large, is rung only at the beginning and the end of the Carnival, and the inauguration and death of the Pope. The view from the top is the finest that can anywhere be enjoyed of the limits and ruins of the ancient city. In the basement of the building is the lately excavated *Tabularium*, where were preserved of old the archives of the Empire. The other two buildings contain an immense collection of busts, statues, bas-reliefs, sarcophagi, galleries of paintings, and numerous relics of republican and imperial Rome. Here is the only authentic statue of Julius Cæsar. Here is the most beautiful Venus in the world. Here is the she-wolf of bronze, scarred with the thunder of Jove. Here are all the emperors, orators, heroes, sages, and poets of Rome, and the chief celebrities of Greece, immortalized in marble. In short, the Capitol is consecrated no longer to the tutelary divinities of the city; but to her arts, to the remains of her grandeur, the monuments of her genius, and her high-sounding but empty titles.

At the foot of the Capitoline, on the south-east, looking towards the Coliseum, lie the august fragments of the *Forum Romanum*, where foreign monarchs trembled in their chains, and thousands hung breathless on the lips of Cicero. In the days of its glory, with its grand and gor-

geous environment of temples and statues, porticoes and palaces, it presented one of the most imposing exhibitions that ever greeted the eye of man. Nothing remains but its ruins. The naked wall of the *rostra* stands there, stripped of its marble, and silent for ever. This, with the column of Phocus in front, the arch of Septimius Severus at one end, eight Doric pillars of granite at the other, three elegant Corinthian shafts in the rear, a patch of the massive pavement of the *Via Sacra*, a few fragments of variegated marble, broken capitals and cornices, and heaps of solidly cemented brickwork, about which antiquaries quarrel in vain, is nearly all that is left to remind the stranger that here once stood the pride of the Roman people, the theatre of immortal eloquence, the centre of imperial power. To crown its ruin and complete its degradation, it is now the common rendezvous of cattle, and called the *Campo Vaccino*, or Cow-field.

Rome grew, and the crowds that flocked to the public assemblies increased, and in course of time the forum was found too small for their accommodation. But its limits could not be enlarged, for it was encircled with buildings whose demolition would have been sacrilege, and consecrated by omens and auguries, and the fame of heroic deeds. Julius Cæsar therefore, without violating its dignity or destroying its pre-eminence, took upon himself the popular charge of providing the Roman people with another, which after him, was called the *Julian*. The ground itself cost about four millions and a half of our money. It was on the eastern side of the Roman Forum, and connected with it. In its centre stood the temple of *Venus Genetrix*, and in front the bronze statue of Cæsar's favourite horse. It was here that he first offended the Roman people by receiving the senators sitting in front of the temple, when they had come to him in solemn state. There is nothing of this forum remaining that can be identified.

Adjacent to this *Augustus* erected another, lined with a magnificent portico, and enclosing the temple of *Mars Ultor*, whose stately columns, a mere fragment, constitute its sole remains. It was adorned with many bronze statues of the finest workmanship. Those on one side represented

the Latin and Roman kings from Æneas down to Tarquinius Superbus; and those on the other, the Roman heroes, all in triumphal robes. The base of each statue was inscribed with the history of the person whom it represented. In the centre stood the colossal Augustus, towering above all the rest.

The *Forum of Nerva* was so named because it was finished by that emperor, though it was begun by Domitian, his predecessor. Sometimes it was called the *Forum Transitorium*, because it formed a connection between those already described and that which was afterwards constructed by Trajan. Part of the wall which enclosed it still remains, and is one of the grandest ruins of ancient Rome; with the front of the temple of *Pallas Minerva* which it encircled, whose fine Corinthian columns stand buried to half their height in the ground.

The *Forum of Trajan* was last in date, but first in beauty. The splendour of these edifices was indeed progressive. The Julian is said to have surpassed the Roman; the Augustan is described by Pliny as the most beautiful of all structures; yet it was afterwards acknowledged inferior to that of Nerva; and the latter yielded in its turn to the matchless fabric of Trajan. This consisted of four porticoes, supported by pillars of the most beautiful marble, their roofs resting on brazen beams, and covered with brazen plates. It was paved with variegated marble, and adorned with numerous bronze statues. At one end stood a temple, at the other a triumphal arch; on one side a basilica, on the other a public library; in the centre the celebrated column, recording in *bas-relief* the history of Trajan, and crowned with his colossal statue. This column still stands entire, surrounded with many fragments of granite and marble pillars; but the Galilean fishermen, with the keys, occupies the place of the Roman emperor at its summit. When Constantius first beheld this forum, he was struck dumb with astonishment; and Ammianus Marcellinus pronounced it unsurpassed beneath the sun, and admirable even in the estimation of the gods.

These were the *fora civilia*, devoted to public matters relating to the welfare of the state. There were also *fora venalia*, which, as the name indicates, were merely places

of trade. One of these, the *Forum Boarium*, is still identified by the massive arch of *Janus Quadrifrons*, west of the *Forum Romanum*, and not far from the Tarpeian precipice.

Midway between the Great Forum and the Coliseum, at the highest point of the *Via Sacra*, stands the triumphal arch of Titus, the most beautiful of all the Roman structures of this character remaining. It was erected by the senate, in honour of the general who subdued Judea, and spoiled the Holy City. A little to the left of this, as you look towards the Coliseum, are seen three stupendous vaults, the remains of the Basilica of Constantine, built upon the ruins of the Temple of Peace. The latter was reared by Vespasian at the conclusion of the Jewish wars, and filled with the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, and the chief wonders of art collected from all the provinces of the empire; so that, according to Josephus, it constituted the most splendid museum in the world. This gorgeously-furnished edifice was consumed by fire in the reign of the Emperor Commodus; and its destruction, ascribed to the vengeance of the gods, was regarded as a melancholy omen to the empire. The popular sentiment was verified by the event; for the fall of the Temple of Peace was followed by centuries of rebellion, convulsion, and disaster.

The *Coliseum*, stripped as it is of its external decorations, and its very walls more than half demolished, still astonishes and delights the beholder. I ranged through its lofty arcades, and trod its vaulted galleries with ever-increasing wonder at the grandeur of its immense proportions. Around, beneath, above, was one vast spectacle of magnificence and devastation, of glory and decay—a mouldering mass of ruined masonry, covered with weeds and shrubs, and sweet wall-flowers blossoming amid the stones which had been stained with the blood of the martyrs. Yet this mighty structure,

‘ Which on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations,’

was erected by Vespasian and Titus out of part only of the materials, and on a small part of the area of Nero’s Golden House.

The Coliseum, owing to the solidity of its structure, survived the era of barbarism; and was so perfect in the thirteenth century, that games were celebrated in it for the amusement of the Roman public. Strange as it may appear, its destruction was the fruit of Roman taste and vanity. When the city began to arise from its ruins, and a desire for fine architecture began to revive, the wealthy citizens—princes, nobles, and cardinals—carried off its materials to build their own sumptuous palaces. It is said of Cardinal Farnese, that when erecting his most superb mansion, he requested permission of his uncle, who was Pope at the time, to procure marble from the Coliseum. After much persuasion His Holiness granted the petition, limiting the privilege to twelve hours. Hereupon the wily cardinal turned into the building a force of four hundred men, and within the allotted time, furnished himself with all that he desired. Several other palaces—as the Barbarine, and I believe also the Doria—were constructed chiefly of stone from the same quarry. Probably the immense structure would have been totally demolished had not Benedict the Fourteenth arrested the process of destruction. Out of respect for the memory of the martyrs who had suffered there, he erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and declared the place sacred. This measure, two or three centuries earlier, would have preserved the grand fabric entire; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit the ruined pile to posterity, a mere fragment of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

The last time I passed it was on a Sabbath afternoon. I had always found a soldier on guard at the principal entrance; but now there were two, who crossed their bayonets on my approach. When I urged my desire to enter, they shook their heads, and answered, '*C'est impossible, Monsieur.*' I walked around without the wall; and looking through one of the arches from the other side, discovered the reason why I had not been admitted: two French soldiers, stripped to the waist, were fighting a duel with swords.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISCELLANEOUS ANTIQUITIES.

Millearium Aureum—Via Appia—Other Roman Roads—Cloacæ.—Aqueducts—Fountains—Thermæ of Dioclesian—Thermæ of Titus—Thermæ of Caracalla—Thermæ of Agrippa, of Constantine, of Alexander Severus—Circus Maximus—Circus of Maxentius—Temple of Quirinus—Temple of the Sun—Porticoes.

IN the Roman Forum, at the west end of the Rostrum, stood the pillar called the *Millearium Aureum*, on which were inscribed the distances from the Capitol to all the great cities of Italy and of the empire. At this column the Viæ or military roads commenced, diverging in every direction as they left the city, generally running in straight lines as nearly as possible, sometimes cut through the solid rock, and sometimes carried on lofty arches over broad valleys and deep ravines. They were the most remarkable highways ever constructed by any nation in any age. In process of time they were extended to the most distant parts of the empire, and formed a means of easy communication with its remotest provinces.

The most famous of all these military roads was the *Via Appia*. This was begun by *Appius Claudius* more than three centuries before Christ. At first it terminated at *Capua*, but was subsequently continued to *Brundisium*. It was paved with solid blocks of basaltic lava, exceedingly smooth and hard. These blocks were not square, but polygonal, yet fitted together in the exactest manner. They were from two to three feet in breadth, and from one to two in thickness. The most interesting part of this road from the tomb of *Cæcilia Metella* to the Alban Hills, has been excavated during the reign of the present pope, under the direction of the eminent and indefatigable Roman archæologist, *Commendatore Canina*; who, when the work was finished, in 1853, published an interesting ac-

count of it in two volumes, with detailed topographical plans, and restorations of the principal monuments.

One fine morning in May, I procured a carriage, and we drove out eight miles on this ancient thoroughfare. Passing the *Porta Sebastiano*, we met a priest who spoke a little English, and asked him, as our vetturino seemed not to know, which was the way into the *Via Appia*. 'Oh yes,' he replied, 'it is very happy, you must not fear; it is quite safe for you.' Thus encouraged, though little enlightened, we proceeded, but soon found that we were going astray, and were obliged to take a cross-road, which brought us to the *Via Appia* near the catacombs of *San Sebastiano*. From this point, for more than seven miles, it is a continuous street of tombs; none of them entire, and most of them in utter ruin. Among the rest is one, near the fourth milestone, which Canina supposes to be that of Seneca, where he was murdered, by order of Nero, for his endeavours to reform his imperial pupil; and two near the fifth milestone, evidently more ancient than their neighbours, and somewhat Etruscan in their style, which he identifies as the sepulchres of the immortal *Horatii* and *Curiatii*. The largest of all these monuments is called *Casal Rotondo*, about seven miles and a half beyond the city wall. It is built of small fragments of lava, imbedded in a strong cement; and was originally encased in large blocks of travertine, and covered with a conical roof. Travertine and conical roof, however, long since disappeared under the hand of the spoiler; and there is now upon the top of it a farm-house, with outbuildings, and a garden of olives. It is not certain to whom this majestic mausoleum belonged, but an inscription discovered in the course of a late excavation has led to the belief that it was reared by *Marcus Aurelius Messalinus Cotta*, who was Consul in the twentieth year of our era, in honour of his father, the orator and poet, *Messala Corvinus*—the friend of Augustus and Horace, who died nine years before. If this opinion be correct, this monument was built to perpetuate the name of the dead, while he who 'abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through his gospel,' was personally upon the earth.

My remarks on the sepulchre of *Cæcilia Metella* I re-

serve for another chapter. The fragments of fine statuary and beautifully wrought marbles, which lie scattered along the way, are truly a melancholy sight. In some places the road is actually macadamized with these fragments, which have been broken up for this purpose. Much of the distance, however, the ancient pavement is nearly perfect, and here and there one sees something of the narrow sidewalk with its curbstones—the very pavement over which rolled the wheels of Augustus, and the very sidewalk trodden by the weary-footed Paul, ‘a prisoner of Jesus Christ,’ as he came to stand before his imperial pagan judge.

The *Via Aurelia* was more extensive than the *Via Appia*. Reaching the Mediterranean coast at Alsium, it ran along the shore to Genoa, and thence to *Forum Julium* in Gaul. Besides these, there were the *Via Latina*, the *Via Labicana*, the *Via Collatina*, the *Via Prenestina*, the *Via Tiburtina*, the *Via Nomentana*, the *Via Carniola*, the *Via Veientana*, the *Via Salaria*, the *Via Flaminia*, the *Via Cassia*, the *Via Claudia*, the *Via Vitellia*, the *Via Laurentina*, the *Via Ardeatina*, the *Via Portuensis*, the *Via Ostiensis*, and perhaps several more. Most of these were constructed in the same manner as the *Via Appia*, though in some instances they were paved with large rectangular blocks of hewn stone, joined so closely as to appear but one continuous rock. These great military ways are among the most remarkable memorials of the Roman power. You meet with their remains in every direction across the wild campagna; and some of them may still be traced a hundred miles from the capital. They have resisted alike the influence of time, and the march of marshalled hosts, with the roll of triumphal chariots, and the heavy engines of war; and where they have not been torn up by human hands, or shaken to pieces by earthquakes, or undermined by torrents, they are as perfect now as they were two thousand years ago.

Another of the most noticeable relics of ancient Rome—remarkable as well for its utility as its antiquity and solidity—is the *Cloaca Maxima*. This is an arched subterranean gallery, sixteen feet wide and thirty feet high, constructed in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, for the purpose of draining the city. It was built by Etruscan

hands, in the Etruscan style—that is, with large square blocks of *travertine*, nicely fitted together without cramps or cement. So solid is the structure that it remains as perfect, after the chariot-wheels of twenty-four centuries have rolled over it as it was in the day of its completion.

Communicating with this great sewer were many smaller ones of like construction, also called *Cloacæ*, carried under the city in every direction, sufficiently large for a boat or a loaded car to pass through them. To cleanse them, streams from the aqueducts were turned into them, and torrents rushed through them with a force which would soon have torn to pieces any ordinary masonry of our day, and swept the fragments into the Tiber. Since the ruin of the aqueducts, the expense of clearing them from time to time has been enormous, and on one occasion amounted to more than six hundred thousand dollars. Notwithstanding the immense superincumbent weight of modern buildings and ancient ruins, these gigantic works for the chief part still remain entire, serving to drain the present as they did the former city, and exciting often in the tourist a wonder equal to that which they produced in the Gothic conqueror.

Of all the ruins of imperial Rome, the most stupendous are the broken arches of its aqueducts. From the city wall you see them stretching away across the dreary campagna for six or seven miles; and in some places where they cross the little valleys, they are a hundred feet high. The original structures were of stone, but many of the additions and repairs are of brick. There were nine of these aqueducts on this side the Tiber, and three on the other. One of the nine conveyed the water more than sixty miles. Two of them were carried more than twenty miles over these lofty arches. The others were partly subterranean. The first was built by *Appius Claudius*, as its name indicates, three hundred and eleven years before Christ. Two others dated from the days of the republic; but the rest were all of imperial origin. They were all broken and destroyed by the barbarians in the sixth century; but three of them have been restored by the popes, and still serve to supply Rome with abundance of pure and salubrious water from the distant mountains.

The streams from these aqueducts anciently flowed into large reservoirs, elevated on towers called *Castella*, whence it was distributed over the city. These towers were massive and solid structures, and some of them were very magnificent, being faced with marble, and adorned with pillars and statuary. The number of public reservoirs, from their extent and depth called lakes, is supposed to have been over a thousand. The fountains also were exceedingly numerous and tastefully ornamented. Agrippa alone, according to Pliny, opened a hundred and thirty in one year, and beautified them with three hundred statues of brass and marble. Strabo tells us that such a quantity of water was introduced into the city, that whole rivers seemed to flow through the streets and sewers; and every house, by means of conduits and cisterns, was furnished with an unfailing supply. If the Claudian aqueduct alone afforded eight hundred thousand tons of water a day, how copious must have been this grand provision for the popular convenience! When the utility of these public works is considered, one does not wonder at their estimate by Frontonius, who preferred them to the idle bulk of the Egyptian pyramids, and to the more graceful though less profitable edifices of Greece.

Only three of these aqueducts are now in use; yet Rome is better supplied, perhaps, with good water than any other city in the world. Its streets, courts, and squares are adorned with numerous fountains; not throwing up each a mere thread of water into the air, or distilling a few drops into a dirty basin; but pouring forth magnificent jets and torrents, which never intermit nor diminish. The *Fontana di Paolina*, just under the brow of the Janiculum, is the source of three rivers, which drive a dozen flour-mills, and all the other machinery of the *Trastevere*. And there are several others—as the *Fontana di Trevi* in the centre of the city, that on the Quirinal, where Moses stands smiting the rock, the two in front of St. Peter's, and those of the *Piazza Navona*, of the *Piazza di Spagna*, of the *Piazza del Popolo*—which rival this in the grandeur of their arrangements, and the quantity of water which they yield.

With the aqueducts and fountains of imperial Rome are

naturally connected the *Thermæ*, which ranked among the most magnificent as well as the most useful of its architectural wonders. There were at least sixteen public baths, supplied with hot and cold water, and open at all hours of the day. They differed in magnitude and in splendour, but all had some features in common. Besides the conveniences for bathing, they contained spacious halls for reading, declamation, gymnastic exercises, &c. These halls were lined and paved with marble, and adorned with the most valuable works of art. They were surrounded with groves, and gardens, and promenades, and combined every species of refined and manly amusement. One who looks upon the modern Romans must conclude that they have sadly degenerated in respect of personal cleanliness since the days of Diocletian; and we may well envy the ancients, who could enjoy, every day, without trouble or expense, scenes of splendour and luxury which the proudest monarch of the present age might in vain attempt to emulate.

The *Thermæ* of *Diocletian*, situated on *Mons Quirinalis*, were the most extensive and the most magnificent in Rome. The buildings covered an area nearly a mile in circuit, and occupied forty thousand Christians in their construction. There are no ruins more grand and imposing within the walls of the city. One hall, nearly as large as St. Peter's, has been converted into a church, in the form of a Greek cross, after the designs of Michael Angelo. The vaulted roof still retains the rings by which the ancient lamps were suspended, and eight lofty columns of oriental granite still stand in their original positions, though their bases are concealed by the elevation of the floor several feet above its former level. Near this are the remains of a vast reservoir in nine compartments, and of several large saloons, with arches of immense span, now filled with hay, and tenanted by myriads of fleas.

The Baths of *Titus*, enlarged and adorned by Domitian and Trajan, stood upon the Esquiline, north of the Coliseum. They were of great extent and magnificence, though inferior to those of Diocletian. Parts of a temple, of a theatre, and of a capacious saloon, remain above ground; and many spacious vaults, and reservoirs, and corridors, below. Some of these subterranean apartments

are curiously painted, furnishing the best specimens of ancient fresco that have been preserved in Rome; and though buried for so many centuries, they still retain much of their original beauty. Giovanni and Raffaello were so pleased with them that they copied them for the loggia of the Vatican. These vaults were filled up in the seventeenth century, to prevent their being made a place of refuge by banditti; but in 1813 they were opened again, and have since remained much as we now see them. From these stately ruins was taken the famous group of the *Laocoon*, with several fine pillars of granite, porphyry, and alabaster. If completely excavated, and all their recesses explored, there is no telling what treasures of ancient art might here be brought to light. With these remains are connected the *Sette Sale*, or Seven Halls—vast vaulted rooms, intended originally, perhaps, as reservoirs to supply the baths with water. It is difficult, however, to say with confidence what here belonged to the buildings of the *Thermæ*, and what to the Villa of Mæcenas, and the Golden House of Nero, which occupied the same elevation.

Next to the Coliseum, the largest ruin in Rome, and the best preserved of all similar structures, is that of the Baths of *Caracalla*. They are entirely stripped of their pillars and statues, both within and without; but the walls are still standing, and the principal apartments may be easily distinguished. The ruin is oblong, and nearly a mile in circuit. Besides its great halls and numerous chambers, this establishment contained the temples of Esculapius and Apollo, as the *genii tutelares* of a place sacred to the care of the body and the improvement of the mind; and two others dedicated to Bacchus and Hercules, as the protecting deities of the Antonine family. There were also a gymnasium and a library, as well as spacious rooms where poets recited, rhetoricians declaimed, and philosophers lectured. All these apartments were paved and vaulted with mosaics, and decorated with paintings and statues. There were walks shaded with rows of stately trees, and bounded by a magnificent portico. This immense structure was probably entire so late as the sixth century, when the destruction of the aqueducts which supplied the baths

rendered it useless, and it fell rapidly into decay. When the granite columns of the porticoes were removed, the roof came down with a crash which shook the city, and the people thought it was an earthquake. Among these splendid ruins were found the two magnificent basaltic basins now in the Vatican, also the *Farnese Hercules*, the two gladiators, the *Atreus* and *Thyestes*, the colossal *Flora* in the Neapolitan museum, and the *Venus Calipyge*—one of the finest statues in the world. Among these glorious fragments poor Shelley used to wander,

‘companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell.’

Here, he tells us, he wrote the greater part of his ‘Prometheus Unbound;’ and in the Protestant burying-ground, just beyond the Aventine, less than a mile distant, I have seen a tombstone, with the simple inscription, ‘SHELLEY—*Cor Cordium.*’

The Baths of *Agrippa*, which he bequeathed to the Roman people, were in the rear of the Pantheon, where the remains of a grand circular hall are nearly concealed by modern dwellings. They had connected with them extensive gardens, a fine artificial lake, and a portico more than a mile in length. The two colossal horses on *Monte Cavallo*, the statues of the Nile and the Tiber at the Capitol, and a few other works of art in the *Rospigliosi* palace, are the only relics of the Baths of *Constantine*. For those of *Nero* and *Alexander Severus* one inquires in vain: *Canina* himself cannot tell where they stood, and all the Roman antiquaries have been unable to identify a single trace of their magnificence.

In the valley which divided the Palatine and the Aventine, on the very spot where the games were being celebrated when the Romans seized the Sabine women, *Tarquinius Priscus* constructed the famous *Circus Maximus*, which was enlarged and improved from time to time, till, in the reign of *Constantine*, it was capable of accommodating half the population of Rome. In this circus an astonishing number of wild beasts were exhibited: two hundred and fifty-two years before Christ, a hundred and forty-two elephants; during *Cæsar’s* third dictatorship,

four hundred lions ; but the Emperor Gordian, and forty years afterwards the Emperor Probus, converted the circus into a temporary wood, and turned into it an incredible multitude of wild animals of every kind for the amusement of the people, who were at liberty to take whatever they could catch. The popularity of the circus increased with the corruption of morals which accompanied the decline of the empire. Ammianus Marcellinus, animadverting on the avidity with which such amusements were sought, and the zest with which they were enjoyed, holds the following language : ‘ The *Circus Maximus* is their temple, their dwelling-house, the place of their public meeting, and of all their hopes. In the forum, in the streets, and the squares, multitudes assemble together and dispute, some defending one thing and some another. The oldest take the privilege of age, and cry out in the Temples and the Forum that the republic must fall, if, in the approaching games, the person whom they support does not win the prize, and first pass the goal. When the much-desired day of the equestrian games arrives, before sunrise, all rush headlong to the spot, exceeding in swiftness the chariots that are to run, and upon the success of which their wishes are so divided that many pass the night without sleep.’ Lactantius confirms this account, and adds, that the people, from their great eagerness, often quarrelled and fought. Very little remains by which to identify this renowned resort ; nothing, indeed, but a few fragments of its porticoes along the slopes of the Palatine and the Avantine ; while the place of the *Spina* is occupied by the unclassical gasworks of modern Rome ; and its two Egyptian obelisks have been transferred, the one to the *Piazza del Popolo*, and the other to the *Piazza di San Giovanni in Laterano*.

The *Circus of Maxentius*, near the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a pretty correct idea of its different parts and its general arrangements. We stumbled upon this extensive ruin quite accidentally, in one of our miscellaneous perambulations through the chaos of antiquities which environs Rome ; and an English party soon entered the enclosure, whose better information answered instead

of our guide-books, which we had left at home. A large portion of the exterior of this circus remains, and the foundations of the two obelisks which terminated the *spina* and formed the goals. Near the principal goal, on one side, behind the benches, stands the tower whereon the judges sat to observe the contests. One end supported a gallery, which contained a band of musicians, and was flanked by two towers, whence the signals for starting were given. Its length was a third of a mile, its breadth two hundred and sixty feet, the extent of the *spina* nine hundred and twenty-two feet, the distance from the *carcer*, or starting-point, to the first *meta*, or goal, five hundred and fifty feet; yet these dimensions were not near as great as those of the *Circus Maximus*. There were seven ranges of seats, which would contain, perhaps, fifty thousand spectators. As jostling was allowed, and no exertion of strength or skill was prohibited, the chariots were occasionally overturned; and as the drivers had the reins tied around their bodies, so that they could not suddenly disengage themselves, fatal accidents sometimes occurred. To remove those who were killed or injured, there was a large gate opposite the first *meta*; and this was necessary, as the ancients deemed it an evil omen to go through a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body. Over the end opposite the *carcer* was a triumphal arch, through which the victorious charioteer drove, amidst the joyful acclamations of the multitude. There were originally four sets of drivers, named from the four colours which they wore: the *Albati*, white—the *Russati*, red—the *Prasini*, green—and the *Veneti*, blue; to which Domitian added two more, the *Aurei*, yellow—and the *Purpurei*, purple. Each colour drove five rounds with fresh horses; their stables, therefore, were close to the circus.

Accompany me now, kind reader, to the Quirinal, and let us look for his temple, where he vanished amidst the tempest that constituted the chariot of his ascension. Here it stood, 'sublime with lofty columns,' on the ground now occupied by the gardens of the Jesuits. But there are no traces of it left, and its last remains were removed by Otho of Milan, when Senator of Rome, to form the steps of the Ara Cœli on the Capitol. It is commonly

supposed that Romulus was assassinated by his senators, who covered their crime by making him a god. He was worshipped under the name of *Quirinus*, and the eminence whereon his temple was reared was thence called *Mons Quirinalis*. The edifice was supported by a colonnade of seventy-six majestic pillars, and its portal was approached by a noble flight of more than a hundred steps. We may judge something of the reverence felt by the ancient Romans for the founder and tutelar divinity of their city, from the fact that Julius Cæsar ascended those steps on his knees, as pilgrims now do the *Scala Santa* at the Saint John Lateran.

On the opposite side of the Quirinal, overlooking the *Campus Martius*, stood the Temple of the Sun, erected by Aurelian, and not inferior in grandeur and decoration to that of Quirinus. The pillars which sustained its portico, if we may judge from a single fragment remaining in another part of the city, must have been nearly or quite seventy feet high; and as they, with the whole of their entablature, were of the whitest marble and the richest order, they must have presented a very splendid and imposing appearance, worthy of 'the far-beaming god of day.' But the massive colonnade has long since fallen, and nothing remains upon the ground to be identified, but two huge pieces of elaborately wrought cornice, lying in the Colonna Gardens. I measured these with my staff; and found one of them sixteen feet long, and eight feet thick; the other, twelve by ten; each a single block of white marble, though now sadly darkened by age. Some idea may be formed of the wealth and splendour of this edifice, when it is stated that Aurelian gave to it fifteen thousand pounds of gold from the spoils of the conquered Palmyra.

The Portico of Constantine, which stood near the Temple of the Sun, has totally disappeared. The porticoes of ancient Rome were numerous, and constituted one of its chief architectural beauties. They were covered walks, supported by columns, open on one side, sometimes on both, and often richly adorned with works of art. Augustus erected a portico in honour of Livia his wife, and another to Octavia his sister, both of which were very extensive and magnificent.

Agrippa built the *Porticus Septorum*, enclosing the space of a mile, where the legions were mustered and paid; and another to which he gave his own name, ornamented with numerous paintings and statues. Several lines of porticoes led to the capitol, and beautified the sides of the acclivity. Forums, temples, curias, basilicas, and theatres, were usually approached or encircled by these ornamental structures. Suetonius says that Nero lined the streets of Rome with one continued portico. One of the later emperors built a portico, with four rows of columns and one of pilasters, a mile in length; and another erected one which extended two miles along the Flaminian Way, from the gate of the city to the Milvian Bridge. The entire *Campus Martius* was at one time enclosed by a continuous portico. But the modern tourist sees nothing of any of these, except an arch or two of that of *Octavia* in the miserable fish-market of the *Ghetto*, and a couple of columns belonging to that of Pompey, of which Propertius sings so mournfully:

‘Though rich with tapestry from conquered East,
Despised is now great Pompey’s Portico;
The plane-trees tall, in ordered ranks that rise;
And the pure streams, whose gentle murmurs late
Lulled Maro’s muse to rest.’

CHAPTER XX.

THE TIBER AND THE CAMPUS MARTIUS.

The Fame of the Tiber—Its Reputation vindicated—The Campus Martius—Its ruined Structures—Mausoleum of Augustus—Mausoleum of Hadrian—Roman Architecture—Its Characteristics—Its History—Borromini and his School—Reflections.

WHAT Cicero said of Athens is now as true of Rome: 'Wherever we move, we tread upon some history.' He who delights to range in thought over the past, and converse with the great minds of other days, here finds abundant occupation, and inexhaustible sources of pleasure. Every street suggests to him the memory of some heroic deed, and at every turn the ghost of some illustrious personage rises solemnly before him. The thoughtful tourist treads lightly as he ranges over the Seven Hills; once so crowded with population, and graced with so many noble fabrics; now so scantily peopled, and covered everywhere with ruins.

What river can equal in interest this same Tiber? The Amazon and the Mississippi, which roll their mighty floods through forests of a thousand miles, are streams unknown to story and to song. The Thames, the Rhine, and the Danube have their history and their monumental ruins. The names of the Nile, the Jordan, the Tigris, and the Euphrates—consecrated by miracle, and immortalized by the fortunes of the Chosen People—can never fail to attract the pious mind by their sacred associations. But the Tiber has other and peculiar charms—for the scholar first, and also for the Christian. Its banks are the birthplace of our modern civilization and jurisprudence; and hence we have derived the fire of eloquence and the inspiration of the muses. Its name is interwoven with our schoolday memories; and its history for many centuries is the history of the world. Here the Cæsars sat and ruled the nations; hence Tully and Virgil still rule them. Here Paul, in chains, preached the gospel to the Gentiles, and wrote five

at least of his fourteen Epistles; and with him, a noble army of martyrs testified unto the death.

These shores, now so dreary and silent, once swarmed with gay and busy life; and were lined everywhere with gorgeous palaces and scenes of rural beauty. Pliny tells us that this single stream was adorned with more fine villas, and served as a prospect to more, than all the other rivers in the world. Doubtless some allowance should be made for Roman vanity; but the Tiber was certainly unrivalled for the grandeur and magnificence of its numerous patrician residences. This statement applies not only to the golden days of Augustus and Trajan, but also to the iron age of Valentinian and Honorius, after Italy had long been the seat of civil war, and more than once the theatre of barbarian fury and Gothic devastation. I have often wished that Napoleon had been permitted to execute what some have been pleased to characterize as a crazy design—that of turning the stream from its course where it flows ‘through a marble wilderness;’ for besides the golden candlestick from the Temple at Jerusalem, what invaluable treasures of art, what relics of imperial splendour, must lie concealed beneath its yellow whirlpools!

Some travellers, absurdly measuring its mass of water by its bulk of fame, and finding its appearance inferior to their preconceptions of its majesty, have spoken of the Tiber as ‘an insignificant stream,’ ‘a narrow and muddy ditch,’ ‘scarcely worthy the name of a river.’ Dr. Burton says: ‘The Tiber is a stream of which classical recollections are apt to raise too favourable anticipations: when we think of the fleets of the capital of the world sailing up it, and pouring in their treasures of tributary kingdoms, we are likely to attach to it ideas of grandeur and magnificence; but if we come to the Tiber with such expectations, our disappointment will be great.’ And great indeed was mine, for such representations had given me a very mean opinion of ‘Father Tiber;’ but I found the old gentleman making a very respectable appearance, and fully justifying his ancient fame. As Hobhouse says: ‘It is not the muddy, insignificant stream which the disappointment of overheated imaginations has described; but one of the finest rivers of Europe, now rolling through a vale of gardens, and now

sweeping the base of swelling acclivities, clothed with wood, and crowned with villas and their evergreen shrubberies.' As facts are commonly better for information than rhapsodies, let me assure my readers that its average breadth below the city, and for some distance above, is not less than four hundred feet; that steamboats ascend it sixty or seventy miles several times a week; that it flows with a deep and rapid current, after the manner of our own Mississippi; and that it has frequently flooded the greater part of modern Rome, and threatened the dislodgment of the red-robed reverends of the Vatican.

Many tourists pretend that they cannot see the propriety of the epithet 'golden,' applied so often to its waters; but all antiquity unites in pronouncing the Tiber 'golden;' and whoever will put on the spectacles of the present writer, and wander as he has done again and again along its banks at sunset, or look down upon it from the parapet of the Ponte Molle, or the battlements of the Castle of Sant' Angelo, under the full blaze of a May-day noon, will prove himself either mentally or chromatically defective, if he does not endorse the judgment of antiquity.

This water, 'in the brave days of old,' had a high reputation for salubrity and sweetness. The Emperor Hadrian thought he could not live without it, and carried a supply with him in all his excursions from Rome. So thought and so did two subsequent infallibles—Clement the Seventh and Paul the Third—as very sensibly advised by their respective physicians.

The *Campus Martius*, lying in a curve of the Tiber, between it and the ancient city, was in the early ages of the republic an open field, devoted to military purposes. In process of time, some edifices of public utility were erected upon it, which under the empire grew into a city of palaces, theatres, porticoes, and temples, all of the most stately and magnificent architecture, surrounded with groves and shady walks, and arranged with due regard to prospective beauty. Viewed from the Janiculum, this superb array of public buildings, bordered in front by the Tiber, and closed behind by the glorious structures of the Capitol, and those of the Viminal and the Quirinal, with the groves and gardens of the Pincian—then as now the

Collis Hortulorum—must have presented a picture of astonishing beauty and variety, justifying the proud appellation so often bestowed on Rome—‘The Temple and Abode of the Gods.’

It is difficult for us to conceive, and the few fragments which remain scarcely furnish us a hint of what must have been the grandeur and magnificence of the structures erected in the time of Rome’s greatest glory, by consuls and emperors wielding unlimited power, commanding inexhaustible resources, and every one aiming to surpass his predecessor. The majestic Claudian Tomb, as also that of Bibulus, against which Petrarch leaned talking with the noble Colonna, are heaps of ruin, whose original form even can no longer be determined. Pompey’s Theatre is half subterranean, and its upper portions are occupied as stables. That of Marcellus is buried beneath an ill-shaped modern structure, misnamed a palace, raised upon the ruins of its vaulted galleries. The magnificent Corinthian Portico, with its double row of lofty columns, and all their splendid brazen capitals, has totally disappeared. And where are now the luxurious baths of Nero and Agrippa? The Pantheon alone survives—the proudest monument preserved of imperial Rome; but the steps that conducted to its threshold, the marble that clothed its exterior, the bronze that blazed upon its ample dome, the silver that lined its lofty vault within, the statues that adorned its cornice and its niches, all have disappeared by the hands of the spoiler—barbarian and papal; and the Pantheon, shorn of its beams, looks eclipsed through the disastrous twilight of eighteen hundred years.

The largest structure of the Campus Martius was the Mausoleum of Augustus. Strabo represents it as a pendant garden, raised on lofty arches of white marble, planted with evergreen shrubs and trees, and terminating in a point, crowned with a bronze statue of the emperor. At the entrance of the vault where the mighty dead was deposited stood two Egyptian obelisks; and all around was an extensive grove, cut into walks and alleys, adorned with statues, temples, porticoes, three theatres, and an amphitheatre; constituting altogether a spectacle astonishingly beautiful, from which the stranger could scarcely tear himself away.

Of this vast monument the two inner walls, which supported the whole mass, and the spacious vaults under which reposed the imperial ashes, still remain—a fragment of great solidity, and suggestive of its original grandeur. The platform on the top was for a considerable time used for a garden, and covered with shrubs and flowers. Afterwards it was converted into a sort of amphitheatre, where, twenty or thirty years ago, the pious subjects of His Holiness were regularly entertained with Sabbath bull-fights. Then bulls were abolished, and preachers were introduced as a substitute; and for a few years the Mausoleum was a place of worship. It still stands, near the *Ripetta*, and not far from the Tiber—a stupendous ruin, owing its preservation to the thickness of its walls and the strength of its foundations; but its pyramidal form is gone, and its pillars and statues are no more.

The Emperor Hadrian, who delighted in architectural magnificence, determined to build for himself a tomb which should surpass that of Augustus. As the *Campus Martius* was already crowded with imposing structures, he selected a site on the other side of the Tiber, at the foot of *Mons Vaticanus*, where its isolation would render it more conspicuous. Here, on a vast quadrangular platform of stone, he raised a lofty circular edifice, surrounded by a Corinthian portico, supported by twenty-four pillars, of a beautiful kind of white marble, tinged with purple. The continuation of the inner wall formed a second story, adorned with Ionic pilasters; and a dome, surmounted by a bronze cone, crowned the whole fabric, and gave it the appearance of a most majestic temple. To increase its splendour, four colossal statues occupied the four corners of the platform; twenty-four adorned the portico, and filled the niches between the columns; an equal number rose above the entablature, and another series stood between the pilasters of the upper story. All these statues were the works of the best masters, and the whole building was cased with fine marble. This monument, called *Moles Hadriani*, was deemed the noblest sepulchral edifice ever erected, and one of the proudest ornaments of Rome, even when she shone in all her imperial magnificence. Yet its glory was transitory. Its matchless grandeur claimed in vain the pro-

tection of absent emperors. The genius of Hadrian, and the *mānes* of the virtuous Antonini, pleaded ineffectually for its preservation. The hand of time defaced its ornaments, the zeal of Honorius stripped it of its sculptured beauties, and the military skill of Belisarius turned it into a temporary fortress. The necessity of such a stronghold became from this period daily more apparent. Threatened first by the Lombards, then by the German emperors, and afterwards by its own lawless nobles, the government saw the importance of securing a permanent post; and found none more defensible, both by situation and by structure, than the *Moles Hadriani*, which commanded the river, and from its internal solidity might defy all the ancient means of assault. The parts which remain, therefore, are such as were adapted to this purpose; that is, a portion of its basement or platform, and almost the whole of the central circular building, though denuded of all its ornaments. The marbles disappeared at an early day, having been employed in other buildings, and many of them burned into lime; the pillars were transported to the Basilica of *San Paolo fuori la Mura*, whose nave they still adorn; the statues, despised in a barbarous age, were dashed to pieces, built into the wall, or hurled down upon the heads of the assailants; the brazen cone or pine-apple stands in a garden in one of the squares of the Vatican Palace; and the sarcophagus which held the imperial ashes is said to be one of those in the Corsini Chapel of *San Giovanni in Laterano*. In the course of time, various bastions, ramparts, and outworks were added; several houses for soldiers, provisions, magazines, and so forth, were raised around; and some very considerable edifices, containing spacious apartments, erected on the solid mass of the sepulchre itself. It takes its present name, *Castel Sant' Angelo*, from its appropriation as the Roman citadel, and from the statue of an angel standing with outspread wings upon its summit. I descended into its dismal vaults, and read the names of Hadrian, Commodus, Antoninus Pius, and others of the imperial line. And there was the dungeon where poor *Beatrice Cenci* spent two dreary years before her cruel execution, with an Italian sentence which she had scratched with a nail upon the wall. And there was the cell once

occupied by the fiery genius, *Benvenuto Cellini*; and I saw the place from which he fell in trying to make his escape, and grieved for his broken leg. And there were the apartments of the Holy Inquisition, well filled at present with French soldiers of the merriest mood; and the spacious saloons, covered with frescoes by no means modest, to which the Infallible Head of the Church fled through his covered way from the Vatican, when he deemed the fortress safer than his palace. Then I ascended to the summit, and stood beneath the wings of the bronze angel, and looked down on

‘Rome’s immortal ruins—

Temples on temples hurled, and tombs on tombs.’

Is this the Mother of Nations, the Mistress of the World? Nay, this is but her mouldering skeleton, the shreds of her wasted shroud, the remnant of her shattered sepulchre. Deep under the *débris* of fifteen centuries lies the Rome that was, and over her ashes has arisen another Rome, whose stately palaces and gorgeous churches but faintly commemorate her perished glory.

To one but little accustomed to works of unusual grandeur and magnificence, it must be exceedingly difficult to form any adequate conception of the majesty and beauty of ancient Rome. Strabo, who had traversed Greece in every direction, and must have been intimately acquainted with the finest things in his own country, and was doubtless, like all other Greeks, intensely partial to its glory, describes Rome as surpassing expectation, and defying all human competition. Constantius, called an ‘unfeeling prince,’ who had visited all the cities of the East, and was familiar with the most superb exhibitions of oriental taste and splendour, was struck dumb with admiration, as he proceeded in triumphal pomp through the city of the Cæsars. But when he came to the Forum of Trajan, and beheld all the wonders of that matchless structure, he burst into exclamations of astonishment and delight. Fixing his eyes upon the equestrian statue before the basilica, he exclaimed: ‘Where shall we find such another horse?’ To which a Persian prince, who accompanied him, replied: ‘Suppose we find the horse, who will build him such another stable?’

If the Greeks, so jealous of the arts and edifices of their native land—if the emperors of the East, admiring so much their own capital, and looking with envy upon the ornaments of the ancient city, were thus obliged to pay an involuntary tribute to her superior beauty, we may certainly pardon the enthusiasm of the Romans themselves, when they speak of it as an epitome of the universe, and an abode worthy of the gods. And if Virgil, when Augustus had only begun his projected improvements, and the magnificence of Rome was in its dawn, called it the fairest city that the world could boast, we may perhaps conjecture what it must have been in the days of Adrian, when it had received its final decorations, and blazed in its full meridian splendour.

Ephesus had its Temple of Diana; Athens boasted its Parthenon, and Rhodes its Colossus; London has its Westminster Abbey, and its Saint Paul's; Paris its Tuileries, and its Notre Dame; Cologne and Milan, each its gorgeous Gothic Cathedral; Florence its incomparable Campanile; and modern Rome its unrivalled Basilica Vaticanus. But ancient Rome, not, like any of these, distinguished for some single edifice, or for several, presented to the eye a continuous succession of architectural wonders, and exhibited in every view groups and lines of magnificent structures, any one of which, taken separately, would have been sufficient to constitute the characteristic ornament of any other city in the world.

When we survey what remains of its ruins—its forums, temples, palaces, porticoes, basilicas, mausoleums, triumphal arches, monumental columns, statues and obelisks, baths and fountains, cloacas and aqueducts, circuses, theatres, and amphitheatres, with all its elaborate sculpture, and mosaic work, and innumerable costly decorations—we are overwhelmed with astonishment and admiration at the hint thus given of its ancient grandeur and magnificence.

Where, at the present day, if we except Saint Peter's, which is built of the spoils of antiquity, shall we find a religious edifice equal in beauty to the Pantheon, in magnitude to the Basilica of Constantine, or in wealth and splendour to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus? The tombs of Augustus, Hadrian, and Cecilia Metella, in material,

altitude, and ornament, equalled, perhaps excelled, the Halicarnassean Mausoleum ; and all the theatres of Greece sank into insignificance before the enormous circumference of the Flavian Amphitheatre.

The public buildings of ancient Rome were all supported by pillars of granite and marble, often of the finest quality and the most elaborate workmanship, each shaft consisting of a single block. When we consider this circumstance, and think of the countless multitude of these ornaments, the colonnades which adorned the courts and fronts of all the more important edifices, and the stately porticoes, some of them a mile or two in length, which surrounded and led to them, we are enabled, perhaps, to form a proximate idea of the magnificence which must have resulted from the frequent recurrence and ever-varying combinations of such pillared perspectives ; and we cease to wonder that so many superb fragments are still found among the ruins, and that ancient Rome, after so many centuries of research, is still an unexhausted quarry ; and probably the specimens disinterred bear no proportion to the numbers which still lie buried beneath the surface. Well might the Romans speak of their city with pride, foreigners behold it with astonishment, and even the calm philosopher in its contemplation kindle into poetic raptures. ‘When these wonders are all collected,’ says Pliny, ‘and as it were thrown together in a heap, there arises an infinity of grandeur, as if in that one spot we were giving an account of another world.’

The Romans derived their architectural taste and skill less from the Greeks than from their Etruscan neighbours, who built massive structures in Italy when Grecian architecture was yet in its infancy, and who in their works seem constantly to have kept in view those great qualities which give excellence without the aid of ornament—commanding admiration by their own intrinsic merit. The early architecture of Rome was entirely Etruscan, as the remains of all its most ancient structures abundantly testify. Its chief characteristics were solidity, simplicity, and grandeur. It resembled, in these respects, the Egyptian ; with forms less gigantic, but more graceful. The Cloaca Maxima, constructed in the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, is as perfect now as in the day of its completion ; and the mighty sub-

structions of the Capitol, and the vaults of the Tabularium, now seen under the palace of the Roman senator, if allowed to remain undisturbed, will be found thousands of years to come. These great edifices were of public utility—say, rather, of public necessity; and their grandeur and magnificence were the result of their destination, not the object of their erection. Such were the productions of the first era of Roman architecture.

The second produced the famous roads and aqueducts which are to this day among its noblest monuments, and a few tombs and temples whose ruins are still admired for their simple majesty and strength. The third commenced with Augustus, who was content to inhabit a mansion comparatively plain, while he lavished his munificence upon the improvement and embellishment of the city. During this period, the magnificence which characterized the Roman taste was by no means confined to the most important and permanent public edifices, but showed itself even in buildings erected for transient and occasional amusements of the people. Two instances merit attention. One is that of the Edile Marcus Scaurus, who built a temporary theatre, capable of containing eighty thousand persons, and adorned it with three hundred and sixty columns of marble, and three thousand statues of bronze. The other, perhaps, was still more astonishing in execution, though less imposing in appearance—the erection of a stupendous wooden edifice, by Curio, for the celebration of funeral games in honour of his father, so contrived that the seats revolved, forming at pleasure a theatre or an amphitheatre, without the removal of the spectators. These are instances of the prodigality of magnificence, and as such they are justly censured by the elder Pliny, who ranks them far below the more permanent and useful works of the Marcian and Julian aqueducts. Yet these were stupendous structures, stupendous in design and in execution; and they show the natural tendency of the Roman mind to the grand and wonderful in architecture.

Nero was the first who ventured to expend the public treasures in the erection of an imperial residence; and he built the Domus Aurea—the golden house—which covered the Palatine Hill, and extended over a large portion of the

Cælean ; a palace which, for beauty and magnificence, probably has never been surpassed ; and which was partially demolished by his successor, as too gorgeous even for an emperor. But baths, forums, temples, porticoes, mausoleums, triumphal arches, and monumental columns, still continued the favourite objects of imperial pride and expense ; and Rome for three centuries constantly increased in architectural beauty.

Under Diocletian, the empire was divided—the sovereign translated to the east, and the capital of the world left to the fury and rapacity of the barbarian. With this commenced the fourth era, marked too evidently by declining taste, in connection with much of the ancient grandeur. The most remarkable edifices of this period were those erected by Constantine and the Christian emperors, generally after the model, and often with the very materials, of the old basilicas. All the churches reared from the fifth century to the fifteenth were constructed of the most costly materials ; but those materials were generally heaped together with very little regard to proper order, proportion, or symmetry.

At length came a better day. The dawn of Science and the Arts succeeded to the stormy night of barbarism. Genius was encouraged. The Roman Pontiffs diligently sought the best architects, and liberally rewarded their labours. These found the finest of materials ready to their hand, and the noblest of models constantly before their eyes. What was the result ? Did they copy the admirable forms and proportions of antiquity ? No : they foolishly sought to surpass them. Of course, they failed ; and their failure proves, that in proportion as we deviate from the ancient copies, we deviate from perfection. The architecture of modern Rome, therefore, is characterized by the novel, the whimsical, the extravagant, and the grotesque. The finest materials have been turned to the most insignificant and useless purposes ; and the grand symmetry of the old basilicas and temples has been exchanged for the most fantastical forms and the most absurd proportions.

Few modern architects have had greater popularity than Borromini, who flourished in the seventeenth century. He sought to imitate the "soaring genius of Michael Angelo,

and the result was a ridiculous violation of all rule and propriety. His successors, preferring his extravagances to the simpler majesty of Bramante and Palladio, have left the traces of their folly in nearly all the new edifices of the city, and the recent repairs and restorations of the old. Everywhere we meet with twisted, coupled, or inverted pillars, often supporting nothing, or hid away in niches and recesses; with different orders, grouped in the same story, or blended in the same object; with pediments and pilasters, varied without necessity, and multiplied beyond all propriety; with low stories, called 'mezzanini,' having short columns, little windows, and contracted balconies, introduced between the principal stories; with broken or interrupted cornices, alternate angles and curves, arcs of circles resembling ruined arches, lines for ever advancing and receding, a dazzling display of gilded fretwork, and a prodigal exhibition of various splendid ornaments.

I speak only of the prevailing mode. There is some fine architecture in Rome; and passing by St. Peter's, I would mention with deference the magnificent basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; the grand but rather too gorgeous structure of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva; and the new Cathedral of Saint Paul, without the walls. The grandeur of some of these modern structures, combined with the majesty of the ancient monuments, induced Manton to observe, 'that Rome is a map of the world in relievo, presenting to the eye the united wonders of Egypt, of Asia, and of Greece.'

But the glory of man is as the flower of the field. The wind passes over it, and it is gone. Even bronze and marble will perish; and the beauty and magnificence which flourished proudly for a season, and were fondly deemed immortal, have faded, and fallen to decay. Nothing remains of ancient Rome, but one dismantled temple, a few dilapidated arches and columns, and sundry heaps of mouldering ruins; and a few centuries more may strew the seven hills, and the Campus Martius, with the wrecks of her modern successor; and the future traveller may pause and wonder over the relics of pontifical splendour, as we now do over those of imperial opulence; and when I recollect what Rome has been for ages—St. Paul's 'mystery of iniquity'—St. John's 'mother of abominations'—the 'beast' and 'dragon,' em-

blazoned all over with 'blasphemy'—the 'harlot' and 'sorceress,' making 'merchandise of souls,' and 'drunken with the blood of the saints,' I cannot help crying with those who call from beneath the altar, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

* These are sound Protestant sentiments, and do credit to our author.—ED.

CHAPTER XXI.

HISTORIC NOTICES.

Rome under the Emperors—Extent of the City—Estimate of Population—Vice and Luxury—Gothic Devastation—Feuds of the Nobles—Rome of the Middle Ages—Pillage by the Imperial Troops—Papal Restorations and Improvements—Sixtus the Fifth—Subsequent Popes—French Occupation under Napoleon.—Pio Nono.

Mighty is the spirit of the past amid the ruins of the Eternal City.

LONGFELLOW.

‘I FOUND it of brick ; I shall leave it of marble.’ So said Augustus of Rome, and history verifies the word. From the reign of this emperor dates the architectural splendour of the city. Utility, not ornament, had hitherto been aimed at in the public buildings ; and the dwellings of princes and patricians, however spacious, were comparatively unadorned. Now arose magnificent palaces, theatres, and temples ; and stately colonnades of snowy marble crowned the Capitoline Hill, and crowded the Campus Martius. Claudius followed in the footsteps of Augustus ; and Nero outdid them both, in taste as much as cruelty. Trajan contributed largely to the improvement of the public works ; and Hadrian expended for the same purpose immense labour and treasure. Then came the Antonini, with redoubled assiduity ; whose example was so effective, that every wealthy citizen deemed it both a duty and an honour to aid in beautifying the metropolis. Rome became a city of palaces and temples, adorned everywhere with lofty porticoes, triumphal arches, Egyptian obelisks, monumental columns, colossal statues, stupendous aqueducts ; with numerous baths and fountains, groves and gardens, lakes and reservoirs, for the public convenience ; and numerous circuses and naumachias, theatres and amphitheatres, and other similar institutions, for the public amusement.

Meanwhile the population so increased, that it was necessary to extend the limits of the city. The wall of Servius Tullius was seven miles in circuit ; that of Aurelian,

thirteen miles. 'If any man,' says Dionysius, 'beholding the buildings which had sprung up, wished to calculate the size of the city, he would certainly have erred, since he could not have found any mark to distinguish how far the town spread, and where it ended, insomuch that the suburbs united to Rome gave the spectator the idea of a city extended *ad infinitum*.' This description relates to the time of Augustus. Of course the Tullian wall was useless for the defence of the suburbs; and therefore the Aurelian, at a later period of the empire, was thrown around the whole. Many ancient structures, as they stood, were taken into the line of this new enclosure; such as the Pretorian barracks, the Castrensian Amphitheatre, the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and the arches of the Claudian and Marcian aqueducts; which still being conspicuous, give to this venerable rampart a most singular and interesting appearance.

The population of Rome, at any given period, is a matter somewhat difficult to determine. The vagueness of the data on which our calculations must be based, renders hopeless any attempt at a definite conclusion. As might be expected, therefore, modern investigations of the subject differ widely in their results, the estimates of some learned men being three or four times as great as those of others. Dureau, in his *Economie Politique des Romains*, sets down the population, for the period of Rome's greatest prosperity, at 562,000 souls. Höch, in his *Römische Geschichte*, estimates it at 2,265,000. Dequincey, in the *Cæsars*, thinks it amounted to not less than 4,000,000, and perhaps half as many more. Lipsius, in his work *De Magnitudine Romana*, carries it up to the astonishing number of 8,000,000. Dr. Smith, in the article *Roma*, in his Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, has dealt largely and learnedly with the question, basing his calculation on the number of citizens who received the imperial largesses, doubtless the surest data on which we can rely. Proceeding thus, he concludes that the male plebeian population of Rome, during the first centuries of the empire, must have numbered not less than 350,000; and at least twice as many must be added for the women and children, giving a total of 1,050,000. Then, by

another elaborate process, he fixes the number of knights and senators at the moderate figure of 15,000 ; and, allowing a wife and one child to every man, makes the whole number of individuals composing the equestrian and senatorial families 45,000. These sums give a total of 1,090,000, for all the free inhabitants, of all classes. To these he adds the aliens and foreigners residing at Rome, amounting, as he modestly supposes, with their families, to 100,000 ; and the soldiers and police, with their families, to 50,000 ; which, added to the foregoing, makes 1,245,000, for the entire miscellaneous free population of the city. Concerning the number of slaves, there is no satisfactory data, only it is known to have been very great ; many persons, as Tigellius, owning 200 ; others, as Pedanius Secundus, 400. Dr. Smith sets down the number of domestic slaves at 500,000 ; and those employed in trades, manufactures, the service of public officers, and so forth, at 300,000 ; making in all 800,000. This number, added to that of the free inhabitants, gives a total of 2,045,000, for the whole population of Rome, in the time of Vespasian and Trajan. By another calculation, based on data entirely different, our author makes it 2,075,000. On the whole, we may safely say, perhaps, it was not less than 2,000,000.

The emperors, in general, sought not the extension of the Roman dominion, but were satisfied with the preservation of what the republic had won. Augustus bequeathed to his successors a valuable legacy, in his advice to confine the empire within those limits which nature seemed to have prescribed ; and this was still its extent in the time of the Antonini ; from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and from the Rhine and the Danube to the deserts of Africa and Arabia ; more than three thousand miles one way, and two thousand the other ; embracing an area of sixteen hundred thousand square miles, and comprehending the whole civilized world, with many barbarous nations. After Antoninus Pius, public virtue rapidly declined, and high places became rife with corruption. Then the empire was divided, and at length put up for sale to the highest bidder, and ruled by a succession of the most despicable mercenary tyrants. Alexander Severus, Claudius II.,

Aurelian, Tacitus, and Probus, each in his turn, stemmed the torrent of vice, and averted for a season the impending ruin. But when Constantine transferred the imperial seat to Byzantium, Rome became an easy prey, and was several times sacked and burned by the barbarians. The luxurious and effeminate habits of the Romans rendered them indifferent to the public interest, and disqualified them for self-protection. When Alaric came, he found them sunk to the lowest degree of vicious effeminacy, void of all noble and patriotic sentiments, and wholly absorbed with these two great thoughts—‘*panem et circenses*.’ That this satirical representation of an earlier time was now more than ever applicable, appears from the following description by Ammianus Marcellinus:—

‘ Their long robes of purple silk float in the wind ; and as they are agitated by art or accident, they discover the under garments, the rich tunics, embroidered with the figures of various animals. Followed by a train of fifty servants, and tearing up the pavement in their impetuous course, they rush along the streets as if travelling with post-horses. And the example of the senators is boldly imitated by the matrons and ladies, whose covered carriages are continually driving round the immense space of the city and suburbs. Whenever these persons of high distinction condescend to visit the public baths, they assume a tone of loud and insolent command, and appropriate to their own use the conveniences which were designed for the Roman people. As soon as they have indulged themselves in the refreshments of the bath, they resume their rings, and the other ensigns of their dignity ; select from their private wardrobe of the finest linen, such as might suffice for a dozen persons, the garments most agreeable to their fancy ; and maintain till their departure the same haughty demeanour, which perhaps might have been excused in the great Marcellus, after the conquest of Syracuse. Sometimes, indeed, these heroes undertake more arduous achievements, visiting their estates in Italy, and procuring for themselves, by the toil of servile hands, the amusements of the chase. If at any time, but more especially in a hot day, they have the courage to sail in their painted galleys from the Lucrine Lake to their elegant

villas on the sea coast of Puteoli and Caieta, they compare their expeditions to the marches of Cæsar and Alexander. Yet, should a fly presume to settle on the silken folds of their gilded umbrellas, or should a sunbeam penetrate through some unobserved and imperceptible chink, they complain of their intolerable hardships, and lament that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the region of perpetual darkness.'

Such were the Roman nobility. No wonder the barbarian found them an easy prey. Their slaves and domestics, trained in such a school, and longing to revenge their many wrongs, were ready for any act of treachery. At midnight, the Salarian gate was opened, and the sound of the Gothic trumpet awoke the slumbering city. Of the scene of fury and indiscriminate slaughter which ensued, it were vain to attempt the description. Many fine buildings were burned, and the remains of the Sallustian palace still attest the conflagration. Others were rudely stripped of their splendid furniture; and sideboards of massy plate, and wardrobes of silk and purple, were promiscuously piled into the waggons of the conqueror. The most exquisite works of art were wantonly destroyed; marble statues shattered by the battle-axe, those of bronze melted down for the sake of the metal, with rich vases of gold and silver. Six days proceeded the work of pillage and devastation, at the end of which the once proud mistress of the world presented a spectacle for universal pity.

During the reign of Theodosius, in the year 426, the Christians destroyed many of the ancient temples, digging up their very foundations. Then came the Vandals and the Moors, in 455, and repeated for fourteen days the scenes before enacted by the Goths. They despoiled the imperial palace, stripped the gilt bronze from the roofs of the capitol, transferred to the ships of Genseric whatever of value they could find, and, with the empress and many noble captives, conveyed it away to Africa. In 472 the city was again sacked by Recimer, whose rapacity was equalled only by his cruelty. About 540, Vitiges desolated the Campagna, and destroyed the aqueducts. In 546, Totila the Goth demolished much of the wall, pulled down many palaces, and drove the people into exile.

The Romans themselves now carried on the work which the barbarians had begun. The monuments of consular or imperial greatness, no longer revered, were regarded only as cheap and convenient quarries; and the degenerate nobles destroyed the works of their ancestors, to rebuild the city or adorn their own dwellings. Many massive structures were demolished to repair the walls, the tomb of the Scipios furnished the chief material for several palaces, the marble which encased the sepulchre of Cæcilia Metella was burned into lime, and the churches were beautified with columns of serpentine, alabaster, pavonazzetto, giallo antico, and oriental granite, from the ancient baths and theatres. Conflagrations, inundations, and earthquakes aided the work of ruin. In the seventh and eighth centuries, famine and pestilence repeatedly threatened the depopulation of the place. Misery and wretchedness, scarcely equalled in the history of the world, now overspread Italy, and that beautiful country was reduced almost to the condition of a desert. In the latter part of the eleventh century, the Normans and Saracens, under Robert Guiscard, ravaged the city with fire and sword; but the havoc which they wrought was exceeded by the effects of the civil wars which followed. Rome at this time consisted of churches, monasteries, and huge unshapely towers, mingling with the glorious monuments of antiquity which still remained. The ferocious aristocracy erected some new fortresses, but generally seized upon the finest structures of the empire, and converted them into fortifications during their bloody feuds. These detestable wretches neither respected the living nor revered the dead. Monuments of the piety of other ages, the sacred resting-places of sages, heroes, and emperors, they desecrated and abused. The tombs of Augustus, Hadrian, and Cecilia Metella were occupied as fortresses, and battered by the projectiles of war. A writer of those times regrets that though what remained could never be equalled, what had been ruined could never be repaired. And Petrarch thus eloquently deplores the fate of the Historic City: ‘Behold the relics of Rome, the image of her pristine greatness! Neither time nor the barbarian can boast the merit of this stupendous destruction. It was perpetrated by her own

citizens, by the most illustrious of her sons; and your ancestors have done with the battering-ram what the Punic hero could not accomplish with the sword.'

During the absence of the popes, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, while they held their seat at Avignon, the Neapolitans carried off much valuable material for the decoration of their own capital, and Rome was wasted by numerous depredations. 'When Eugenius IV.,' says Ranke, 'returned to Rome in the year 1443, it was become a city of herdsmen; its inhabitants were not distinguishable from the peasants of the neighbouring country. The hills had long been abandoned, and the only part inhabited was the plain along the windings of the Tiber; there was no pavement in the narrow streets, and these were rendered yet darker by the balconies and buttresses which propped one house against another. The cattle wandered about as in a village. From San Silvestro to the Porta del Popolo, all was garden and marsh, the haunt of flocks of wild ducks. The very memory of antiquity seemed almost effaced; the Capitol was become the Goats' Hill, the Forum Romanum the Cows' Field; the strangest legends were associated with the few remaining monuments.'

The return of the pope was the signal for renewed violence on the part of the Romans themselves. The people and the Church were arrayed against each other, the Colonna and Orsini families contended for the towers, fortifications were erected on every ruin, and Rome was again battered by engines, and deluged with blood. Then came 'the learned Poggius,' and sat him down upon a shattered column on the Capitoline Hill, and mused in this melancholy mood over the sad vicissitudes of the Eternal City:—

'Her primeval state, such as she might appear in a remote age, when Evander entertained the stranger of Troy, has been delineated by the fancy of Virgil. This Tarpeian rock was then a savage and solitary thicket: in the time of the poet, it was crowned with the golden roofs of a temple; the temple is overthrown, the gold has been pillaged, the wheel of fortune has accomplished her revolution, and the sacred ground is again disfigured with.

thorns and brambles. The hill of the Capitol, on which we sit, was formerly the head of the Roman empire, the citadel of the earth, the terror of kings; illustrated by the footsteps of so many triumphs, enriched with the spoils and tributes of so many nations. This spectacle of the world, how is it fallen! how changed! how defaced! the path of victory is obliterated by vines, and the benches of the senators are concealed by a dunghill. Cast your eyes on the Palatine Hill, and seek, among the shapeless and enormous fragments, the marble theatre, the obelisks, the colossal statues, the porticoes of Nero's palace, survey the other hills of the city, the vacant space is interrupted only by ruins and gardens. The Forum of the Roman people, where they assembled to enact their laws and elect their magistrates, is now enclosed for the cultivation of pot-herbs, or thrown open for the reception of swine and buffaloes. The public and private edifices, that were founded for eternity, lie prostrate, naked and broken, like the limbs of a mighty giant; and the ruin is the more visible from the stupendous relics that have survived the injuries of time and fortune.'

Pope Nicholas resolutely began the work of restoration. Julius II. followed nobly in his footsteps. Under him arose the magnificent Basilica of St. Peter. He also restored the Palace of the Vatican, added the Loggie, founded the Museum, and completed the Cancellaria. His cardinals and barons emulated his example, and erected palaces which are still the grandest in Rome. Farnese built his with blocks of travertine from the Coliseum; Chigi employed in the decoration of his the matchless hand of Raffello; the Medici filled theirs with every treasure of literature and art; the Orsini beautified theirs, within and without, with the most costly productions of the pencil and the chisel; and Francesco di Riario boasted that his would stand till tortoises should crawl over the face of the earth.

Other improvements were made under Leo the Tenth. 'The ruins of Rome,' says Ranke, 'were regarded with a kind of religious veneration: in them the divine spark of the antique spirit was recognised with a sort of rapture.' The pope sought to preserve the remains of the ancient

city, and laboured to increase the architectural beauty of the new. It was a time of great emulation and universal prosperity. Men of genius and talent were sought out and encouraged. The population grew rapidly; many fine buildings rose upon the *Campo Marzo*, and Rome soon recovered much of her former wealth and splendour.

Then came that terrible era in the annals of Roman misfortune, the siege and occupation of the city by the troops of Charles the Fifth, in 1527. 'Never,' says Whiteside, 'did a richer booty fall into the hands of a more remorseless army; never was there a more protracted and more ruinous pillage.' It proceeded without interruption four months, and the fury of the Goths and Vandals was the very blandness of Christian charity in the comparison. 'The splendour of Rome,' says Ranke, 'fills the beginning of the sixteenth century, marking the astonishing period of development of the human mind; with this day it was extinguished for ever.'

Pius the Fourth, in 1559, conceived the project of building again on the deserted hills. He founded the palace of the *Conservatori* on *Monte Capitolino*; and employed Michael Angelo to construct, out of the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian on the *Viminale*, the magnificent church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*. In 1585 Sixtus the Fifth ascended the papal throne, and stamped his name imperishably upon Rome. To the taste of a Franciscan monk, uniting the ambition and enterprise of the Cæsars, he demolished 'the ugly antiquities,' as he called them, and filled the modern city with splendour from their spoils. He tore down the beautiful *Septizonium* of Severus, and transferred its columns to the *Basilica Vaticanus*. The sublime monument of Cæcilia Metella, the only considerable vestige remaining of the old republic, he would have levelled to the ground, had he not been in good time prevented. The Laocoon and the Apollo Belvidere he could scarcely tolerate in the Vatican. He declared that the Jupiter Tonans should be removed from the Capitol, or he would pull down the building: he would have no heathen gods in his Christian Rome. The Minerva he suffered to remain, having converted her, by taking the spear out of her hand, and putting in its place

an enormous cross. In a similar manner he converted the monumental columns of Trajan and Antonine ; placing St. Peter with the keys upon the former, and St. Paul with a sword upon the latter ; imagining that by such means he gave a triumph to Christianity over Paganism. With immense labour he reared the fine Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's, enclosing ' a piece of the true cross ' upon its summit ; also that in the *Piazza del Popolo*, and those near the *Santa Maria Maggiore* and the *San Giovanni in Laterano*. He laid out several fine streets, and built the steps from the *Piazza di Spagna* to the *Trinita de' Monti*. He repaired the Marcian Aqueduct, christening it *Aqua Felice*, which feeds twenty-seven fountains, and yields more than twenty thousand cubic feet of water a day. In this great work, as he declares, he suffered himself ' to be deterred by no difficulty or expense, in order that those hills, which, even in early Christian times, were graced with basilicas, distinguished for the salubrity of the air, the pleasantness of the situation, and the beauty of the views, might once more be inhabited.' He took the bronze from the roof of the Pantheon, to make the magnificent *baldichino*, with its huge twisted columns, over the high altar of St. Peter's. The dome of that wondrous structure was still wanting ; and so anxious was he to see it completed, that he employed six hundred men upon it night and day for three years and a half, though he did not live to witness the consummation of the work. Thus the papal despot effected some of the most useful improvements in Rome, while he destroyed many of the finest remains of antiquity.

The condition of the city in the middle of the sixteenth century, however, was still, for the mass of the inhabitants, sufficiently miserable. Ostentatious display was preferred to popular utility. The nobles dwelt in sumptuous palaces, peopled with the precious things of art, and surrounded with spacious gardens and shady avenues ; while the *mal-ordinate casaccie* of the common people, propped up with buttresses, and crumbling in ruinous decay, were situated in narrow, dirty, and unventilated lanes. What is now the *Piazza del Popolo* was a huddle of dilapidated buildings, more wretched in appearance than an American can well

imagine. Alexander the Seventh was now upon the papal throne. Fortunately, the Queen of Sweden paid a visit to His Holiness. It was important that Her Majesty should have a grand passage whereby to enter the Capital of the Christian world. So the place was cleared of its ruinous encumbrances, and converted into the present spacious piazza; which, with its twin crescents, twin fountains, twin churches, twin palaces, beautiful Egyptian obelisk, cypress-shaded terrace along the Tiber, laurel hedges looking down from the Pincian acclivity, and three broad streets diverging fanwise through the city, is the most delightful locality of modern Rome.

Pius the Sixth did something, Pius the Seventh more, toward the improvement and embellishment of the city; but during its four years' occupation by the French under Napoleon, from 1809 to 1814, excavations and restorations were projected and begun, which, if the plan had been carried out, would have proved an incalculable benefit. English jealousy and prejudice have done great injustice to the French government in reference to its Italian conquests, and it has unfortunately been the fashion for English tourists and essayists to indulge in severe reflections against the French nation on that account. True, we cannot justify the rapacity which plundered so many palaces and churches of their finest ornaments, but neither ought we to overlook the enlightened and noble designs of the conqueror for the improvement of the Roman metropolis. The interesting work of the Emperor's *Préfet, Count de Tournon*, affords us some valuable information on this subject. The Italian campaign of 1798 he very properly condemns as an '*irruption spoliatrice et révolutionnaire*,' and then adds: 'If, during that first invasion, Rome paid a portion of the tribute imposed by the conqueror in the sacrifice of her statues and her most precious pictures, during the second occupation Rome witnessed not only the religious preservation of what had been left her, but also the watchful care of the government for the restoration of her ancient monuments.' Raffaello, in a curious letter to Leo the Tenth, had proposed the removal of the modern accumulations, the thorough clearance of the ground to the original level, bringing to light the foundations of consular and im-

perial Rome ; but it was left for the stranger and usurper to undertake a work which the imbecile vicegerents of Jehovah did not care to execute. 'What an inexhaustible mine of wealth,' said that same Leo, 'do we find the fable concerning Jesus Christ!' albeit ten times as much of that wealth was squandered upon his pleasures as was devoted to the improvement of his capital.

The French administration applied one million francs a year to this great enterprise, half of which was advanced from the treasury, the remainder furnished by the city. In order to carry out their project, it was necessary to purchase and pull down many modern dwellings, stables, and granaries, churches and monasteries ; to dig trenches to carry off the rain-water, and build walls around the spaces excavated. They cleared the ground at the foot of the Capitoline Mount, and brought to light the ancient *Rostra* of the Great Forum, the marble *podium* of the Temple of Concord, the three fine pillars which belonged to that of Vespasian, and what remains of the Portico of the *Scuola Zanta*. They demolished the unsightly structures which concealed the Triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus, and the stately porch of the Temple of Saturn ; isolated the column of Phocus, and those of the Curia Julia ; and revealed the incomparable beauty of the structure erected by the Roman senate in honour of the conqueror of Jerusalem. They uncovered the marble pavement of the Basilica of Constantine, which lay some thirty feet beneath the surface, so that 'the three colossal vaults recovered their grand proportions ;' and 'laid bare the base of the Temple of Venus and Rome, where was found a prodigious quantity of precious remains of the Golden House of Nero.' They removed the earth which had accumulated in the Portico of Antoninus and Faustina, and brought to view the bases of the columns of Cipoline marble ; at the foot of which was found, in perfect preservation, the pavement of the Via Sacra, 'where seemed imprinted yet the steps of the conquerors marching to the Capitol, and those of the vanquished dragged to the Mamertine Prison.' They cleared away the soil which had grown up on all sides around the Coliseum, strengthened its broken walls, cemented its gaping vaults, and uncovered the flags of its

pavement; 'so that this majestic monument, which was under the reign of Titus a bloody circus, under Diocletian the theatre of Christian martyrdom, in the middle ages the fortress of the Frangipani, and in our days a sacredly-revered Calvary, will be able yet for a long time to justify the fine expression of Delille—

“Sa mass indestructible a fatigué le temps.”

They restored to the daylight the subterranean arabesques of the Baths of Titus; disengaged from the surrounding granaries the Arch of Janus Quadrifons; demolished the dwellings which hid the Temples of Vesta and Fortuna Virilis; cleared a large space around the column of Trajan and the Ulpian Basilica; began excavating the base of the Pantheon, and prepared for tearing down the hideous belfries which disfigure its beautiful façade; took such measures as were necessary for the improvement and preservation of many of those ancient buildings which Constantine converted into churches; and, in short, projected a plan for the disinterment of the venerable monuments of antiquity—the resurrection of imperial Rome. The details of this whole project, so important to archæology and the arts, are presented in the map of the Count de Tournon—a noble design, which will never be executed under the papal administration.

What has the present Napoleon done for Rome? He has sent an army to bombard the city, brought back His Fugitive Infallibility from exile, forced upon a long-oppressed people a despotism which they heartily despise, and perpetuated a curse which has blighted Italy for ages. What has Pio Nono done for Rome? He has blessed the faithful annually from the balcony of Saint Peter's, showed them occasionally the handkerchief of the blessed Santa Veronica, furnished them grand pyrotechnical displays upon the Pincio, given them dispensations from duty and indulgences for sin, made a pilgrimage or two in their behalf to the Holy House at Loretto, erected a Corinthian column to the Virgin in honour of her immaculate conception, laid the corner-stone of a convent at the lately opened catacomb of Sant' Alessandro, excavated a few furlongs of the ancient Appian Way, built bridges at

Lariccia and Gensano, and otherwise improved the road to Gaeta. And what, meanwhile, are the Roman people doing? They are laughing bitterly at the imbecile dotard of the triple crown; and execrating his master, the wily Antonelli; and working a dark *cuniculus* beneath the Vatican palace; and sending assassins and infernal machines to Paris; and brooding in sullen wrath over the wrongs of their friends, who for eight years past have pined in dungeons; and appealing to Heaven against the double tyranny which they have so long silently endured.

The day of redress must come—the day of redress and retribution. There is no hope for Antichrist: God hath written his doom. There is no hope for Italy, but in the predicted subversion of his power. Let French cannon protect his palace, and French bayonets prop his tottering throne: both he and they shall be ‘as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind!’ Antichrist cannot endure: the curse of Heaven is upon him, and ‘hell is moved from beneath to meet him at his coming.’ Even while I write come tidings from Italy of fourteen thousand people whelmed in the ruins of falling cities—an awful warning to the hoary blasphemer of the Vatican! And when I saw him lately reeling to and fro, in his lofty chair, sick from the unsteady motion of those who bore him upon their shoulders, as he passed at the head of his gorgeous procession along the nave of the grand basilica, I seemed to recognize in him the symbolled mystagogue of the Apocalypse, ‘drunken with the blood of the saints,’ and staggering upon the brink of that ‘lake of fire’ into which he is fated ere long to fall!*

*A fate nearer in this year 1860 than most people suppose.—ED.

CHAPTER XXII.

BASILICA VATICANUS.

View from a distance—View from the Piazza—The Interior—
The Roof—The Dome—The Ball.

‘FROM whatever part of the surrounding country you look at Rome, the object that chiefly strikes the eye and the mind is St. Peter’s: in visible as in moral impression, it forms in modern times the great representative feature of the Historic City.’

So writes the American poet, Horace Binney Wallace; and having for four months viewed this wonder of architecture from various distances in every direction, and having wandered through its vast interior solitudes, and surveyed its infinite wealth of decoration, and walked its spacious roof, and climbed its gorgeous dome, I am prepared to adopt the sentiment, though I cannot go to the full extent with the enthusiastic author in his views of the sanctity and religious influence of the place.

I have seen St. Peter’s from the distant hill-slopes of Tivoli. My view was athwart the vast Campagna, covered, as it always is, with a soft purple haze, and bounded in the distance by the blue line of the Mediterranean. Nothing else was to be seen of the seven-hilled metropolis, not a turret nor a tower, not a battlement nor a spire. But from the centre of the sombre plan the whole dome of St. Peter’s loomed up against the bright horizon—dark, weird, portentous, as if painted upon the sky. The Campagna looked like an ocean, and St. Peter’s like a huge ship, sailing alone upon its dusty waters.

I have seen it from the Alban Mount, and the Tomb of Pompey, and the Tusculan Villa of Cicero. A dreary waste lay before me, strewn with the wrecks of an empire. For nearly fifteen miles my eye ranged along a continuous street of sepulchres, among which stood conspicuous those of Messalla Corvinus and Cecilia Metella; and nearly

parallel with this, for half the distance, bestriding the desolation, were seen the gigantic arches of the Marcian, Julian, and Claudian aqueducts, like vast thousand-footed monsters marching over the plain ; and beyond them stood the majestic Coliseum, and the ruin-strewn Palatine, with the domes and towers and palaces of modern Rome—all that rears itself aloft of the world's great mistress—all that remains of republican or imperial grandeur—everything melted by the golden richness of the languid atmosphere into an airy and mystical spectre of departed power. But above the pale masses of the city still rose that mighty vision—strange, solemn, mysterious—making all else seem utterly insignificant in the panorama. St. Peter's is the real Roman eagle, and the surrounding palaces and temples are but the nestlings that crouch timidly beneath its wings. Nay, St. Peter's is Rome itself, and all the rest are but suburban villas.

I have seen it from the Via Aurelia, fifteen miles distant, from the hills that surround the site of the Etruscan Veii, from the Tiber-washed mound where perched the lofty citadel of Fidene, from the nearer elevation which in the days of Romulus sustained the arx of Antemne, from a hundred other eminences in every direction over the undulating Campagna, from Monte Mario and the Janiculum, from the gardens of the Quirinal and the palace of the Cæsars, from the Tarpeian Rock and the belfries of the Campidoglio, from the arches of the Coliseum and the statued parapets of St. John Lateran—through the purple haze of the morning air, through the sapphire blue of the cloudless noontide, through the shifting tints of the gorgeous sunset, and through the soft gray mist of the evening twilight. Yet St. Peter's was ever the same—grand, awful, impressive—even at the greatest distance, filling the eye and elevating the soul ; and, as it was approached, swelling into a vastness, and assuming a magnificence, which only astonishment and wonder could embrace. There it stood, the proud representative of pontifical splendour, looking down in solemn mockery upon the crumbling memorials of imperial opulence ; though inferior, doubtless, in its extent, and the style of its architecture, to many of the structures of the ancient city, yet, in the profusion and costliness of

its decorations, and the sublimity of its soaring altitude, equalling if not surpassing the palace of Nero, the forum of Trajan, the theatre of Marcellus, the mausoleum of Hadrian, the thermæ of Diocletian, the basilica of Constantine, or the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

Never will the impression produced upon me be forgotten, when, as we drew near the Porta Cavalleggieri, on our arrival from Civita Vecchia, the great dome lifted itself over the wall, like a volcanic mountain suddenly thrown up into the evening sky. Never shall I forget the moment when, as we dashed along the circling forest of marble columns enclosing the broad piazza, with a thousand lamps gleaming through its thousand vistas, the architectural immensity first broke upon my view in all the majesty of its entirety. Still higher rose my admiration, when afterwards I entered that grand colonnade, and took a leisurely survey of the unrivalled basilica. The former vision was dim and indistinct—a gigantic frame without the picture; yet within the vast outline the imagination found ample scope, and the obscurity of the object perhaps impressed me the more with its grandeur. But now the veil was removed, and the mighty dome rose through the violet atmosphere into the fairest of Italian skies; and the several parts of the great basilica, in their fine proportions, and with their countless ornaments, stood forth in clear and perfect vision. What pencil shall paint its glories! ‘Some things,’ says Mabillon, when he beheld this mighty structure, ‘are never more adequately praised than by silence and amazement.’ ‘I saw St. Peter’s,’ says the poet Gray, ‘and was struck dumb with admiration.’ One can scarcely look upon it without feeling that St. Peter’s is Rome, and Rome what Pliny described it—‘the world in miniature.’ The wealth of an empire is within its walls, and the genius of ages has been exhausted in its decoration. The vastness of its dimensions, and the elevation of its matchless cupola, suggest at once the idea of all that is grand or magnificent in the deeds or productions of men. Nor less suggestive is it of solidity and strength; it seems built for eternity. Yet the palace of the Cæsars is not, and the walls of the Coliseum are crumbling, and the time shall be when no vestige shall remain of the Eternal City.

As you enter the circular court in front of the edifice, the lofty colonnade that surrounds you, crowned with its numerous statues; the beautiful Egyptian obelisk, a hundred and thirty feet high, occupying the centre of the area; the two perpetual water-jets, falling in feathery spray into their porphyry basins; the vast buildings of the Vatican, a little city, overlooking the entablature and balustrade of the galleria on the right—impressive as they would be in any other situation, are objects scarcely noticed in the presence of St. Peter's. Before you, raised on three successive flights of marble steps, extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to an elevation of a hundred and eighty, supported by huge Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues, you behold the front of the cathedral. Far behind and above rises the dome, like another Pantheon, suspended in the sky, its base surrounded and strengthened by a colonnade of coupled pillars, the colonnade surmounted by a graceful attic, the attic by the majestic swell of the convex roof, the apex of the roof by a circular cluster of columns enclosing the lantern, and this again by the pyramid which bears the ball and the cross into the infinite azure.

Enter one of the five stupendous portals before you. You find yourself in a grand cathedral, paved with variegated marble, covered with a stupendous gilded vault, and adorned with numerous pillars and pilasters, mosaic figures, bas-reliefs, and statues—a hall into which you might pile five or six of your largest American churches, for it is four hundred feet in length, seventy in height, and fifty in breadth. Yet this is but the vestibule of St. Peter's. Lift aside the heavy matted curtain, and enter the body of the church. The most extensive hall ever constructed by human hands opens in magnificent perspective before you. Advance up the nave, and admire the variegated marble beneath your feet, and the golden vault above your head; the lofty Corinthian pilasters, with their bold and beautiful entablatures; the intermediate niches, with their numerous colossal statues; and the magnificent arcades, with the graceful figures that recline upon their curves. Approach the foot of the altar, and from this central position contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you—the

four stupendous piers that support the massive dome—the many altars and sepulchral monuments, with their groups of exquisite sculpture—the wreaths and festoons, crosses and tiaras, angels and medallions, all of the rarest marbles and finest workmanship, representing the effigies of the different pontiffs, which everywhere adorn the walls; and then raise your eyes to the wonderful cupola that spans the whole like a firmament—so grand in its design, so prodigious in its altitude, and rich beyond all parallel in its decoration—at once enchanting the eye, satisfying the taste, and filling the soul with a sense of calm sublimity.

What a world of wonders is around you! Whence all these precious marbles and metals—this profusion of gems and gold? Who devised and executed these beautiful mosaics? Who chiselled these glorious forms from the solid stone? How soft the solar beams streaming in from the lofty windows! How sweet the perfumed air through which they float! There is no summer nor winter here: it is the changeless temperature of perpetual spring. Within these walls the flood of noontide splendour never dazzles the eye; and amid these ever-burning lamps midnight never produces utter darkness; but the loveliest of twilights by day, and a ‘dim religious light’ by night, pervade the spacious solitudes. The place seems holy through its very vastness and its beauty. Strength, grandeur, and solidity, suggestive of ‘the fixed infinite,’ float unsphered within these vaulted spaces. Yet who would think the ceiling of the nave twice the height of that of Westminster Abbey, and the vault of the dome almost treble that stupendous altitude? Who would think those infant cherubs at the base of the pilasters six feet high, or the pen in the hand of St. Luke above them six feet long, or the figure of the Evangelist itself sixteen feet in stature, or the piers that support that unrivalled structure eighty-four feet in diameter, or the gorgeous bronze baldichino over the great altar, ninety feet above the pavement? It is the perfection of the proportions that occasions the illusion; and you must come hither again and again, and remain here long enough to study the several parts of the edifice in detail, and allow the eye to become familiar with the various objects of its survey, before you will have any adequate idea of the

greatness of the Roman cathedral. The oftener you visit it, the more you will be impressed with its grandeur: and a residence of years within its walls, it seems to me, would only enhance the wonder of its magnitude and its magnificence. It is the sanctuary of space and silence. An oppressive sense of vastitude and majesty pervades the place. No throng can crowd these halls; no sound of voice or organ can fill these arches. The Pope, who fills all Europe with his pompous retinue, fills not St. Peter's; and the roar of his choired singers, with the sonorous chant of a host of priests, bishops, and cardinals, floats in soft echoes through its aisles and domes.

Those vast pictures on the walls and piers—the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino; the Burial of St. Petronilla, by Guercino; the Transfiguration of the Redeemer, by Raffaello—are as great in merit as in magnitude—the masterpieces of the world—copied not in oil-tints upon perishable canvas, but wrought with infinite labour in ever-during mosaic. Look where you will, you see precious marbles and fretted gold, and the sense is actually oppressed with the immense richness and variety of decoration—the incalculable treasure lavished by popes and princes, with unparalleled prodigality, through successive centuries, upon this grand æsthetic embodiment of the Roman religion. And what an aspect of oriental magnificence has the great central altar, with its lofty and elaborately wrought canopy, supported by its four huge twisted columns, the largest bronze structure in existence; and the hundred brazen lamps which burn perpetually in front, lighting the way to the solemn crypt below! There probably sleeps St. Paul—Peter also, according to the Church; but there is no proof, and tradition is rather dubious. There probably lies the dust of Paul—the greatest hero that Rome herself ever saw—the dust of that heart which enshrined the Crucified, and embraced the universe—the dust of that mouth which discoursed so bravely at Athens, and spoke so sweetly to the elders of Ephesus—the dust of those feet which traversed the world, and were never weary—of those eyes which wept so often for his enemies—of those hands which proudly wore the martyr's chain—there, probably, he lies, and thence shall

come forth, with all them that sleep in Jesus, 'to meet the Lord in the air!'

But no one can say that he has seen St. Peter's till he has made the ascent of the dome. A day was set apart for this especial purpose, and a lovelier never shone on beautiful Italy. A broad spiral flight of steps, one hundred and forty-four in number, led us to the lofty roof. Here the vast dimensions and fine proportions of the edifice began to dawn like a new revelation upon my soul. Here I perceived that the vaulted roof of the nave and aisles was but the pedestal, whence the real elevation of the building soared on high. Here I ascertained that the statues of Christ and the Apostles arranged along the parapet, which from the court below appeared to be not more than five feet high, were in reality fifteen or twenty. The grand cupola was magnified in the same proportion; and the sixteen smaller ones, which seemed like satellites around it, were fit to have crowned as many fine churches. Two of them, indeed, are more than a hundred feet high, and worthy of cathedrals. I stood astonished at the number of domes and spires that rose around me—the galleries, the staircases, the shops of the workmen, the labourers passing to and fro—giving the whole the form and aspect of a town, rather than the roof of a church. But the grand dome itself is the acme of all architectural wonders; the vast platform on which it reposes, as on a solid rock, the lofty colonnade by which it is surrounded and supported, the predigulous swell and circumference of the convex structure, and the lantern which stands upon its summit like a temple on a mountain, constituting an object which every eye must admire, but no pen can adequately describe.

The dome is a double vault, a dome within a dome, and the stairs by which it is ascended are between the interior and exterior walls. After climbing several flights we entered a door which opened upon the great circular gallery within. It was a dizzy height, and we shuddered to approach the balustrade and look down upon the baldichino, with the altar and the shrine below. The people moving about the pavement looked like Lilliputians; and the mosaic figures around us, which from beneath had seemed so small, assumed a gigantic mag-

nitude. The diameter of the dome at this point is a hundred and forty feet, about the same as that of the Pantheon. Having satisfied ourselves with the view, we resumed the ascent ; and by successive flights of steps, at length reached the very apex of the dome. The prospect from the balcony here is equal to that which we enjoyed from the Campanile of the Capitol. The whole area of Rome lay spread out like a map beneath us, with the surrounding sweep of the Campagna, through which the Tiber, now unquestionably golden, winding like a great serpent, might be traced from Monte Soracte to the sea ; the whole bounded on the east by the purple-tinted semicircle of the Apennines, and on the west by the blue line of the Mediterranean. Everything in the Eternal City seemed to be visible, but here the seven hills had sunk to a level with the intervening valleys, and churches and palaces had lost their grandeur and elevation, while St. Peter's and the adjoining Vatican, by themselves, assumed the magnitude of a town. Nothing could look funnier than the mannikins in the broad piazza below, the toy-carriages and horses passing through the streets, and the company of tiny soldiers performing their evolutions within the circling colonnade.

At the top of the lantern we found a spacious room, with seats around the wall, where several persons were awaiting their opportunity to mount still higher. There was a party already in the ball, and others could not ascend till they came down. The place was uncomfortably warm, but here, as elsewhere, we must 'bide our time.' The ladder leading up into the ball is vertical, and the aperture at the top is only large enough to admit a man of ordinary dimensions. A fat monk, who essayed the ascent in vain, afforded our company much amusement ; and a fashionable lady, who immediately afterwards mounted the ladder with an air of triumph, found it equally impracticable. We experienced no difficulty, however ; and Mrs. Cross performed the feat with comparative ease. The ball, which from the piazza below seems not much larger than the Pope's head, is spacious enough to contain sixteen persons. On the outside is a small iron ladder, conducting to the cross above ; but the ascent is seldom or

never attempted, except by the man who lights the cross on the night of the annual illumination, nor even by him till he has received the sacrament of extreme unction; though once upon a time, as Eustace records in his Classical Tour, some midshipmen of the frigate Medusa, who had served an apprenticeship at climbing, did achieve this exploit without any such efficacious preparative; and their example was subsequently imitated by a party of spirited young Americans—

‘Heroes prodigal of breath,
Athirst for glory, and despising death.’

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROMAN ECCLESIOLOGY.

Influence of Borromini upon the style of Sacred Architecture—Church of St. Clement—San Pietro in Vincoli—San Martino e San Sylvestro—Santa Cecilia in Trastevera—San Pietro in Montorio—Santa Maria in Trastevera—San Lorenzo—Il Gesu—Ara Coeli—Santa Maria Maggiore—San Giovanni in Laterano—San Paolo Fuori la Mura—Sant' Onofrio—Santa Maria ad Martyres—San Stephano Rotondo.

PAGAN Rome had four hundred temples: Papal Rome has three hundred and thirty churches, many of them as old as the time of Constantine. These ancient edifices have been more or less altered in the successive restorations and repairs to which they have been subjected, yet much of the old material remains, and the original plans of the buildings are generally preserved. They are interesting, therefore, as specimens of the early Christian architecture, and frequently they contain rare treasures of art. With the exception of the transept, rendering them cruciform, they are built after the model of the ancient *Basilica*; with a lofty central nave, and two lateral aisles, separated from it by colonnades.

The prevailing style of the modern ecclesiastical architecture of Rome I do not admire. The fantastical innovations of Borromini appear to me opposed to all true taste and just proportion. This is the more remarkable in Rome, where so many admirable specimens of antiquity remain, as guides and models for the architect. It is strange that, with the portico of the Pantheon before him, he should have indulged in such whimsical absurdities—groups of pillars crowded into recesses, cornices broken and sharpened into angles, and pediments twisted into curves and flourishes—filling Rome with such extravagances and deformities as now everywhere meet the eye of the beholder. But Borromini was a bold genius, who avoided imitation, and aimed at originality, seeking even

to excel Michael Angelo. The former object he certainly achieved: the latter also, in respect to everything grotesque and ridiculous in his art.

Yet there is much in the churches of Rome to be admired. He who delights in immense halls and endless colonnades; pillars of solid granite, and altars and tombs of precious marbles; pavements that glow with all the tints of the rainbow, and roofs ablaze with glittering bronze and gold; canvas that seems to live and breathe, and statues which appear ready to step down from their pedestals and grasp the hand of the visitor; may find in the religious structures of this grand old city ample entertainment for weeks and months together. I confine myself to a few of the more ancient, whether within or without the walls.

The oldest church in Rome is that of *San Clemente*; said to occupy the site of that bishop's house, and supposed to have been originally one of its apartments. Nothing is absurd in Rome but Protestant incredulity. That this edifice is very ancient is unquestionable, for it is mentioned as an old one by Jerome, and other writers of the fourth century; but that it retains much of its primitive appearance is very doubtful, so often has it been re-edified and altered. It is not, strictly speaking, a basilica, though it appears to have been something after that form; which, indeed, has been generally retained or imitated in the church architecture of Italy.

The Church of *San Pietro in Vincoli* was built about the year A.D. 420. It is a noble hall, supported by forty pillars of marble, and adorned with some beautifully-sculptured tombs and several fine pictures. Here is Michael Angelo's Moses, one of the most remarkable statues in the world. This was the first great work of art I visited in Rome; and though I afterwards went to see it again and again, I was never weary of gazing upon its majestic proportions. But the most precious treasure in this church, of course, is the holy relic from which it receives its name—the chain with which Saint Peter was bound, still sacredly preserved in a box beneath the altar.

Near this, built from the ruins of the Baths of Titus,

and dating from the days of Constantine, is the Church of *San Martino e San Sylvestro*. It is supported by Corinthian columns of the finest marble, bearing a very beautiful entablature; and its walls are adorned by the pencils of the two Poussins. Beneath the altar, which is of the neatest pattern and the finest proportions, is the descent into the ancient church—a large vaulted hall, once paved with mosaic, and well furnished with various artistic decorations—now nearly subterranean, and tinged with unwholesome vapours, from which the visitor is soon glad to escape.

Of equal magnificence, though of inferior antiquity, is the Church of *Santa Cecilia in Trastevera*. It is thought to occupy the ground whereon stood the house of the virgin martyr; and the bath is shown in a chapel where, they say, she was beheaded. On the tomb is a reclining statue, in a very natural position, and apparently covered with a delicate veil; which, according to the inscription, exactly represents the attitude and drapery of the body, as it was found there more than a thousand years ago. It is exceedingly graceful, and wrought with such exquisite art that the saint seems to sleep in her snowy robe, awaiting the call of the morning. There are few works of art more beautiful than Raphael's painting of this maiden-martyr, as she stands, harp in hand, with eyes upturned to heaven—

‘The mind, the music, breathing from her face.’

In a very conspicuous position on the side of the Janiculum, and commanding a view of the whole city, stands the church of *San Pietro in Montorio*. It is a very ancient building, adorned with fine sculpture and painting. In connection with it is a convent; and in the court of its cloister stands a little Doric chapel, built by Bramante. It is circular in form, supported by pillars, and crowned with a dome, resembling somewhat the temples of Vesta. This little gem of an edifice is erected on the very spot—so says tradition, so say the faithful—where St. Peter was crucified; and who can doubt that the aperture which the custode showed us in the floor is the identical place where the cross was planted?

Santa Maria in Trastevere, formerly the *Basilica Calixta*, is said to have been built near the beginning of the third century, and rebuilt near the middle of the fourth. Its antiquity, however, does not constitute its only interest. Its bold portico and lofty nave are supported by ancient pillars of red and black granite, all of different orders and sizes; its entablature is composed of shattered remains of various antique cornices; and the whole fabric, indeed, seems to be a most extraordinary assemblage of heterogeneous fragments. There is in it, however, a certain majesty, which measurably redeems its deformities; and its chapels are splendidly adorned by the pencil of Domenichino.

In the ancient Campus Veranus, on the road to Tivoli, about a mile beyond the gate, stands the Basilica of *San Lorenzo*, erected by Constantine the Great. Twenty-four granite pillars separate its aisles from its nave. It has two *ambones*, richly carved, and inlaid with precious marbles. Its chancel is curiously paved with mosaic, and adorned with twenty-four superb Corinthian columns, in two ranges, one above the other; the lower range descending, through a large open space, far below the present pavement, to the level of the original floor. Beneath the altar is the tomb, inlaid and encrusted with the most costly marbles, where the saint's remains are said to repose, with those also of the martyr Stephen.

Il Gesu is interesting, less for its antiquity than for its popularity. Antiquity, indeed, it can scarcely claim, as it was built in the sixteenth century. This church and its convent are the head-quarters of the Jesuits. It is very large and magnificent, but somewhat tawdry in its decorations. The sumptuous chapel of St. Ignatius Loyola contains the richest altar in the world. Over it hangs a solid globe of *lapis-lazuli*, which is deemed the largest mass of that precious substance in the possession of man. The gilt bronze tomb of the saint beneath it contrasts singularly with his life of suffering and self-denial. He reposes in a shroud adorned with precious stones, and his tall statue of massy silver is profusely ornamented with gems. By the side of the high altar is the tomb of Cardinal Bellarmino—a celebrated controversialist of the Roman Catholic Church

—some of whose tenets, being a little too liberal to suit the taste of the Vatican, have hitherto prevented his canonization. Thousands of people flock hither for the music and the preaching every Sabbath morning. The music is the finest in Rome; and the preaching, for elocution and effect, surpasses any theatrical performance in Italy. The establishment is said to be immensely wealthy; and I can well believe it, for the trade in indulgences carried on here is a very lucrative business, and the walls of the church are covered with certificates of the release of souls from purgatory, every one of which brought a good sum into the coffers of the brotherhood.

The *Ara Cæli*, which dates from the fifth or sixth century, occupies the site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and is built partly from its ruins. Its twenty-two columns of Egyptian granite, however, could not have belonged to that renowned fabric, whose pillars, according to Plutarch, were all of Pentelic marble. They differ in style and workmanship, and were probably transferred hither from different structures. One of them bears an antique inscription, indicating that it came from the bedchamber of the Cæsars upon the Palatine. The floor and the two *ambones* are ornamented with mosaics of curious patterns. The hundred and twenty-four marble steps by which it is approached once formed part of the Temple of Quirinus. The great attraction here is *Il Santissimo Bambino*—an image of the infant Saviour, covered with gems of sufficient value to purchase an empire. It was made by a Franciscan pilgrim from a tree which grew in the garden of Olivet, and coloured and varnished by Saint Luke, while the artist slept. Of course it has marvellous virtues and has healed myriads of sick. Frequently it is carried to the chambers of the dying; and its fees for professional visits amount to as much as the salaries of all the physicians of Rome. Once, when it went to see a patient, it was detained in his chamber, and another Bambino was sent back in its stead; but during the next night, indignant at such detention, it arose and walked home to its temple. Is it wonderful that this wooden doll should be worshipped by the prostrate thousands of Rome, when it is exhibited for their

reverence in the street? It was in the Ara Cœli that Gibbon, as he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted monks chanted vespers, first conceived the idea of writing the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.'

One of the noblest of these churches is the *Santa Maria Maggiore*. It was built about the middle of the fourth century, and perhaps was the first ever named after the blessed virgin. It stands isolated on the Esquiline, where two great streets terminate in two broad squares; and with its two domes, two fronts, and lofty campanile, presents a very imposing aspect. I do not admire the architecture of its exterior; but its spacious and richly-decorated interior is exceedingly majestic and beautiful. It is the best specimen of the ancient basilica, more than four hundred feet long, and of proportionate width. The aisles are separated from the nave by two Ionic colonnades, numbering more than forty pillars, thirty-two of which are of white marble. The altar is a large slab of marble, covering a large porphyry sarcophagus, in which formerly slumbered the remains of Bishop Liberius, the founder of this gorgeous fabric; and is overshadowed by a magnificent baldichino of bronze, supported by four lofty Corinthian pillars. Its variegated floor, and richly-gilded ceiling, exceed all that I had ever imagined of church ornamentation. Its two great side-chapels, dedicated to *Sixtus Quintus* and the *Borghese* family, are adorned with jasper and lapis-lazuli, and blaze with a profusion of gems and precious metals. But notwithstanding this prodigality of ornament, the general effect is an impression of calm grandeur, which pleases without astonishing; and often as I was there, I always enjoyed, in the contemplation of its architecture, a feeling of tranquil delight.

Like this basilica, that of *San Giovanni in Laterano* has two fronts, is very large and imposing, and occupies a conspicuous position. But the contortions of its interior architecture—its broken friezes and fantastic pediments—its spirals, semicircles, and triangles without number—produce a very different impression from that of the *Santa Maria Maggiore*. Its decorations are extremely rich, and scattered with the utmost profusion, but unfortunately with little

taste ; and the Gothic ornament that surrounds the altar, it appears to me, is not in harmony with the rest of the edifice. For these deformities probably Borromini is responsible. The church was originally supported by more than three hundred antique pillars ; but this bold innovator, in repairing it, walled up many of them in the buttresses, which he disfigured with groups of tasteless pilasters. The canopy over the altar in the chapel of the *Santissimo Sacramento* is sustained by four fluted columns of bronze, extremely beautiful, which are said to have been brought from the Temple of Jerusalem, but are believed by some to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. The Corsini Chapel contains the tomb of Clement XII., whose remains repose in a large porphyry sarcophagus, brought from the portico of the Pantheon, and once occupied by the ashes of Agrippa. In the baptistry is a large basin, lined with marble, from which tradition affirms Constantine to have been baptized, and from which are now baptized all the Jewish converts to the papal faith in Rome. In a neighbouring building is the *Scala Santa*, or Holy Staircase, brought hither from Jerusalem ; the identical steps—we must not doubt it—on which our blessed Lord ascended to the judgment-hall of Pilate. Pilgrims are constantly climbing them on their knees, as Cæsar did the steps to the Temple of Quirinus. A printed advertisement at the bottom promises plenary and perpetual indulgence to those who perform this act of piety, and declares this indulgence to be available also on behalf of their friends in purgatory. At the top, in a dark niche, behind an iron railing, with a light always burning before it, is a portrait of our Lord, painted by St. Luke, under the direction of an angel ; but the artist and his master, it is thought, must have been rather indifferent painters.

The magnificent cathedral of *San Paolo fuori la Mura*, on the way to Ostia, is one of the grandest Christian temples in the world ; and impressed me more than any other building in Rome or its environs, except St. Peter's itself. In 1823 it was burned down, and has since been rebuilt, but is not yet finished. The original edifice was begun by Constantine, and completed by Theodosius and Honorius. Its roof was of wood, but the beams were lined with gold.

Its columns, amounting to a hundred and thirty-eight, were deemed the finest collection in the world. It was repaired successively by Leo III. and Sixtus Quintus. The latter built a portico, or covered gallery, leading to it, from the gate of the city, more than a mile in length, supported by marble pillars, and roofed with gilded copper. This magnificent structure, however, was destroyed long ago, and has left no trace of its existence. We rode out to the basilica, over an unpaved road, beneath a broiling sun, and were well-nigh suffocated with dust. The glory of the building is not in its external architecture; though the lofty portico, on the northern side, with its twelve marble columns, is a beautiful erection; and its campanile, which is not yet completed, is likely to be a very graceful structure. It has a nave and four aisles, divided by four rows of granite columns, amounting in all to eighty-two, every one a single piece, and crowned with a Corinthian capital of white marble. The frieze above is ornamented with mosaic portraits of the popes and illustrious fathers of the Church, but the series is not yet complete. Over the high altar is a magnificent canopy, supported by four columns of white alabaster from Egypt; and beneath it lie parts, it is said, of the bodies of Saint Peter and Saint Paul. The sanctuary, as it is called, is paved with fine marble, and adorned with noble columns and rich mosaics. The length of the building is four hundred feet, and its width at the transept two hundred and fifty. The adjoining cloister of the Benedictines, around an open square, is as fantastic in its architecture as can well be imagined; and its columns, coupled, twisted, fluted, inverted, covered with mosaics, and of all possible forms, Borromini himself could not have beaten.

The classical reader would deem it unpardonable in me not to mention in this sketch the mausoleum of the modern Virgil. Torquato Tasso sleeps in the Church of *Sant' Onofrio*, just under the brow of the Janiculum—midway between his birthplace at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara. On the left, as you enter the church, is a marble slab, with a brief and simple inscription, marking the place where the remains of the poet rested for a long time. They were afterwards removed to the chapel close by, and a monument

of white marble erected over them, which is one of the most beautiful things in Rome. In the centre is a full-length figure of the poet, with an upturned face of almost angelic loveliness, holding a manuscript in one hand, and a gilded pen in the other. Two heavenly beings are hovering over him, in the act of placing a wreath upon his head. Beneath is the funeral procession in *basso-relievo*; the figures being all actual likenesses of the chief personages who officiated on the occasion, or followed in the train. This exquisite memorial is but recently finished; and Pio Nono himself headed the subscription to the work with a liberal sum. From the church, we passed through the cloisters, into the garden; and sat for an hour under Tasso's Oak; and mused on the unhappy fate of the poet; and looked down upon the yellow Tiber, rolling in a thousand whirlpools at our feet; and gazed upon the Campus Martius, crowded with the structures of the modern city; and the monumental ruins which cover the seven hills beyond, mocking the ancient boast of Rome's eternity. We then returned to the convent, and entered the room where the poet died, and saw his chair, his writing-desk, the pens which he used, some of his manuscripts, several articles of his apparel, a cast in wax taken from the dead man's face, and the bay with which the *fratti* decorated his bier and his sepulchre when they removed his remains—sacredly preserved, but all withered and crisped—a sad memorial of genius, and a melancholy emblem of fame! These are the words of Tasso, in a letter to a friend, a few days before his dissolution: 'I feel that the end of my life is near; being able to find no remedy for this wearisome indisposition, which is superadded to my customary infirmities, and by which, as by a rapid torrent, I see myself swept away, without a hand to save. It is no longer time to speak of my unyielding destiny, not to say the ingratitude of the world, which has longed even for the victory of driving me a beggar to my grave; while I thought that the glory which, in spite of those who will it not, this age shall receive from my writings, was not to leave me thus without reward. I have come to this monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air is commended by physicians as more salubrious than in any other

part of Rome, but that I may, as it were, commence, in this high place, and in the conversation of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me: and be assured that as I have loved and honoured you in this present life, so in that other and more real life will I do for you all that belongs to charity unfeigned and true. And to the Divine mercy I commend both you and myself.'

Nor must I omit the grand *Rotondo*; consecrated by Agrippa to Jupiter Ultor and all the gods; and subsequently, by Boniface the Fourth, to the Virgin Mary and all the martyrs. The form of the Pantheon is that of a vast circular hall, crowned with a lofty dome: rather, it is a great dome set upon the ground. It is paved and lined with precious marbles; and its walls are adorned with sixteen columns, and as many pilasters, of giallo antico and pavanazzetto. Between the pillars are eight niches, and between these niches eight altars, each adorned with two smaller pillars of the same kind. The niches were originally occupied by statues of the superior divinities, and the intermediate altars were consecrated to the inferior powers. Those statues, according to the rank of the gods they represented, were of gold, silver, bronze, or marble. The proportions of this temple are most admirable, its diameter and its altitude being equal—about a hundred and fifty feet—and its dome an exact hemisphere. It has no windows, but there is a circular opening in the apex of the dome, twenty-eight feet in diameter, through which the light and the rain alike have free access to the interior. The doors are of massive bronze, probably the identical doors that were placed there by Agrippa. In front is a fine portico, a hundred and ten feet long, and forty-four feet deep; consisting of a double row of Corinthian columns, sixteen in number. Each shaft is a single piece of oriental granite, forty-four feet in height; and all the bases and capitals are of white marble. It looks towards the grand Mausoleum of Augustus on the Campus Martius, and before it of old extended a long area paved with travertine. This is the most perfect specimen of Roman architecture that time and the popes have spared. 'They have removed,' says Dupaty, 'all that made it rich,

but left all that made it great.' The fine marble which encrusted the exterior long since disappeared, leaving nothing but the naked brick; the silver which lined the dome was stripped off and carried away by the barbarians; and the gilt bronze which covered the roof was taken to make the cannon for the castle of St. Angelo, and the huge twisted columns which sustain the baldichino over the high altar of St. Peter's. We may form some proximate idea of the original magnificence of the building, when we learn that more than four hundred and fifty thousand pounds weight of metal were removed at one time. The Pantheon has served as a model for St. Sophia's at Constantinople, and the majestic cupola of the *Basilica Vaticanus*. The portico seems to have been built by Agrippa, about thirty years before Christ: the Rotondo itself may be a century or two older. The eyes of St. Paul looked upon it; and perhaps here, as on Mars Hill, he rebuked the superstition of the people. It is at least by far the most ancient building in Rome, remaining in so good a state of preservation. Its escape from the common fate of other antique edifices is attributable mainly to its conversion into a church in the beginning of the seventh century. Two hundred years later it was repaired, and dedicated to the Virgin, under the name of *Santa Maria ad Martyres*, when twenty-eight waggon-loads of holy bones were brought into it from the cemeteries and catacombs, which was the origin of the Feast of All Saints. And here reposes Raffaello!

I close these ecclesiological sketches, which might be indefinitely extended, with a brief notice of the Church of *San Stephano Rotondo*, on the Cœlian Hill. This is one of the oldest religious edifices in Rome, and by many is supposed to have been originally a pagan temple, though there is probably no sufficient ground for this opinion, nor is it sustained by the character of the architecture. The building is named from its circular shape, and contains two rows of concentric columns, thirty-six in the outer, and twenty in the inner circle. But the chief attraction of the place is the series of frescoes upon the walls, all round the building, exhibiting the sufferings of the martyrs; albeit, less remarkable for any artistic merit they

possess, than for the revolting horrors they display. You see the witnesses of Jesus burned, impaled, beheaded, crucified, flayed alive, torn to pieces, transpierced with arrows, broiled on gridirons boiled in caldrons of oil, fed with ladles of melted metal, and enduring almost every imaginable kind of cruelty and indignity. Doubtless many of the stories thus represented are untrue, and others are exaggerated; it is not very likely, for instance, that St. Denis walked with his head in his hands, after it was struck from his shoulders; but enough that is well authenticated remains, to show the malice of Satan, and the triumphant power of the Christian faith; and it may not be unprofitable to contemplate these pictorial representations of both. 'Though pleasure is not a sin,' says the late Doctor Arnold, 'yet surely the contemplation of suffering for Christ's sake is a thing most needful for us in our days, from whom in our daily life suffering seems so far removed; and as God's grace enabled rich and delicate persons, women, and even children, to endure all the extremities of pain and reproach in times past, so there is the same grace now; and if we do not close ourselves against it, it might in us be equally glorified in a time of trial.' He goes on to state his conviction, 'from the teaching both of men's wisdom and of God's,' that such times of trial are approaching. 'And therefore,' he adds, 'pictures of martyrdom are, I think, very wholesome; not to be sneered at, nor yet to be looked upon as a mere excitement; but as a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace can enable the weakest of his people to bear. Neither should we forget those who by their sufferings were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us, in securing to us the safe and triumphant existence of Christ's blessed faith; in securing to us the possibility—nay, the actual enjoyment, had it not been for the antichrist of the priesthood—of Christ's holy and glorious *ecclesia*—the congregation and commonwealth of Christ's people.' How vastly superior are these truly Christian sentiments to the common inculcations of the Roman ecclesiastics concerning such works of art, and the idolatrous veneration paid them by the Roman people!

CHAPTER XXIV.

PALACES AND VILLAS.

Roman Palaces—Palazzo Doria—Palazzo Ruspoli—Palazzo Corsini—Palazzo Barbarini—Palazzo Borghese—Palazzo Farnese—Palazzo Colonna—Palazzo Spada—Palazzo Pontificio—Palazzo Vaticano—Suburban Villas—Villa Farnese—Villa Negroni—Villa Pamfilidoria—Villa Madama—Villa Borghese—Similarity of these Villas.

BESIDES the palaces of the pope and the senator, there are twenty-four *private* palaces in Rome, all of vast dimensions and imposing architecture. To many of them, in the grandeur of their external appearance, our finest hotels and state-capitols bear no comparison; but within, all seems sacrificed to display, and little or nothing is reserved for domestic convenience or personal comfort. The stranger, as he walks down the Corso and across some of the Piazzas, cannot help admiring these grand and gorgeous structures; but let him enter the arched gateway, ascend the broad marble staircase, and follow his guide through the long suite of apartments, and he will be still more astonished at the unfurnished and uncomfortable condition of the interior. The chief part of the building is occupied with statues and paintings; while the noble proprietor, with his wife and children, and a couple of half-starved domestics, are living in the most secluded and economical manner in some remote corner of the building, admitting visitors at two paces a head to their saloons and galleries of art, and thus reaping a scanty revenue from the display of their ill-sustained magnificence. They give no social entertainments, receive no company, and are seldom seen, except when they ride out in the afternoon, with liveried driver and footman, on the Pincio, or through the grounds of the *Villa Borghese*. Often, no doubt, they actually suffer for the necessities of life, in order to keep up the prestige of their ancient grandeur. The principal apart-

ments of many of these spacious edifices are rented to sojourning *forestieri*; and some of them are even used as hotels, cafés, bazaars, studios, mechanic shops, while the family occupy some single chamber in one of the upper stories. The case, of course, is different with the cardinals, and such of the nobility as have sufficient income to maintain them in better state.

The *Palazzo Doria* in the Corso presents three vast fronts, with a spacious court within, surrounded by a beautiful portico. The staircase, supported by eight pillars of Oriental granite, conducts to a magnificent gallery, that occupies the four sides of the court, and is crowded with the finest works of art.

The *Palazzo Ruspoli* is remarkable for its staircase, which is deemed one of the noblest in Rome. It consists of four flights of steps, each thirty in number; and every step is one solid piece of marble, nearly ten feet long and two feet broad. It is adorned with antique statues, and leads to two noble galleries, the walls of which are covered with pictures. The lower story is now the *Caffè Nuovo*.

The *Palazzo Corsini* is a building of vast magnitude, and one of the handsomest in Rome. It has a double staircase of most imposing architecture, conducting to an extensive gallery of painting and sculpture, and a library of four thousand volumes. It is situated in the Lungara of the Trastevere, and has a pretty villa connected with it, whose classic grounds, reaching to the very crest of the Janiculum, command a pleasant prospect of the city.

The *Palazzo Barberini* is not externally attractive; but it contains some of the finest works of art, among which are Raffael's Fornarina, and Guido's immortal portrait of Beatrice Cenci, 'the picture that enchants the world.' The latter is certainly one of the loveliest things ever executed by human hand. No artist may sit before it, even with a cedar pencil; yet copies of it are seen in all the shops and studios of Rome, and circulated throughout the world. It is said that the finest ever taken is by our countryman, Sully, and this is entirely from memory.

The *Palazzo Borghese* is a superb edifice, belonging to an illustrious family, long celebrated for their taste and their magnificence. It is remarkable for its vast dimen-

sions ; for the noble portico, sustained by ninety-six granite columns, which surrounds its court ; and still more for a certain well-proportioned magnificence, pervading every part, and giving the whole mansion, from basement to attic, an aspect of neatness, order, and opulence. The gallery, containing eight hundred and fifty-six paintings, is arranged in twelve large rooms, each of which has a separate catalogue in French and Italian for the use of visitors.

The *Palazzo Farnese* occupies one side of a handsome square, adorned with two fountains. It was planned by Michael Angelo, and its apartments were painted by Domenichino and Annibale Caracci. The latter toiled eight years on these frescoes, and was rewarded with the princely sum of five hundred crowns, equal to six hundred dollars ! The palace is of immense size and great elevation ; but it was all built from the plundered fragments of the Flavian Amphitheatre. The majestic vestibule is supported by twelve massive pillars of Egyptian granite. Within, three ranges of arcades rise one above another round a spacious court, and several entrances open into suites of magnificent apartments, with ceilings beautifully carved. In the portico stands the sarcophagus of white marble taken from the tomb of Cecilia Metella. The roof and cornice were somewhat damaged in 1849 by the French batteries on the Janiculum ; and we saw several marks left by those formidable missiles.

The *Palazzo Colonna* has an indifferent exterior ; but its great extent, its ample court, and its teeming galleries, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the visitor. Its staircase, lined with statues ; its apartments, decorated with pictures ; its library, filled with a choice collection of old books and manuscripts ; its great hall, forty feet in breadth, and more than two hundred and twenty in length, supported by Corinthian columns of giallo antico, and adorned on the sides and vaulted ceiling with painting and gilding intermingled ; and its terraced gardens, extending along the western slope of the Quirinal, with their flowery walks, and tropical fruits, and living walls of box, and deep arcades of ilex, and colossal fragments of the Temple of the Sun, present a scene of splendour and beauty seldom

equalled even in Italy. The place derives an additional interest from its history, as the residence of Julius the Second, of Cardinal Borromeo, and the noble Colonna. The last named was a hero worthy of antiquity. When overtaken by his pursuers, and asked who he was, he replied, 'I am Stephen Colonna, a citizen of Rome;' and when, in the last extremity of battle, one cried out to him, 'Where is now your fortress, Colonna?' he laid his hand upon his heart, and proudly answered, 'Here!'

The *Palazzo Spada*, though less inviting externally than many of those already described, will be one of the first to attract the attention of the classical tourist, because it contains the statue of Pompey, at the base of which 'great Cæsar fell.' This statue was originally placed by Pompey himself in the senate-house which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised by order of Augustus upon the summit of a marble arch opposite the entrance of Pompey's Theatre. During the convulsions of the Gothic wars it was thrown down, and for ages lay buried in ruins. About the beginning of the seventeenth century it was discovered in a partition wall between two houses; the proprietors of which, after some altercation, valuing it only for the marble, agreed to saw it asunder, and divide it between them. Fortunately, the Cardinal di Spada heard of it, and by a timely purchase rescued from destruction one of the most interesting relics of Roman antiquity. It is eleven feet high, and of Parian marble. There is a broad crimson stain upon one of the legs, a little above the ancle, said to be the blood of Cæsar, which the sapient authoress of 'Reflected Fragments' declares must not be questioned; and truth to say, though one might think two thousand years sufficient for the effacement of any such mark, it would require a good degree of art to produce a better imitation. During the French occupation of the city sixty years ago, it was carried to the Coliseum, and placed upon the stage of a temporary theatre erected for the entertainment of the soldiery, when its right arm was sawed off to aid the facility of transportation. There is also here a sitting statue of Aristotle, and a series of remarkable bas-reliefs from the *Chiesa della Sant' Agnesia*. In 1849 several shot from the French

batteries struck the wall of the palace, some of which broke through the massive structure, but, fortunately, injured none of these valuable antiques.

The *Palazzo Pontificio*, on the Quirinal, the ordinary summer residence of the pope, ought of course to be more splendid than any of those I have mentioned, and Murray pronounces it 'the most habitable and princely palace in Rome.' Its exterior presents two long fronts, of rather simple and unostentatious architecture. The court within is about three hundred and fifty feet by four hundred, surrounded by a lofty portico, with a broad staircase conducting to the papal apartments. We first entered a grand hall, two hundred feet long, and totally without furniture, but having a very gorgeous ceiling. Beyond this we came to the private apartments of the pope—his audience-chamber, dining-saloon, bedroom, and study, constructed and furnished on a grand scale, exceedingly neat, perhaps I should say splendid, but not gaudy. On the identical brass bedstead which we saw in the dormitory, expired Pius the Seventh. Next we came to an elegant suite of apartments which that pontiff fitted up for the Emperor of Austria; and others decorated by the present pope, with paintings and tapestry of the utmost beauty. This palace has been for many years the seat of the conclave for the election of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose name is announced from the balcony over the main entrance to the people in the piazza below. This piazza is called *Monte Cavallo*, from the two colossal statues of horses held by young men, which stand in its centre. These are Grecian productions, perhaps the works of Praxiteles and Phidias; and were transported to Rome by Constantine from Alexandria, and placed in his Baths, whence Sixtus Quintus transferred them to their present position. The gardens adjoining the palace in the rear are spacious, well shaded with evergreens, refreshed by several fine fountains, and adorned with urns, statues, and various antique ornaments; but the parallelogramic arrangement of walks and parterres is intolerably French, and the organ, played by water at a paul per tune for visitors discourses most hideous discords. Pio Nono has not summered here since his trip to Gaeta, preferring a greater proximity to the fortress of Sant' Angelo!

The *Palazzo Vaticano* may well close this list of Roman palaces. Its exterior architecture is neither imposing nor beautiful. It is not even uniform and symmetrical; but looks like a cluster of buildings huddled together without much regard to appearance or propriety. This is easily accounted for by the fact that its several parts were erected by different architects, at different periods, and for different purposes. Begun early in the sixth century, the work has been continued under successive pontiffs, with frequent alterations and enlargements, reparations and improvements, down to the present time. All the great architects that Italy has produced since its commencement have been employed on one part or another of the edifice; and Bramante, Raffaello, Fontana, Maderno, and Bernini, successively displayed their respective talents in its embellishment. It is of immense extent, covering a space twelve hundred feet in length and a thousand in breadth. Its elevation is proportionate, and the number of apartments it contains is incredible. Its halls, saloons, galleries, and porticoes are on a grand scale, and give an idea of magnificence truly Roman. The walls are neither wainscoted, nor hung with tapestry; but animated by the genius of the sublimest of modern artists. It is entered at the north side of the Grand Basilica of Saint Peter, by four successive flights of marble steps, called the *Scala Regia*, adorned with a double row of marble pillars—probably the most superb staircase in the world. Through its galleries of painting and statuary, its hall of inscriptions, its museum of antiquities, and its unrivalled library, I wandered again and again for many hours together; but to enumerate their contents were to write a volume, and to speak critically of a hundredth part of what I saw were to furnish matter for a library.

I must mention a few of Rome's suburban villas, interesting, so many of them, for their fine situations, beautiful gardens, extensive prospects, elegant *casini*, and numerous works of art.

The *Villa Farnese*, seated on the crest of the Palatine, covers, with its gardens, the vast substructions and scattered fragments of the imperial palace; and commands a full

view of the Forum, the Capitol, the Coliseum, and most of the ancient city.

‘Hence the seven hills, and hence is seen,
What’er great Rome can boast, the world’s triumphant queen.’

The *Villa Negroni*, once the favourite retreat of Sixtus Quintus, encloses an immense area on the Esquiline and the Viminal, covered with groves of evergreens, containing two spacious and handsome buildings, and the remains of the celebrated rampart raised by Tarquinius Priscus. Its most valuable marbles, however, have been removed, and part of its grounds converted into vegetable gardens.

The *Villa Pamphilidoria* is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the Emperor Galba. It is remarkable for its extent, magnificence, and valuable antiquities. It was on this elevated spot that Porsenna pitched his camp more than two thousand years ago; and Marshal Oudinot planted his batteries here in 1849. The grounds are laid out with great regularity, after the French manner; but the luxuriance of nature is constantly counterworking the formal art of man; and the profusion of foliage and water renders it a delightful resort in the bright mornings of May.

‘Here many a cool retreat is found,
Far raised o’er all the heights around.’

Nowhere did I see a finer cluster of stone-pines; and oh, how sweetly sang the nightingales among the cedars!

The *Villa Madama*, on the side of Monte Mario, is now interesting chiefly for its historical associations. In its gardens is a rural theatre, formed by the natural windings of a little dell, and delightfully shaded with trees and shrubbery. In the golden days of the Medici, this sylvan scene was crowded by the polished Romans, who assembled to listen to the compositions of rival poets, and decide the priority of contesting orators. After these literary exhibitions, the spectators were regaled in lofty halls, planned by Raffaello, and painted by Giulio Romano, with all the delicacies of the orchard and the garden, amid strains of the sweetest music. But those days are no more, the Medician

line is extinct, and the villa is hastening to decay. The view from the hill above it is charming: the Tiber winding through its green meadows, spanned by the memorable Pons Milvius, with its arched tower; the plain consecrated by the victory of Constantine; the Campus Martius, covered with the buildings of the modern city; while the seven hills beyond, and the Campagna stretching away to the mountains,

‘Make great display of Rome’s immortal ruins.’

The *Villa Borghese*, four miles in circumference, covers the brow of a hill behind the Pincio. Its noble vistas, numerous fountains, ornamental buildings, and interesting collection of antiquities, entitle it to be regarded as the first of Roman villas, and worthy of comparison with the luxurious retreats of Sallust and Lucullus. Portions of the grounds are laid out in parallelograms, whose walks are adorned with temples, shaded with laurels, and refreshed with sparkling cascades; but here and there a winding path allures the visitor into a wilderness of plants and flowers, abandoned to their native luxuriance, and watered by streamlets murmuring through their own artless channels. The interior of its spacious casino is lined with the richest marbles, supported by the noblest pillars, and filled with the finest productions of the pencil and the chisel. Here is the famous reclining statue of Pauline Buonaparte by Canova, a work of wondrous beauty. Such, indeed, is the splendour of these apartments, and the preciousness of their contents, that no sovereign in Europe can boast a gayer residence, or a richer gallery. The gates of this paradise are always open to the public; and whenever the weather is good, especially on Sunday, multitudes of people of all descriptions, from the red-shanked cardinal down to the rag-screen contadine, are to be seen moving in every direction among the trees, or sitting in picturesque groups around the fountains. Frequently, through these delightful groves, fragrant with blossoms and musical with singing birds, I ranged for hours together, and never wearied of their varied beauty.

The *Villa Ludovisi*, famous for the Aurora of Guercino on the ceiling of its *casino*; and the *Villa Abani*, with

its two huge columns of alabaster, and its numerous pillars of granite, porphyry, serpentine, verd antique, and other precious marbles; with all the rest, I pass by, lest I should weary the reader with the similarity of detail. In describing a few of these charming seats, one virtually describes them all. They may differ in extent and magnitude, but they are nearly the same in their principal features, their natural graces, and their artificial decorations. All of them enclose some of the same ancient ruins, contain some of the same interesting antiques, and present some of the same delightful views of the Historic City—

‘The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood!’

CHAPTER XXV.

ANTEMNE AND FIDENE.

Solitary Ramble on the Campagna—Interesting View—Fierce Dogs—A Ruin—Walk to Antemne—Charcoal Sketch—A Soldier Artist—Site of the City—Great Battle Ground—Ponte Salaro—Scene of Nero's Suicide—Necropolis and Citadel of Fidene—Historical Sketch.

THERE is nothing I enjoy more than a solitary ramble in the country. Even at home, I love to wander at leisure through 'the grand old woods,' or sit down in the shade by some rippling brook, and give myself up to reverie. But in Italy, where every hill has borne a city, and every stream reddened with battle-blood, and every foot of soil entombed its hero—where every rock is a history, every ruin an epic poem, and every ivy-mantled tower a sermon for the heart—there is an indescribable pleasure in such an excursion, and the soul, communing with the past, learns something of her own littleness, sees the vanity of man and all his works, and looks away from the perishable to the eternal.

One charming morning, with Dennis's 'Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria' under my arm, I sauntered along the old Flaminian Way, little knowing, and as little caring, whither I went, till I found myself on a lofty precipice overlooking the Tiber, eight miles above the city. Here I seated myself upon a block of *tuffo*, which Etruscan hands two thousand years ago had hewn into its quadrangular form, unfolded my map, and for two full hours feasted eye and soul with the strange beauty of the scene around me.

Below me, visible for many miles, flowed the classic Tiber, in many a graceful curve, through a rich valley, bounded with gently sloping hills, and here and there a bold promontory looking down into its golden current. On my left, between romantic cliffs, brilliant with in-

numerable flowers, descended a foaming torrent—the *Cremera* of ancient story. On its bank, five miles above, where I could plainly see the *Isola Farnese*, once stood the populous and powerful Veii, for more than three centuries the most formidable foe of Rome. There were the heights on which Camillas encamped before her gates, and from which he wept over the flight of her miserable children. Near where I sat—perhaps upon the very spot—the noble band of the *Fabii* built their castle, and in that valley beneath me were lured within the fatal ambush. On a small eminence, just across the Tiber, was the *Castel Giubeleo*, where once frowned the arx of *Fidene*, the constant ally of the Veientes in their frequent conflicts with the Romans. Just below it stands the *Villa Spada*, upon the supposed site of the ancient *Villa Phaon*. It was there Romulus concealed his soldiers, till he had drawn the Fidenates without the gates of the city; and there Nero disgracefully terminated his most disgraceful life. Farther down the river, just where the *Anio* flows into it from Tivoli, was another promontory, which of old bore the arx of *Antemne*, the first of the neighbouring cities subdued by Romulus. With the aid of my glass, I could trace the little valley of the *Anio* to the base of the Sabine Mountains, eighteen or twenty miles distant. Never looked that picturesque range more beautiful than on that morning. Never was the light along their lower slopes of a richer and softer tint, and never gleamed their distant snow-robed summits with a diviner glory.

As I sat in a half-dreamy mood, superinduced partly by the delicious languor of the atmosphere, partly by the bewildering beauty of the surrounding scenery, and partly by its melancholy historic associations, the dull booming sound of the cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo announced the hour of noon, and the great bell of St. Peter's sent its sweet echoes over the hills. Then I arose, and pursued my walk, through a scene of dreary desolation, strewn everywhere with the ruins of long-departed power, and splendour. Returning to Rome across the wild Campagna, I discovered some distance before me what appeared to be a haystack; but upon my approach, a number of very formidable dogs rushed out upon me, and

I was obliged to do valiant battle for my life. I soon ascertained that it was tenanted by other animals than dogs—certain very suspicious-looking bipeds, in hairy goat-skin breeches—whether men or satyrs, I could not say. I afterwards saw several of these shepherd's huts (for such they were), which I deemed it prudent not to approach too near. On the declivity of a hill I passed the mouth of what at first looked like a natural cave in the rock; but, upon examination, found to consist of great square masses of stone, without any appearance of mortar; and near it were the remains of several similar arches, which together with it must have constituted the ruins of some ancient building of vast dimensions. The arch seemed still to serve, in a manner, its original purpose; for there was some straw within, with a stool, two or three kettles, and traces of a recent fire; but, remembering my late adventure, I abstained from any very close inspection of the premises. On reaching the city, I was told that I had been where it was deemed very dangerous for any person, especially a *forestiero*, alone and unarmed, to venture.

Not satisfied with the distant view I had enjoyed of those ancient cities, the next week I set forth, in company with two American gentlemen, on a pedestrian excursion towards Antemne and Fidene. The cities themselves, indeed, are no more, having perished more than two thousand years ago; nor are there any traces of them remaining, except the sepulchral excavations in the surrounding cliffs, with here and there a detached block of hewn *tuffo*, and innumerable fragments of pottery; but the hills whereon they stood are near the ancient Via Salaria, on the left bank of the Tiber, one of them three miles above Rome, and the other five. These cities appear to have been taken, originally, from the Siculi, by the Pelasgi; and were afterwards, according to Dionysius, for a time, possessed by the Sabines; but were at length conquered by the Romans, and reduced to the condition of Roman colonies.

Antemne was one of the three whose daughters became the mothers of the Roman race. Romulus, to people the new city which he had built upon the Palatine, offered an asylum to fugitive slaves, insolvent debtors, and all sorts

of criminals and adventurers. By this means, he soon filled the place with men, such as they were; and his next care was to provide a proportionate number of women. For this purpose, he sought an alliance with the Sabines, but they rejected the proposal with disdain. Hereupon, by advice of the Senate, he proclaimed a magnificent feast in honour of Neptune, and invited the Sabines from all the surrounding cities. They came in crowds, and brought their wives and daughters with them. While their attention was taken up with the games, the young Romans, with drawn swords, rushed in among them, seized the damsels, and bore them away in their arms. The fathers, brothers, and lovers, of course, were greatly incensed, and vowed revenge. Antemne, being nearest to Rome, was first in the war. Romulus, however, prevailed against her. In a short time she was subdued, her inhabitants removed to Rome, and a Roman colony placed there in their stead.

We passed the gardens of Sallust, and left the city by the Porta Salaria. Just within the gate we saw a young German, in the French uniform, drawing a charcoal sketch upon a whitewashed wall. It was Gasparoni and his band, attacked by the Roman soldiers. The figure of the chief, as large as life, was exceedingly fine, and the whole scene was full of spirit. The soldiers and the robbers were grappling one another with desperate energy, shooting, stabbing, hurling one another headlong down the rocks; and many a poor fellow, doubtless after having done his best, lay stretched in death upon the ground.

But meritorious as the picture was, the *artist* himself was a far more interesting study. He told us that from his childhood he had been an enthusiastic lover of art, and cherished a great desire to become a painter; but his purse was not commensurate with his ambition. He joined the French army, thinking that if he could get to Rome, he might find opportunity to indulge his passion and improve his talent. Hitherto, however, he had been unsuccessful. Posted at the Porta Salaria, and having plenty of time, he amused himself in the manner I have mentioned. After fifteen minutes of pleasing conversation with him, we offered him a few *baiocchi*, which he very reluctantly ac-

cepted, and went on our way toward the 'many-towered Antemne.'

It is a pleasure to walk the beautiful macadamized roads of Italy, especially here upon the picturesque Campagna, where every object is so rich in historical associations; and still more, when one has such companions as I had that day, to share his thoughts and feelings. With Gell's Topography and map in our hands, we were soon among the ruins of Antemne. The *ruins*, I say; but there is scarcely anything to be seen, worthy of such designation. The site, indeed, has been most satisfactorily ascertained; but there is nothing to indicate, except to the practised eye of the antiquary, that the place was ever occupied by a city. It lies on the left of the Via Salaria, just below the junction of the Anio with the Tiber. It is a lofty tableland, nearly square, and falling off precipitously on all sides, except that towards Rome, where a narrow ridge unites it to the neighbouring hill. Such situations were always chosen by the earlier inhabitants of Italy for the sites of their cities.

We easily found the places of the four gates indicated by Gell, and the two eminences on which he locates the two citadels. Near the base of the cliff, on the southern side, is a horizontal excavation—probably a tomb, and doubtless of Etruscan date. Higher up, and a little farther towards the west, is a mass of rocks, piled one upon another in a very regular manner; but the angles are so rounded by the abrasion of centuries, that it is difficult to say with confidence whether it is the work of nature or of man. There is another cavern near the top of the cliff, and here and there a block of *tufa* in the plain below. With these exceptions, we saw nothing that could be called ruins. It would be a wonder, indeed, if there were any, after the ground has been ploughed and pastured for so many centuries. But it is no less a wonder, that a city which perished before the age of authentic history, should, without any such remains, have preserved unquestionable indications of its former existence; and yet, there is no ancient city, the precise locality of which has been more indubitably ascertained, than that of Virgil's '*Turrigeræ Antemnæ*.'

But whatever of interesting relics may be lacking in

the site, is abundantly compensated by its associations and adjacent scenery. Behind us lay the beautiful grounds of the Villa Albani, the Villa Borghese, and the Monte Pincio—a perfect forest of flowers and evergreens, beyond which rose the domes and towers of the Eternal City. On our left, at the base of the cliff on which we stood, rolled the Tiber in its majesty, whirling along huge masses of ice from the mountains, as anciently the bodies of Sabine and Etruscan soldiers. Farther down, but in full view, stood the ancient Milvian Bridge—now the Ponte Molle, where the hopes of Paganism perished with Maxentius. Along the opposite side of the river was easily traced the Via Flaminia, at the base of a lofty precipice, in which yawned the dark mouth of a cavern, the celebrated tomb of the Nasoni. Just before us, almost within a stone's throw, the quiet Anio wound its way through the green meadows, till it fell into the Tiber. And there at our right was the Ponte Salaro—a venerable relic of antiquity—perhaps the identical bridge which, in the year of Rome 397, was the scene of a fierce encounter between the Romans and the Gauls, encamped on opposite banks of the stream; and where Manlius Torquatus, like another David, smote his Goliath to the dust. On the same ground Tolumnius, the king of Etruria, had long before fallen beneath the sword of Cornelius Cossus. A mile or two farther up the same river stood the famous Mons Sacer, to which, in the days of the Dictator Largius, the aggrieved soldiery and citizens of Rome retired to organize a distinct and independent community; whither an embassy was sent from the Senate to solicit their return, and where Menenius Agrippa put forth the celebrated fable, so finely told by Livy, of the revolt of the members of the body against the belly—a conference which resulted in the reconciliation of the people, the reformation of the government, and the institution of the office of the Tribunes.

Two miles and a half farther up the Tiber, on a high bluff in a bend of the river stood the *Castel Giubileo*—so called because it was erected in one of the years of Jubilee. It is nothing more than a large farm-house, and interesting only because it occupies the ground once occupied by the citadel of *Fidene*. Between this and the height on which we stood was a broad plain, with the Tiber on the left, and

a low range of hills on the right. This was the great battle-ground between the Romans and their foes, in the earlier periods of their history; and probably there is no other place in Italy which has been so often the scene of bloody contests. It was here that Romulus pursued the flying Fidenates within their very gates, when he first laid upon them the Roman yoke. It was here that Tullus Hostilius encamped before their walls, until he starved them into a surrender. It was here that Ancus Martius led his forces, when he entered the city by a cuniculus. It was here that Tarquinius Priscus thundered along with his legions, when he stormed the citadel. It was here that the Consuls Valerius and Lucretius marched with their heavy engines to batter down the fortifications. It was here that their successor, Largius Flavius, six years afterwards, sat down with his flock of locusts, till famine gained for him what he could not achieve by the sword. It was here that the Dictator A. Servilius Priscus, sixty-three years later, marched his beleaguering host, to tunnel the solid tufa, and work his way underground into the centre of the city. It was here that Mamilius Emilius Mamercinus, four hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, chased the fugitives from the plain into their fortresses, entering after them, taking possession of their city, and bringing them effectually and finally under the Roman yoke. And it was here, on the banks of the Anio, and along the Tiber, that the Romans contested the ground with Hannibal, when he marched from Capua; and met in deadly conflict the invading Gauls. Ah, what scenes of carnage have been witnessed from this height! But now thousands of sheep are feeding peacefully in those fields; and skylarks are soaring and singing as blithely over the scene, as if it had never reddened with blood, nor trembled with the tumult of battle.

We descended the hill, and crossed the *Ponte Salaro*. This bridge, as well as the *Ponte Molle*, was blown up by the Romans in 1849, to cut off the approach of the French army; but the injury was comparatively small, and was soon afterwards remedied. The old Etruscan work is still plainly seen in the basement of its piers. Just beyond it is a very ancient building—it may have been a tomb or a

tower—surmounted by a modern structure of the middle ages, and forming a very picturesque object in the landscape. It is now an *Osteria*. We entered, and found it occupied by a man, a boy, three dogs, five cats, and some millions of fleas. In one corner was a box filled with earth, upon which a fire was burning, and the only way of escape for the smoke was the door. We sat down here to despatch our luncheon, but it was impossible to remain long in such an atmosphere.

On the other side of the road, a little farther on, we passed several tombs hewn in the rock, some evidently of Etruscan origin, and some, perhaps, of Roman. A walk of two miles and a half brought us to the *Villa Spada*, just back of which, on a small conical hill, was the ancient *Villa Phaon*. The road passes around the western base of the hill; but we went through the field on the other side of it, probably the very ground over which Nero passed when he fled hither from the vengeance of Rome. It was then a thicket of brambles; Gell calls it 'a little wood;' but we found it an orchard of olive trees. When the tyrant heard that Galba had taken up arms against him, he first thought of taking poison, then ran to plunge into the Tiber, and finally fled the city on horseback. Finding himself pursued, he left his horse, quit the highway, and crept through the bushes and briars to the back of Phaon's Villa. Here he drew his dagger to stab himself, but his courage again failed him. Then he desired one of his freedmen to kill him; but his freedman declined the honour. Next he requested a domestic to die first, in order to inspire him with courage: but his domestic could not see the reasonableness of such a request. At length he put a dagger to his throat, and the servant who would not die for him assisted him to die for himself; and thus fitly terminated his brutal and bloody life. Parts of the walls of the villa are still seen upon the hill; and huge masses of stone imbedded in a strong cement, with fragments of granite columns, have rolled down into the valley below.

Just beyond this are the tombs of *Fidene*, excavated in the rock beneath the city walls. We struck a light, and entered one of the openings, and found ourselves in large rooms, fifty feet square, which communicated one with

another. There were niches for cinerary urns, and benches of rock for the bodies of the dead. One we found tenanted by a shepherd, whose entire knowledge concerning the origin and history of his strange abode was comprised in three words—‘*Il grotta antica.*’ The top of the hill bears unequivocal remains of masonry; the walls are easily traced, and the sites of the several gates are quite evident. On the almost insulated height occupied by the Castel Giubeleo, it is supposed, with great probability, stood the principal arx; and there may have been another on a similar elevation to the north-east of it, where are many tombs in the cliff, and traces of foundations on the top. The rugged steep on all sides is covered with a dense growth of briars, and the whole area above is adorned with white daisies and purple crocuses.

Fidene was a great and powerful city in the days of Romulus; but she has utterly perished, and the ruin of *Antemne* is not more complete. The occasion of her first capture was the seizure by her citizens of several boats, sent down the Tiber from *Crustumerium*, laden with corn for the Romans. Her subsequent history is nothing but a series of struggles against her conqueror—of successive rebellions and submissions to Rome. Again and again she threw off the yoke; again and again it was laid with double weight upon her shoulder. At length Rome deemed it best to pluck the thorn from her side; and about four hundred and twenty-three years before Christ, *Fidene* was totally demolished. But the place was re-colonized under the emperors, and for some time it was a flourishing Roman settlement, and a favourite resort of the Roman people. During the reign of Tiberius, one Attilius gave a gladiatorial entertainment there, when a wooden amphitheatre, erected for the purpose, broke down, killing fifty thousand spectators. It is now a wild dreary down, where shepherds lead their flocks; and after having walked across and around it, up and down the hills, in every direction, and finding nothing more than I have mentioned, we returned to Rome, and entered the gate just before sunset, having walked not less than eighteen miles during the day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD ETRUSCAN VEIL.

Historical Sketch—Our Visit—The Campagna—Isola Farnese—Antonio Valeri—Tarpeian Rock—Utter Desolation—Ponte Sodo—Necropolis—Painted Tomb—Forum of Roman Municipium—Columbaria—Second and Third Visits—Additional Discoveries—Serpents—Piazza D'Armi—Temple of Juno—La Scaletta—Grotta Campana—Return to Rome.

VEII, the most opulent and powerful city of ancient Etruria, was situated eleven miles north of Rome. It is said to have been founded by Propertius, and was at the acme of its prosperity eight hundred years before Christ. Dionysius says that it was equal in extent to Athens, and not inferior in architecture to Rome. Its circumference, as indicated by the present aspect of the ground and the remaining traces of the wall, could not have been less than six or seven miles. The style of the masonry differs entirely from that of the Romans, consisting of large blocks of stone, generally rectangular, and fitted together without any sort of cement, proving a much higher antiquity than any remains of the neighbouring city of Romulus.

Of this great city we have no certain information, except what the Roman writers have furnished us in the record of their wars. Her chronicles are notices merely of successive contests with her powerful foe; and since 'the man, and not the lion, drew the picture,' chiefly of successive disasters and defeats. It is melancholy, indeed, to trace her bloody trail across the field of history; but let us remember, that except for that bloody trail, we should never have known so much as the name of *Veii*, and her eleven Etrurian sisters. Florus calls the Veientes 'the unceasing and annual enemies of Rome;' and no less than fourteen distinct wars with that powerful rival, all within four hundred and fifty years, are registered by the historian.

The first of these was with Romulus, to avenge his capture of the neighbouring city of *Fidene*. The second was in

aid of *Fidene* against *Tullus Hostilius*. The third was in self-defence, against the ambition of *Ancus Martius*. The fourth was in alliance with eleven other cities of Etruria against *Tarquinius Priscus*. In all these wars, of course, the Romans were conquerors; as their own historians tell the story. About the year of Rome 180, the Veientes again threw off the yoke, and were followed by the rest of the confederation, and the succeeding twenty years was a series of bloody contests with *Servius Tullius*; whose arms, however, according to the records, were always victorious. Sixty-five years after this war ended, the Veientes espoused the cause of *Tarquinius Superbus*, who for his profligacies and oppressions had been driven from the throne of Rome; and a battle ensued near the Arsian Wood, in which Aruns, the son of the exiled king, and Brutus, the first consul, fell by each other's hands; after which the forces of confederate Etruria, under Porsenna their leader, marched to the invasion of the Eternal City. After another treaty, followed by twenty-four years of peace, the Veientes were battling once more with the Roman legions. *Servius Cornelius Cossus* defeated them as usual, and then granted them a truce; but in five years more the rebels were again in the field, and marched boldly up to the Roman camp, and dared the foe to the combat; upon which a severe battle ensued, and very likely the Romans came off second best, though the historians assert the contrary.

In the following year, while Rome was pressed by the *Veientes* on the one hand, and the *Equi* and the *Volsci* on the other, occurred an instance of patriotic devotion to which there is scarcely a recorded parallel. When several plans had been suggested for repelling the *Veientes*, and the senate seemed greatly perplexed and straitened, *Ceso Fabius*, the consul, and chief of the Roman patricians, arose and said: 'Conscript Fathers, look ye to the *Equi* and the *Volsci*, and leave the *Veientes* to the *Fabii*. The republic hath need of men and money elsewhere: be this war at our expense: we will engage to uphold the majesty of the Roman name' The next day the whole body of the *Fabii*—three hundred and six in number—all of the noblest patrician blood, with the consul at their head, marched forth from the city, amid the prayers and joyful

shouts of the populace. 'Never,' says Livy, 'did an army so small in number, or so great in action, and in the admiration of their countrymen, march through the streets of Rome.' When they reached the *Cremera*, they pitched their camp on a precipice-girt hill, and further protected it by a double fosse and numerous towers. Here they maintained themselves for a year against all the efforts of the Veientes to dislodge them, ravaging their territory, and annoying them in many ways; till the consul, *Emilius Mamercus*, defeated them, and obliged them to sue for peace. The next year, however, they renewed the war, and determined to accomplish by stratagem what they had heretofore vainly attempted by force. They laid an ambush on the banks of the *Cremera*, and then sent shepherds down the valley with their flocks. The *Fabii*, beholding these from the height of their castle, descended like an eagle upon the prey. But as they were returning with the spoil they had taken, the foe rushed forth upon them in overwhelming numbers. Bravely did they battle for their lives, till the last man fell covered with wounds; and only a boy escaped, who lived to preserve the race, and be the progenitor of Fabius Maximus.

This achievement of the Veientes was but the prelude to a nobler victory. They routed the Roman army under the command of the Consul *Menenius*, and took possession of the Janiculan Hill. Here they maintained themselves for many months, menacing and annoying the city, till they were at length dislodged by the consuls. The next year they were again defeated by *Valerius*, and the year following by *Manlius*, from whom they obtained a peace for forty years. In the year of Rome 309 they resumed hostilities. Seven years later they espoused the cause of the *Fidenates*, who had thrown off the Roman yoke, and slew the Roman ambassadors sent to demand an explanation. Soon after this they engaged the foe, under the command of *Mamilius Emilius*, on the bank of the Tiber, and *Lars Tolumnius*, their king and commander, was cut down by the sword of *Cornelius Cossus*. Again and again they met their enemies on the same field, and again and again the crimsoned current of the Tiber reported the slaughter to the inhabitants of Rome. Nay, again and

again they marched up to the very gates of the city, and the foster-children of the she-wolf quailed before them.

At length, in the year of Rome 349, the Romans laid siege to *Veii*, and being at peace elsewhere, brought their whole force to bear against their ancient foe. When the siege had already continued eight years with little or no success, a remarkable phenomenon furnished the occasion of victory. The Alban Lake, occupying the crater of an extinct volcano, suddenly rose to an unprecedented height, and threatened to burst its boundary, and devastate the Campagna with floods. Sacrifices were offered to the gods, and messengers were sent to Delphi to consult the oracle. The answer was, that if the Romans would drain the lake by tunnelling the mountain, they should save their city, and stand victors on the walls of *Veii*. Meantime, a prophecy to the same effect had been uttered by one of the *Veientes*, first to a Roman soldier, and subsequently to the Roman senate. In the course of another year the lake was drained as the goddess directed, and the Romans fought with new confidence of victory. *Camillus*, who was now appointed dictator, and assumed the command of the army, taking a hint, perhaps, from the tunnel at Albano, began to work a *cuniculus*, or mine, under the citadel of *Veii*. The siege had lasted ten years when the *cuniculus* was finished. It was carried up to the very floor of the Temple of Juno, which was within the citadel. The king was there, consulting the oracle, when *Camillus* with his men burst through the floor, and ascended as from the infernal regions, and took possession of the city. So runs the story, which, however, I do not hold the reader strictly bound to believe, since *Livy* does not appear to believe it himself.

Half a century after this the place was utterly deserted; and at the commencement of the reign of Augustus Cæsar it was only a pasturage for flocks. That emperor established a Roman colony upon its ruins, which flourished for a season, and then fell into decay, and was finally abandoned. *Veii* was now obliterated from the map of Italy, and the very place where it had stood remained unknown for ages. When, on the revival of letters, attention was called to the subject of Italian antiquities, its site became a

matter of dispute, and eight or ten different localities were assigned by as many different antiquaries. Later researches have settled the question; and there is now no doubt that the ruins I am about to describe are the remains of that once magnificent rival and mighty adversary of Rome. They lie scattered over a lofty triangular table-land, seven miles in circumference, nearly surrounded by two streams, which flow along at the foot of the precipice—one of them called *Il Formello*, and the other *Il Fosso dei due Fossi*—which unite below to form the *Valca*—beyond all question, the ancient *Cremera*. A position stronger by nature could scarcely have been selected; and in the days of *Veii*, nothing was more important than such a situation.

I resolved on an early visit to the ruins. Two of our American friends, an artist and his wife, cheerfully consented to bear us company. Abate Scotti, the friendly priest, generously volunteered his services in procuring us a vettura for the trip. The morning was clear and beautiful, just suitable for such an excursion. How merrily we rattled down the *Via Frattina*, and up the *Corso*, and through the *Porta del Popolo*, and along the old Flaminian Road, and over the ancient Milvian Bridge!

An hour and a half brought us to the castle of *Isola Farnese*—a building of the middle ages, upon substructions of a much earlier period. It is perched, like an eagle's nest, upon a steep and lofty rock, apparently inaccessible on all sides, except that by which we approached. In connection with it is a hamlet of miserable huts, tenanted by some twenty-five or thirty souls, which might be suspected of being human, if their bodies were not too evidently Italian. The precipice in every direction yawns with caverns, manifestly the work of human hands, where many of the ancient Veians doubtless 'slept their last sleep,' hard by the walls on which they 'fought their last battle.'

The *arx* or citadel of *Veii*, as some have imagined it, this place never could have been; for there is a broad valley between it and the city, with a stream three hundred feet below, and no appearance—scarcely a possibility—of any direct means of communication. It has

been supposed, also, to be the site of the castle of the *Fabii*; but this is still more unlikely than the former opinion; for the situation, so near the city, would by no means answer the purpose of the Roman Spartans, and such a locality is quite incompatible with the facts of the history.

But what have I to do with the quarrels of antiquarians? or what boots the discussion of their sage conjectures, after both *Fabii* and *Veientes* have mouldered for so many centuries in the dust? Besides, one of our party insists that this was the citadel of *Veii*, because she came to see it as such, and will not consent that it shall be anything else; and it were surely ungracious in me to explode her castle in the air, when nobody is likely to be benefited by its catastrophe.

At the foot of *Isola Farnese* we halted, and soon had around us about two-thirds of the village population. Murray and Dennis both speak of 'the worthy Antonio Valeri,' as keeping the key of 'the Painted Tomb,' and ready to conduct strangers among the ruins. For him, therefore, I immediately inquired; but the thin and sallow rag-screens shook their heads sadly, and replied, '*Antonio é morto, signore—Antonio é morto.*' At first I suspected this for an Italian trick, with a view to personal pecuniary profit; but upon further interrogation, it turned out that Mr. Dennis's 'big burly' friend had indeed departed this life at the time the Pope departed for *Gaeta*; and as there are no 'happy-death' papers published hereabout, Murray* had probably never heard of his demise; and his Handbook recommends the dead man to lead us through the buried city and among its ancient sepulchres. Shade of Tolumnius, protect us from such a *cicerone*! Not that I, for my part, loved Antonio less—for I had begun to regard him already as an old acquaintance, and I felt that in his death I had lost a friend, and mourned his untimely fate with the sincerest sorrow—but that I loved our fair fellow-pilgrims more, and knew that they needed something more substantial than such ghostly help in climbing the rugged heights and threading the tangled thickets before us. To our great grief, we learned also that the key of the Painted Tomb was missing—whether Antonio

* What was the edition of the doctor's Murray?—Ed.

had taken it with him, or it had been lost since he left the *Isola*, they did not inform us—and that it would be impossible to see the interior of that celebrated monument of ancient art and affection. But, determined to make the best of our double disappointment, we selected the most honest-looking cut-throat of the gang, forthwith installed him as poor Antonio's successor, and followed him, on foot, over rock and ruin, amid the melancholy remembrances of the times of old.

Descending from the *Isola* by a winding way, we crossed the *Fosso dei due Fossi* near a modern mill, where the stream plunges over a precipice into the gulf eighty feet below, forming one of the most beautiful cascades I have ever seen, while the cliff above rises some two hundred feet higher. Nibby supposes this to have been the Tarpeian Rock of *Veii*, whence criminals were precipitated headlong to their fate. Perhaps it was—I shall not controvert his opinion; but we do not know that the Veians *had* any Tarpeian Rock, or *needed* any; and if they practised any such mode of punishment, a hundred other places in the neighbourhood would have answered the purpose as well as this.

Here our artist sat down to take a sketch, and we went forward to await him on the heights above. We ascended by a steep and narrow passage cut through the *tufò*, which must have been the site of a gate, for on each side are evident traces of the wall. Reaching the summit of the hill, from which we could see nearly the whole area of the city, nothing met the view but wild and desolate downs, scattered over with huge blocks of hewn stone, foundations of massive walls, fragments of marble and pottery, here and there a copse of briars and brushwood, and a fringe of larger growth upon the brink of the precipice enclosing the whole. There were no large and lofty remains, like those of Rome, of Athens, or Egypt, majestic even in their decay—no *Coliseum*, nor *Parthenon*, nor *Pyramids*—nothing, indeed, at first sight, to remind one that here stood the stately structures and swarmed the busy population of a mighty city—the southern bulwark of Etruria, the most formidable enemy of infant Rome, and for nearly four centuries her rival in military prowess, and her

instructress in the arts of civilized life. As Dennis says, 'The very skeleton of *Veii* has crumbled to dust—the city is its own sepulchre.' Yet in this vast area was ample room for the play of imagination. What scenes of joy and sorrow have been witnessed here—what meetings and partings of lovers—marriage festivities and funeral solemnities—the hum of the market-place and the grave deliberations of senates—the charm of popular eloquence and the divine fascinations of song—kings crowned and uncrowned—solemn embassies entertained—armies mustered for the conflict! And now there is not a sound to be heard but the distant barking of a shepherd's dog, and the sweet chant of the skylark and the nightingale filling the solitude with joy.

In half an hour the sketch was completed, and the sketcher rejoined the company. We now went across the fields towards the north, passing several fragments and foundations, also a place which had lately been excavated, where we found some fine pieces of white and coloured marble. Then we descended to the *Formello*, which washes the base of the cliff that bore the city wall. At the place where we crossed the stream appear to have been a gate and a bridge. From this point we followed the brook, with a steep, rocky bank on the other side of it, surmounted here and there by the remains of ancient masonry, till we came to the *Ponte Sodo*. This is a tunnel, through which the stream flows, two hundred and forty feet long, about fifteen feet wide, and nearly twenty feet high. At first, it might be taken for a natural formation; but upon further examination it turns out to be evidently artificial. I entered it as far as possible without wading in the water, and found that in the roof there were two square apertures, which may have been the mouths of sluices, or perhaps communicated with the towers above. On the top, in a line with the wall, are two mounds—one of them very large, indicating, as Gell thinks, a double gate. Here, then, must have been one of the chief entrances of the city, and this excavated rock was the bridge over which rolled the chariots of *Porsenna* and *Tolumnius*. It is likely, from the form of the ground, that the stream originally passed around this place, some

distance from the cliff, and this tunnel was made in order to bring it close under the city wall.

At the mouth of the cavern we sat down to refresh ourselves with a luncheon. The view was exceedingly fine. The precipice of gray and yellow *tufa*, in alternate layers, adorned with the greenest lichens and the most delicate blossoms, and overhung by a luxuriant growth of ilex and ivy, from which at intervals peeped out fragments of the ancient wall; the dark excavation below, with the water dripping from its roof, and sparkling like diamonds in the sunshine as it fell into the soft, pure stream: all this, independent even of any associations of the past, was full of beauty. Our artist thought it worthy of his pencil, and employed another half hour in sketching.

From the bridge, twenty or thirty minutes' walk down the valley brought us to the *Necropolis*. The tombs are excavated in the side of the hill, opposite the city. There are several tiers of them, one above another. A large number—Dennis says 'thousands'—have been opened, robbed of their precious contents, and their entrances again filled up with earth. The Queen of Sardinia, who owned the land, formerly let it out to excavators—most of them dealers in antiquities at Rome—who rifled them of their urns, vases, jewelry, statuary, and everything convertible into cash, and then closed them up again.

We clambered up the hill to the entrance of the Painted Sepulchre—the oldest and most interesting yet discovered in Italy, and perhaps not less ancient than any of the remains lately found amid the mounds of Assyria and Babylonia. And now it was, O *Antonio Valeri*, that we profoundly lamented thy untimely fate! Hadst thou lived, thou 'big, burly' friend of George Dennis, doubtless the key had not been lost, and we might have explored the interior of this famous charnel-house of antiquity! There, indeed, was the avenue, cut into the side of the hill towards the centre, eighty feet long, six feet wide at the entrance, and ten at the mouth of the tomb; and there were the four couchant lions that have guarded it faithfully for twenty-five centuries or more—two of them headless, but still erect—the other two, fallen and shattered; and there was the huge rough wall of ancient masonry, and

the modern iron grating through which we looked into one of the dark side-chambers, and the modern iron door to the principal vault where slept the mighty dead—it may have been one of the kings of *Veii*; but there was nothing more to be seen! It was enough to incense a saint; and I could have scourged the whole vagabond herd of *Isola Farnese*, with the pope and his cardinals besides, for suffering so interesting a relic of the past to lie thus neglected! Near this, however, as an instance of the law of compensation, so much talked of by our modern sages, I found another sepulchre, standing open, and containing a sarcophagus in perfect preservation, the cover of which appeared never to have been removed. Who knows what may be in that sarcophagus?

From the *Necropolis* we descended again to the *Formello*; and a little farther down, came to a mass of masonry, which seems to have been the pier of a bridge. On the other side was manifestly the site of a gate flanked with towers; between which were remains of the pavement, deeply grooved by the chariot-wheels. Not far from this, in a place which still bears evidence of modern excavations, though overgrown with tangled and impenetrable briers, antiquaries locate the forum of the Roman *Municipium*, erected here in the reign of the Emperor Augustus. Here were found the colossal busts and statues already mentioned as being in the Vatican, and the twelve Ionic columns of marble which sustain the portico of the post-office at Rome.

Just at the gate, and on both sides of it, are the famous *Columbaria*—consisting of a great number of niches, hewn in the perpendicular rock, to receive the urns containing the ashes of the dead. These, as Dennis supposes, belonged to the Roman *Municipium*, though Gell and Lenoir both regarded them as part of the *Necropolis* of ancient *Veii*. The *Columbaria*, when first opened, contained stuccos and paintings in excellent preservation; but these, with the cinerary urns, have long since disappeared; and I found nothing in the niches but some purple crocuses, of which I gathered a few for Mrs. C.'s herbarium.

Nine days elapsed, and I revisited *Veii*, in company with an agreeable countryman, who took great delight in archæo-

logical investigations; and a week afterwards I went again, in capacity of *cicerone* to a party of six, three of whom were English clergymen. In both instances, we spent the whole day, and made the entire circuit of the walls, and wandered over the area which they enclosed in every direction, walking each time not less than twelve miles. We met with many interesting remains which in the first visit had escaped my notice, and examined largely and at leisure those of which I had then taken but a brief and superficial survey. Some hours we lingered about the *Ponte Sodo*, climbing the cliffs, tracing the walls, and scrutinizing the remains of those enormous towers. We discovered a fragment of the 'massive stone masonry, resting upon a substruction of bricks, each three feet long,' which Gell mentions in his *Topography of Rome*; but which Mr. Dennis, after 'beating the bush on all sides,' failed to find. Mr. Dennis, by the way, though an agreeable journalist, is not a very profound archæologist. In reference to *Veii*, at least, though he says he spent many days here, his observation must have been quite superficial, and his statements are often careless and inaccurate.

From the *Ponte Sodo* we ascended the stream to the *Ponte Formello*, at the upper extremity of the city; and between these two bridges we discovered the remains of a third, which is neither mentioned in any of the books, nor marked on any of the maps. The masonry of one of the piers is very apparent, and blocks of pavement strew the bed of the stream. From near the *Ponte Formello*, we traced the ancient street, spoken of by Gell and Dennis, through the entire length of the city, to the *Piazza d'Armi*. In its course, about midway between these two extremities, we found some massive substructions almost concealed amid briars and brushwood, which it was exceedingly difficult to penetrate. Nearly its whole extent is strewn with square blocks of *tuffo*, fragments of polygonal pavement, pieces of marble and *terra cotta*, and remains of walls cropping out at intervals along the bank.

During this walk a great number of serpents darted across our path, and others lay sunning themselves upon the rocks. One of these was a very formidable creature, not less than eight feet long, and of proportionate thickness.

I saw also several vipers, one of which I despatched with my staff. They lay in every case near their holes, which they sought immediately on being disturbed. These venomous little reptiles abound on the Roman Campagna, and especially amid the ancient ruins. We often met with that beautiful creature, which the Italians call '*Il Ragone*'—a bright green lizard, about a foot long, of very graceful form, and perfectly harmless, which glides through the grass, and feeds on the insects which it finds. Lizards of a smaller species are seen everywhere by thousands, here, and all over Italy.

The *Piazza d'Armi* is a table-land, eight or ten acres broad, separated from the main area of the city by a narrow valley, which is not very deep; enclosed on its three other sides by bolder cliffs and deeper gulfs than in any other part of the ground; and situated in the angle of the two streams that encompass the city, just above where they flow together. If this was not the *arx*, it certainly ought to have been; for it is a far more eligible locality than the rock of *Isola*, or any other elevation in the vicinity; though I am not unwilling, if it be deemed necessary, that *Veii* should have had *two* citadels—one here, and another at *Isola*.

Within the *arx*, wherever it was, stood the temple of the great Veian goddess. Dennis sought diligently, but could find no traces of such an edifice here, for the very best of reasons—the remains were all below the surface. My young friend and I were more fortunate. At the very point where the *arx* must have connected with the city, we came upon recent excavations, apparently of last summer; and there we saw a white marble sarcophagus, as perfect, with the exception of the cover, as when it was made; large slabs and fragments of the same material, white and coloured; pieces of columns and cornices, and walls more massive than any we had found before. The marbles may have belonged to the later Roman *Municipium*; but these walls were most indubitably remains of the earlier Etruscan *Veii*; and I am sure, if Mr. Dennis had seen them, he would have said at once, 'Here stood the Temple of Juno.' They have been uncovered in half a dozen different places, but the excavations are not sufficient to show the plan of the building. I have no doubt, however, from what was

visible, that if the examination were continued, the walls would be found very extensive. In some places they are built of large oblong blocks of *tufa*, four feet in length and two in thickness, and fitted together without cement. The blocks are laid with perfect regularity, those of one tier across those of another, so that the surface exhibits the sides and the ends in alternate layers. These walls seem constructed for eternity. The chariot-wheels of thirty centuries have rolled over them, grinding their upper portions into dust, and forming a soil of many feet above them; but the solid masses beneath remain unmoved, just as they were laid by the builders. Such work can perish only by the slow process of abrasion, and the mouldering of its very material.

I stood upon the verge of this lofty promontory, and 'from the top of the rock' looked down into the glens on either hand, through which, far beneath me, wound the two streams that nearly encompassed the ancient city, and the broader valley below, through which their united waters pursued their way to the Tiber. All was still and desolate as death; not a dwelling in sight, except a shepherd's hut in the distance; not a sound to be heard, except the bleating of the sheep, and the baying of their shaggy keeper. How different the scene, when from the same height Camillus gazed upon the wild tumult of the battle, and listened to the shouts of the victors and the shrieks of the vanquished, and saw the flames ascending from the burning city, the women and children flying across the distant hills, his brave soldiers pressing in through every opening, and the *Fossi* at his feet rolling red with the blood of the slain! No wonder the conqueror wept!

Dennis speaks of a 'curious staircase,' discovered in 1840, by the washing away of the earth in the top of the bank, beneath the city wall, just opposite the *Piazza d'Armi*. We made long and laborious search for this interesting object, going up and down the little valley, and climbing the rock at every accessible point. At length, we ascended to the top; and as we walked along the brink, looking down among the thick bushes and brambles, I saw what I thought to be a piece of hewn stone projecting from the bank about ten feet beneath me. Taking hold of

a little tree, I swung down, and at once found myself standing upon *La Scaletta*. It was a happy accident. The philosopher, when he leaped naked from his bath, and ran shouting his discovery through the city, scarcely felt a greater joy. Dennis says that he saw the object of our quest from the valley, and clambered up to it with great difficulty. I can easily believe the latter statement, but the former is not quite so credible. He counted only eight steps; but four others must have been uncovered since, for there are now twelve to be seen. I worked my way through the briers, and walked down them, and up again. There must have been originally not less than eighty or a hundred, but the lower ones have fallen, and lie in ruins at the bottom. The object of these stairs is not apparent, though it is conjectured that they led to a postern gate from the *Via Veientana* in the valley.

But the most interesting thing to be seen at *Veii* is the famous Painted Tomb. We found that a new key had been made, and the passage cleared of its rubbish, and half a *scudo* procured our admittance into this mansion of the dead. It is called *La Grotta Campana*, in honour of its excavator and proprietor, the *Cavaliere Campana*, of Rome. It was discovered only fourteen years ago, and has been preserved as it was found, with all its decorations and its furniture, except that the ancient stone door, which had been demolished, is replaced by a modern one of iron.

The tomb consists of two rooms, hewn out of the rock. The first may be fifteen feet square. In a wall opposite the entrance is a doorway, communicating with the inner chamber. The paintings are on this wall, each side of the doorway. They are of a rude and grotesque character, indicating a very early stage of the art. They consist of a variety of animals, with several men and two boys on horseback, with flowers interspersed, and an ornamental border. The form and colour of the animals are very strange and curious. There is a sphinx, not crouching, as in Egyptian sculpture, but standing, and that on legs of most disproportionate length. It has wings, too, which are curled at the tips, and striped with red, black, and yellow; straight black hair, hanging down behind the head; red face and bosom, with white spots; yellow body

and tail, which are also spotted; two legs red, one black, and another yellow. Behind the sphinx is a rampant panther, and beneath him an ass or a deer, both particoloured like the sphinx.

Under this group is a horse still taller than his hybrid neighbour, and looking as if he needed provender. His head is well proportioned, and his neck handsomely arched, his breast and hind-quarters large, but his body exceedingly slender. He has a black head, red neck and body, yellow mane and tail, haunches black, one leg black, another red, and the other two yellow with red spots. He is led by a red groom, who is naked; and ridden by a naked red boy, with a cat crouching behind him, one paw familiarly placed upon his shoulder. The cat is particoloured like the horse, and there is a particoloured dog running by his side, and a man with something like a battle-axe marching before him.

On the other side of the doorway is a large beast—perhaps a tiger—with his mouth open, and his tongue hanging out, and a couple of dogs beneath him; and above this, a horse, with a boy upon his back, and a spotted pard behind him sitting on the ground. All these animals are particoloured and spotted, like those before described. Around each group or square is an ornamental border of lotus-flowers, and various flowers and plants are interspersed among the figures. All this must have some symbolical meaning; but what that meaning is it needs a Daniel to tell—at least a Rawlinson or a Gliddon.

On either side of the chamber is a projecting bench of rock, with one end a little elevated, resembling a couch with its pillow. On each of these, when the tomb was first opened, was found a human skeleton; but as soon as they were exposed to the air, they crumbled to dust. The one on the right seems to have been a warrior, slain in battle; and we saw the helmet which was upon the head, pierced through by some sharp weapon, and a broken spear by its side, with a bronze lamp and a candlestick. No armour was found with the skeleton occupying the opposite bench; and it is likely that this was the wife of the warrior. On the floor sit four large earthen jars, three feet high; and several smaller ones, of different form; all of which are

ornamented with paintings or bas-reliefs, in the earliest style of Etruscan art; and which, when the tomb was discovered, contained what was supposed to be human ashes.

The ceiling of the inner chamber has two beams, carved in relief, extending from wall to wall. On three sides are benches of rock, each sustaining a square chest of earthenware, about eighteen inches long and a foot high, with an arched lid projecting over the sides like the roof of a house, and the figure of a human head carved upon the top, and eight tall jars, some of which are painted with red and yellow bands, and two stand in pans of *terra-cotta*, with animals executed in relief around the rim. There are many smaller jars or vases sitting upon the ground, probably all of a cinerary character. In the centre of the apartment stands a bronze brazier, with three feet, about six inches high, and twenty broad, which may have served for burning perfumes to destroy the effluvium of the sepulchre. On the back wall we saw six circular figures, painted in various colours. Our *cicerone* called them crowns, and perhaps this is what they are intended to represent. If so, the skeletons found here may be those of royal personages—perhaps some king and queen, who reigned in *Veii* before Romulus was born, or Æneas touched the Italian shore. But who or what the occupants were, when they lived or how they died, there is no record to inform us; no clue to their character or station, except what may be gathered from the furniture and artistic decorations of the place. Upon the wall, on two sides of the room, are many stumps of nails, which have rusted away, on which perhaps shields were hung, or something more precious, which the hand of the spoiler removed centuries ago. Bronze mirrors, animals wrought in amber, and *terra-cotta* images of men and gods, were also found here; but they have been taken away, and placed in the proprietor's collection of Etruscan antiquities at Rome.

At the entrance of the tomb, opening upon the same passage, is a side-chamber—a sort of porter's lodge to this palace of the mighty dead. On one side of it is a couch of rock, with rudely carved legs; but the form that lay upon it in its last sleep has long since disappeared; and nothing

remains but the furniture—a plate or two, a drinking-cup, a bronze mirror, perfume vases, and scattered fragments of pottery.

As we were leaving Isola, on our return to Rome, the villagers offered us several articles for sale, which had been taken from the tombs of *Veii*—vases, ewers, and lamps of *terra-cotta*, and human figures of the same material. One fellow proffered us an earthen goddess, about as large as a man's finger, for which he demanded one *scudo*; we proposed to give him two pauls, whereupon he shook his head, kissed the figure, and pressed it to his heart with great affection. At the same time we were closely besieged by some seven or eight ragged boys and dirty girls, imploring us for the love of the Blessed Virgin to endow them with a few *baiocchi*. Seeing there was more begging than bargaining, we drove unceremoniously away; and in a few moments were flying along the beautiful *Via Cassia*, towards the tomb of the Eternal City, whose strategy triumphed over the valour of *Veii*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TRIP TO TIVOLI.

Basilica of San Lorenzo—Wayside Glimpses—The Solfatara—
Tomb of Plautius—Villa of Adrian—Ancient Tibur—Modern
Tivoli—Temples of Vesta and the Sibyl—Roman Villas—Plea-
sant Prospects—An Italian Tempest—Return to Home.

But him, the streams which warbling flow
Rich Tibur's fertile vales along,
And shady groves, his haunts, shall know
The master of th' Eolian song.

HAVING previously arranged with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Johnson to accompany us in the excursion, early on the morning of the thirteenth of May we set forth for *Tivoli*. The distance is about eighteen English miles, and the ride at this delightful season of the year is full of pleasure. Most of the foreigners who were here, journeyed northward several weeks before, leaving Rome just as its rural environs began to put on their vernal beauty. Those who would see this interesting region in the perfection of its charms, should by all means remain till the middle of May, when the Campagna is covered with wild flowers in endless variety, blooming amid the ruins of antiquity, and all the air is vocal with the songs of the skylark and the nightingale.

We left the city at the *Porte San Lorenzo*, named from the Basilica of San Lorenzo about a mile beyond. There are within the walls two or three other churches of San Lorenzo, but this is more ancient than any of them. There is a monastery in connection with it, also a public cemetery close by, and the descent into the Catacombs of *Santa Ciriaca*, where the body of San Lorenzo is reported to have been first interred.

About two miles farther on, and three miles from the gate, we crossed the *Anio* or *Teverone* on the *Ponte Mamolo*—so called because it was built by Mamea, the mother of Alexander Severus. The country thence to the Sabine Mountains is a continued succession of luxuriant pastures and wheat

fields. Here and there upon the heights appeared ranges of trees, enclosing farms and villas ; and occasionally some massive square tower of the middle ages rose in solitary grandeur amid the plain. Twelve miles from Rome we saw *Castel Arcione*, a picturesque ruin, on the brow of a green hill, overlooking the road, where it has stood more than four centuries in its present dismantled condition, having been demolished by the Tivolians to dislodge a body of brigands who had made it their stronghold. Near this, in two or three places, we struck upon the old polygonal pavement of the *Via Tiburtina*, the general course of which is followed by the modern road all the way to Tivoli.

Among the most interesting objects in our route were the *Lago de' Tartari* and the waters of the *Solfatara*. The former being close to our road, we alighted and walked along its margin. It is a small body of water, depositing a calcareous substance upon everything that grows around it, enclosing reeds and bushes with a solid incrustation of stone, and thus by its own action continually contracting its limits. *La Solfatara*, the ancient *Aquæ Albulae*, consists of three small lakes, of similar nature, but more strongly impregnated with sulphur. A bituminous substance is constantly rising from the bottom, collecting in masses upon the surface, and forming little floating islands, which are driven by the wind against the shore, where they adhere and harden. Thus, like the *Lago de' Tartari*, the *Solfatara* is constantly diminishing, and will probably in process of time be entirely covered over. It was formerly much larger than now, and sometimes overflowed, producing malaria. To prevent this inconvenience, Cardinal d'Este cut a canal, two miles long and nine feet wide, through which a milky torrent rushes down to the Anio. These waters were in high repute among the ancients for their sanitary virtues, and much frequented on account of the oracle of *Faunus*, whose temple stood in a sacred grove upon the shore. Virgil represents Latinus as coming hither to consult the god, and receiving during the night a mysterious answer. But the oracle is forgotten, the sacred grove is uprooted, and the very site of the temple is unknown. There are still some remains, however, of the baths built by Agrippa, frequented by Augustus, and enlarged and beautified by Zenobia. Throughout the whole

neighbourhood there is a strong smell of sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which is far from being pleasant to delicate olfactories. The surface of the surrounding fields is an incrustation gradually formed over the water, and the hollow sound which it yields to the tread evidently betrays the existence of an abyss beneath.

A mile or two nearer Tivoli we recrossed the Anio on the *Ponte Lugano*. This bridge is said to have taken its name from the Lucanians, who were here defeated by the Romans; more probably, however, from the tomb of *Plautius Lucanus*, which stands just at its eastern end. This is a large round tower, built of huge blocks of *travertine*, and resembling the sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, both in its original form and in its subsequent appropriation. During the middle ages it was used as a military station, and for this purpose surmounted by a battlement; a circumstance barbarous in point of taste, but in these particular instances not to be regretted, as it preserved two fine monuments of antiquity from destruction. Near this bridge are seen the extensive quarries whence the ancient Romans obtained the stone called *travertine*—more properly *tibertine*—which they employed so much in building.

From this point the road begins to ascend the mountain, passing the ruins of the magnificent *Villa Adriana*, which stood upon the plain at its base. This villa, like everything else planned by its imperial proprietor, was extremely grand and spacious, and exceeded every other villa in Italy. It was eight or ten miles in circumference; and comprised, besides the palace, three theatres, four temples, a naumachia, a hippodrome, barracks for soldiers, halls for philosophers, an ample library, a splendid museum, numerous porticoes and fountains, and various edifices the names and objects of which are now unknown. Excavations are constantly bringing to light statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kinds; while weeds and brambles cover the mounds and fill the stuccoed halls; and gardens, and vineyards, and olives, and laurels, and cypresses, wave over all in melancholy confusion.

Hence, through a continuous grove of olive-trees, we mounted the steep to *Tivoli*. Tivoli is the ancient *Tibur*—a place of great antiquity, and of some considerable import-

ance in history. It appears to have been originally a city of the *Sicani*, and called *Sicilio* or *Siculetum*. The *Siculi* were in possession, when *Tiburtus*, or *Tiburnus*, commander of Evander's fleet, came and expelled them, and gave his own name to the city. Tibur is not mentioned in Pliny's list of the Latin Confederates, who were accustomed to meet at the temple of *Jupiter Latialis* on the Alban Mount. Perhaps, being superior in opulence or force, the Tiburtines slighted the alliance. They were not subjected by the Romans till the time of Camillus and the fall of *Veii*; a calamity which they would scarcely have escaped so long, had they not been a powerful people. This is further evident from the fact, that in the year three hundred and ninety-six before Christ, they ventured even an attack on Rome. They had several tributary towns, and a somewhat extensive territory.

Tivoli now contains six or seven thousand inhabitants. It is not handsomely built, and its denizens resemble very much those of some other Italian towns of which I have written. Its situation, however, upon the side of the Sabine Mountains, nearly a thousand feet above the sea, and commanding a fine prospect of the Campagna, with the dome of Saint Peter's rising majestically in the distance, is as delightful as the most enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful could desire. But its great charm consists in its cascades, and the surrounding scenery. Over these my better-half, very properly, in her own sober way, went into poetic raptures. Therefore I shall attempt no description, prudently leaving the whole subject to her happier quill, and devoting mine to the antiquities of the place.

Arriving at the piazza, we left our carriage, and hastened to the little circular temple upon the cliff, where we sat down to our *collazione*, beneath that graceful portico in whose shadow Augustus and Mæcenæ often reposed, and Virgil and Horace mingled the music of their lyres with the roar of the flood. This structure—sometimes called the Temple of Vesta, and sometimes the Temple of the Sibyl—is already so well known through the tourist and the artist, as to need no additional description. It is admired, not for its dimensions, but for its fine proportions, and its romantic situation. It stands uncovered in the court of the inn,

but its own solidity seems a sufficient protection. Of its eighteen pillars, ten only remain, with their entablature and cornice. Thirty or forty years ago, an English nobleman undertook to purchase it, with a design of transporting it to England, and placing it in his own park; but the Roman government interposed and prevented the devastation; and I felt thankful to Pius the Seventh, when I saw it hanging there on the crest of the precipice, with

‘The rapid Anio, headlong in its course,’

fretting and foaming through the caverned rocks three hundred feet below. There it stands, a beautiful fragment of Augustan grandeur, dating from the very time when God laid in Mount Zion the ‘precious Corner-stone’ of an imperishable temple. It has survived the empire, the religion, and the very language of its founder; and after nearly nineteen centuries of tempest and revolution have passed over it, still challenges the admiration of the traveller.

Near this stands the fragment of another temple, consisting of four pillars, now forming part of the wall of a church; and this, like the other, has been called both the Temple of Vesta and the Temple of the Sibyl. These are almost the only vestiges of ancient Tibur. During the days of the empire, thirty or forty of the richest Romans had their superb villas here; but these have all passed away, and no traces of them are found, except here and there a massive substruction of rectangular blocks, or a fragment or two of *opus reticulatum*, which it is impossible to identify. Our cicerone pointed out to us the supposed sites of those of Varus and Catullus, across the ravine, opposite the town; one of them now occupied by a church, and the other by a convent. Farther down the mountain, commanding a broader view of the Campagna, with the town and the cascades of the Anio, is the locality assigned to that of Horace; while that of Mæcenus is said to have crowned a lofty precipice on the other side of the torrent, just where the sportive *Cascatella* now leaps from the brow of the rock.

Having finished our collation, we descended into the glen, and explored the caves of Neptune and the Sibyl, and

watched the water that poured down in three beautiful sheets apparently from the sky, and saw the rainbow compassing with beauty the cloud of spray at the foot of the grand cascade. Then we ascended the opposite bank, passing a lately excavated line of arches, which *Signor Antonio*—this of course was his name—informed us belonged to the baths of *Vopiscus*. There is little reliance to be placed upon these guides in matters of antiquity, but this time Antonio is very likely to have been right, for *Vopiscus* certainly had a magnificent villa at Tibur, and Horace speaks of it as being located in the dell, and actually overhanging the stream. Above this we passed through the long double gallery, cut through the mountain, to divert the current of the Anio from its ancient channel, at the lower end of which the torrent precipitates itself headlong into the gulf below. Our companions were now quite fatigued, and so Mrs. C. and myself left them behind, and continued our walk along the curving bank of the ravine upon our left, with the concave side of the olive-shaded mountain on our right, beguiled by the beauty of the dell, with its sparkling *cascatelli*, the fragrance of flowers, and the warbling of birds, unmindful of time and distance, till a dark cloud suddenly frowned over the brow of the mountain, and the heavy roll of thunder admonished us to return.

It was vain to inquire now for the villas of other wealthy and famous Romans, which once adorned these delightful localities—those of Cocceius, Lepidus, Plautus, Mesius, Celiu, Brutus, Cassius, Piso, Capito, Sallust, Popilius, Flaccus, Atticus, Valerius Maximus, and many more, who resorted hither for fashion, or friendship, or rural quiet. All have disappeared and left nothing but their names behind, with the unalterable charms of nature, its shady glens and gleaming waters, its groves and gardens, and orchards, and cool recesses, which still flourish and blossom in unfading beauty. As I stood and gazed upon the grand cascade above, and the two smaller ones below, from a point in the road where all were in full view before me—as I saw the waters leap laughing down the declivity, through thickets and brambles, here spangled with diamonds, and there lighted up with rainbows—the blooming vines that hung over the channel, or bathed in its current—the

river below, fretting through the rocky arch which it has excavated for itself—the grey foliage of the olive-orchards, and the graceful sweep of the surrounding hills—I was almost ready to join the bard in the prayer—

‘ May Tibur to my latest hours,
Afford a kind and calm retreat ;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fixed their blissful seat ;
There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace !’

But a sudden peal of thunder broke my meditations, and hastened our tardy footsteps. The shower overtook us on the road, however ; and we sought a temporary shelter, with four very unpoetic-looking Italians, and ten thousand fleas, in an ancient grotto, containing a pretty fountain, which may have belonged to the villa of Catullus, but seemed now to have become the common resort of cattle and swine. The rain abated in about fifteen minutes, and we hastened our return, through no small depth of mud and water, to our companions and the carriage. But now the storm began in earnest, the wind blew a tempest, and the rain fell in torrents, with peals of thunder that shook the mountains around us, and flashes of lightning which seemed to set the rocks on fire. An hour or more, ‘the prince of the power of the air’ raged over us in his wrath ; and then gathered up his cloudy robes, and marched muttering over the hills, leaving the bluest of skies and the brightest of landscapes behind him : and we, with impressions of the grand and the beautiful never to be forgotten, mounted our carriage, and rode through a fairy-world, sparkling with diamonds, and musical with the song of rivulets, down the Sabine slopes, and over the wide Campagna, till the towers and domes of the Eternal City rose before us, as if painted upon the gorgeous clouds that half veiled the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ALBAN MOUNT.

Strada Ferrata to Frascati—Antonio—Villa Rufinella—Tusculum—Cicero's Villa—The Alban Lake—Alba Longa—Emisario—Ruins of Roman Villas—Castel Gondolpho—La Riccia—Il Rosignuolo—Lanuvium—A Priest at Play—Nemi—Floating Palace—Monte Cavo—Return to Rome.

TWELVE miles south of Rome, rises from the level Campagna a picturesque group of volcanic hills. Its nearest and loftiest summit, *Monte Cavo*, the ancient *Mons Albanus*, or *Mons Latialis*, is about four thousand feet high, and crowned with a white convent, occupying the site of the Temple of Jupiter. The base of the whole group must be forty or fifty miles in circumference; and the entire region abounds in scenic beauty not surpassed in Italy; and rocks, and groves, and glens, and streams, strewn with the memorials of antiquity, still echo the strains of Virgil and the voice of Cicero.

I had admired the distant view from the dome of Saint Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelo, and a hundred other places within and around the city; and still more, when we passed over the western slopes of the mountain on our way to Naples; and had longed to climb its sunny heights, and trace its sylvan ravines. And now the time was come, as fair a morning as ever smiled from heaven. As we passed through the *Porto Maggiore*, the fresh breeze from the Campagna came burdened with the odour of blossoms and the anthem of birds. A vast extent of green fields spread out before us; and beyond rose the romantic hills, in their enchanting robes of blue and purple; over which towered the remoter Apennines, with their pearly crests of snow; the whole reposing under a vault of the purest azure.

My companions were the Rev. Mr. Hall and Mr. Bartholomew, the American sculptor. Our first stage was by *Strada Ferrata* to *Frascati*—twelve miles—the only piece of railway Rome can hitherto boast, though another

is begun to *Civita Vecchia*. Half the distance we were overshadowed by the towering arches of the aqueducts, which supplied the ancient city,

‘And increased
Proud Tiber’s waves with waters not his own.’

About three-quarters of an hour brought us to the terminus, and an omnibus conveyed us up the acclivity, through a scene of indescribable beauty, into the town.

Frascati arose, in the thirteenth century, from the ruins of ancient Tusculum, which occupied an elevation two miles above. Its population is about five thousand; but during the summer it is always crowded with Romans and *forestieri*. Its situation, on the side of the mountain, is exceedingly fine; but there is very little in the town itself worthy of special notice. Its chief attraction is its villas, of which there are eight or ten, some of them very extensive. The only one we visited belongs to the wealthy banker Torlonia; the walks and fountains of which would be very pretty, if kept in good condition; but it seems a pity that one man should possess so much as to be able to pay proper attention to none of it, especially where multitudes are perishing for lack of bread!

Our first care, after a little refreshment, was to procure donkeys and a driver. I believe about half the men in Italy are called *Antonio*. We had an Antonio to light us down into the Catacombs, and an Antonio to lead us through the ghostly solitudes of Pompeii, and an Antonio to show us the antiquities of Amalfi and Ravello, and an Antonio to conduct us up the mountain stairway of Sant’ Angelo, and an Antonio to introduce us to the grottoes and cascades of Tivoli, and Murray promised us an Antonio to open for us the Etruscan tomb of Veii; and now another Antonio—a mere skeleton covered with an olive skin, with eyes as big as tea-saucers, proffers his services in capacity of donkey-teer, to accompany us in our rambles over the Alban Mount. This olive-coloured skeleton Antonio proved a very amusing character; and, in the sequel, something of a humbug withal. He was the very same fellow, if I mistake not, who drove Grace Greenwood’s beast to Tusculum, and showed Fanny Kemble Butler the path to Mons Algidus, and professed so intimate an acquaint-

ance with the brigand Gasperoni. He could speak several languages, and all in the same breath; beginning a sentence in Italian, continuing it in French, and finishing in English. When we expressed our surprise at the copiousness of his learning, he laughed vociferously, and informed us that he could speak German and Russian also, and 'leettle Greek and Hebrew!' If Cicero was mentioned, Cicero was a 'great schoolmaster,' but never knew half so many languages as Antonio! If Hannibal was referred to, Hanibal was a brave general; but Antonio would prove himself a braver, only give him an opportunity! If Julius Cæsar was spoken of, Julius Cæsar ascended to the Temple of *Jupiter Latialis* on this same *Via Triumphalis*; but Antonio had travelled it a hundred times, where Julius Cæsar had travelled it but once! In short, this Antonio, believe him, was the greatest man except the Americans, that had ever yet trodden the Alban Mount!

Just above Frascati we passed the ruins of a large circular tomb, called, I know not on what authority, the Tomb of Lucullus. A little farther up we came to the *Villa Ruffinella*, once the residence of Lucien Bonaparte, and famous for an audacious attempt of the banditti to seize and carry off his daughter on the eve of her marriage. They entered while the family were at dinner, but succeeded in getting possession only of the secretary and two domestics, whom they bore away into the Volscian Mountains, and demanded of the prince six thousand scudi for their ransom.

Still ascending, through an avenue shaded with laurel and ilex, we soon reached the brow of the hill, covered with the ruins of Tusculum, the birthplace of Cato, and the favourite residence of Cicero, at present tenanted by a respectable population of lizards, and we chased the lithe *ragone Italiano* along the walks of Tully. There were the remains of a theatre and an amphitheatre, part of the ancient wall of the city, the evident substructions of the citadel, the polygonal pavement of the street, fragments of a temple or two, and traces of a fine villa, with baths and cisterns.

An extensive ruin was pointed out by our big-eyed Antonio—who professed to be as great an archæologist as

philologist—for the remains of Cicero's Villa. With due respect to Antonio, however, permit me to say that this matter is somewhat dubious. Some fix the site here, others at the Villa Ruffinella, and others again at the Grotta Ferrata, nearly two miles distant; and bricks with the orator's name upon them, and other materials which appear to have belonged to his buildings, have been found in all these localities. If this was the place, he certainly had a delightful situation, and enjoyed as noble a view as any Roman could desire: Mons Latialis before him, crowned with the snowy fane of the tutelary divinity of the empire; the beautiful plain of Latium, extending from its base to the sea; and the scene of his own glorious labours, the metropolis of the world.

Cicero had many villas, remarkable for their grandeur and magnificence; and this, probably, surpassed them all. It was his favourite country seat, and he had both the taste and the means for making it all that was desirable. Moreover, it had belonged to Crassus, the richest of the Romans; and afterwards to Sylla the Dictator, who was not inclined to spare any pains or expense in its embellishment; and had been purchased at an enormous price by the orator, and enlarged, and furnished with additional ornaments. It had a lyceum, a portico, a palestra, a library, a gymnasium, and an academy, all adorned with numerous statues and paintings, and surrounded by shady groves and avenues. Its proximity to Rome enabled its proprietor to enjoy the leisure and the liberty of solitude, without removing too far from the city; and here he wrote two at least of his immortal treatises, and communed freely with his learned friends.

From Tusculum we proceeded, by *Grotta Ferrata* and *Marino*, to the Alban Lake. The distance is six miles, and the scenery is everywhere 'even as the garden of Eden.' Only a single incident broke the monotony of enjoyment, to wit, the falling of my donkey over a heap of ruins, which came near making a ruin of his rider. I declined mounting him again, but walked with a wounded limb, till we reached the lofty ridge whence the ancient Alba Longa looked down into the broad basin at its feet. Here we dismissed the learned Antonio and his long-eared companions, who

returned to Frascati, leaving us at leisure to explore this interesting locality, and pursue our pleasant pilgrimage on foot. If the scenery hitherto was delightful, this was more than magical. Imagine a deep circular hollow, seven miles in circumference, high up on the side of the mountain; and this hollow half filled with the purest water, and surrounded with lofty and precipitous banks, covered with trees of perpetual verdure; from which one sees at a glance the whole extent of the Roman Campagna, bounded by the Mediterranean on the west, with the Eternal City in the centre. On one side, overlooking the lake, and enjoying a boundless prospect, stands *Castel Gondolfo*, the summer residence of the pope. On the opposite side, at the foot of *Monte Cavo*, overhanging the water at the height of six hundred feet, is *Palazzuola*, a Franciscan monastery, having some interesting antiquities in its garden.

This beautiful basin is evidently the bed of an ancient crater; for the rocky strata of its rim, upheaved by subterranean forces, lie shelving out on all sides. The water is of great depth at the centre, and as clear as crystal; and so protected by the surrounding heights, that its surface is never ruffled by a breeze. The ridge, almost perpendicular on the inner side, and quite steep on the outer, is very narrow at the summit, in some places barely wide enough for the road. Yet on this narrow ridge *Alba Longa* flourished before Rome was founded. The city must have consisted of a single street, and probably extended half way round the lake.

Alba Longa is known to us only in Roman story, dignified while it stood by its contests with the city of Romulus, and immortalized after it fell by Livy's eloquent description of its fate. It perished six hundred and fifty years before the Christian era, and by some modern sages its very existence has been treated as a fable. All tradition, however, attests the fact; and here, upon the white rocks, where Sir William Gell locates it, are evident indications of a very ancient city. We traced through bush and bramble, for a mile or more, the narrow street, in many places cut through the solid rock, and deeply worn by the wheels of vehicles. There is a legend, relating that the royal residence stood on a lofty precipice overhanging the

water; and when one of the kings provoked Jupiter by his wickedness, he smote it with his thunderbolts, and it fell shattered into the lake below, carrying the impious monarch along with the ruins of his palace. And it is a remarkable fact, attested by tourists and topographers, that just at the foot of the highest and steepest portion of this rocky rampart, lies a huge mass apparently rent from the summit, with large rectangular blocks, which manifestly once formed part of a building, and are much more ancient than any of the Roman remains in the neighbourhood. According to Dionysius, Alba Longa was the mother of thirty Latin cities, among which he reckons Rome itself; and Antemnæ, Fidenæ, Crustumerium, and several others along the Tiber, are said, on tolerable traditional authority, to have been her earliest colonies.

The waters of *Lacus Albanus* were anciently three hundred feet higher than they are at present. During the ten years' siege of Veii by the Romans, without rain, and probably by volcanic agency, they suddenly rose to an unwonted height, threatening the devastation of the Campagna. A Veian prophet, taken prisoner by the Romans, told them of a current saying in Veii, received from the Etruscan Oracle, that the city would never be taken by an enemy till the waters of the Alban Lake forsook their ancient channel. The old man was brought before the Roman Senate, where he re-affirmed the statement. The Senate sent to consult the Delphic Oracle in Greece, which was good enough to confirm the prophecy, with a little amplification by way of ornament. Now the Romans began to bore the side of the mountain, and in less than a year the rim of the basin was pierced quite through with a tunnel four feet wide and six feet high. Thus the lake was lowered without damage to the Campagna, and soon afterwards, as the oracle had promised, the Romans stood victors on the walls of Veii.

This *Emissario*, as it is called, still remains; a monument, no less of Roman energy than of Roman superstition. It seems almost incredible that the work should have been accomplished in so short a time, and some have thought it must have occupied ten years instead of one. Think of a tunnel, more than a mile and a half in length, cut out of

the solid rock with chisel and mallet; yet so low and narrow, that, at the utmost, not more than three men could operate at the same time. There are several openings into it, however, from the surface of the rock above; so that the workmen probably descended through these, and began simultaneously at different points along the designated line of excavation, thus greatly expediting the work.

The emissary, being on a level with the lake, is about a thousand feet above the surface of the sea. The water flows through it with a gentle and uniform current, varying with the season from two to three feet in depth. Its entrance is just under the walls of Castel Gondolfo, almost concealed by trees and shrubbery, but quite accessible to him who is willing to pay the price by climbing the rugged steep after having explored it. There is so much sediment now upon the bottom of the passage, that it is difficult to penetrate farther than about a hundred feet; but half this distance is sufficient to reveal the character of the work, which still displays the marks of the iron upon its walls and roof, as distinct as if they had been made but yesterday.

Between the margin of the water and the base of the precipice, quite round the lake, extends a narrow ring of level land, strewn with the remains of Roman villas, overshadowed by venerable trees. These villas were probably constructed in the time of the emperors, long after the lake had been lowered by the emissary. The place is known, indeed, to have been then a fashionable summer resort of the Roman patricians; and so delightfully salubrious is the air around this romantic spot, that not only the pope, but also many citizens and sojourners at Rome, often make Castel Gondolfo their temporary abode during the season of oppressive heat.

The palace of the Holy Father is a spacious building, without any external decoration, except its ancient groves of ilex, and its lofty *Galleria di Sopra*. The latter is a beautifully shaded avenue along the summit of the ridge that encircles the lake, where the pope is accustomed to walk at eventide; but I am sure His Holiness never enjoyed the scenery more highly than we, nor relished more keenly the voice of the nightingale that welcomed us on our way.

We spent the night at *La Riccia*, two miles beyond Castel Gondolfo. This is the ancient *Ariccia*, where Horace lodged the first night on his journey to Brundisium ; but not at the house of old Martyrelli, I suspect ; for notwithstanding his white locks, he is manifestly a modern Roman, though one of the noblest of them all. By the way, the poet's donkey must have been a very poor one, or the poet himself but a dilatory pilgrim, not a Jacob, nor a Julius Cæsar, to have travelled only fourteen miles during the first day. What a paradise is this Valariccia, with the Chigi Park, and the sylvan retreats around, once the haunts of Hippolytus and the nymph Egeria ! and the melancholy story of Hippolytus is told in gorgeous frescoes on the walls of our *albergo*.

We walked out in the quiet moonlight, across the lofty bridge which connects the village with Albano. We were on the old Appian Way, with many a relic of antiquity on both sides, among which stood conspicuous the tomb of Etruscan Aruns, the son of King Porsenna. In the dewy vale beneath us chanted a thousand nightingales ; and after lingering beyond the limit of prudence to listen to their pleasing strains, we returned to our hotel, threw open our upper windows, and laid our heads upon our pillows, to be lulled into dreams of Eden by soft melodies from the grove. In the morning, long before sunrise, the little minstrels were 'tuning their mellow throats' again, and I was out listening to them upon the bridge. Two of them were answering each other from two contiguous hollies, in short snatches of ineffable sweetness. Never in my life had I heard music which so deeply touched my heart ; and when Mr. B. came to summon me to breakfast, I sat bathed in tears. The Italians call this incarnation of melody *il rosignuolo*, and talk in raptures of its song. There is indeed an indescribable tenderness in it, unrivalled by that of any other bird. Our Southern forest minstrel has more variety, but less pathos, in its lay. Critics have not been able to agree whether its song is sad or gay. I shall not undertake to decide the question ; but accept, dear reader, with due gratitude, the following sonnet of the late Richard Winter Hamilton, D.D., of Leeds :

'Mysterious Murmur! Where, and what, art thou?
 Song in the night! Or art thou more than song?
 Then more than feathered songster! Here along
 The fragrant copse thou peal'st melodious vow,—
 Whether of grief or joy I cannot trow.
 A wail of anguish! Who can doubt that strain?
 The thorn is in its breast! And then again
 That long-drawn cadence out yon willow bough!
 I list once more: It trills a joyous lay!
 Thy pensive sadness now has found relief!
 Like canzonet of flow'ret hooded fay!
 Yet seemed those mirth-notes oft constrained and brief;
 For still, methought, thy *joy* was never *gay*,—
 Perhaps, like me, thou know'st the joy of grief!'

Breakfast, two donkeys instead of three, a driver not less worthy of long ears than the poor quadrupeds that he cudgelled; and we are away through *Gensano*, past *Monte Giovo*, following the descent of a lofty ridge of ancient lava far down into the plain, where it terminates in a bold promontory, crowned with the miserable kennel called *Lavinia*, built from the worthier ruins of *Lanuvium*, and surrounded with massive fragments of masonry older than the foundations of Rome. As we approached a small acclivity near the gate, we saw a company of twenty or thirty men, with a priest in his robes at their head, running down towards us, with loud cries and violent gesticulations. Mr. H. was alarmed, Mr. B. was amused, and the scribe and the quadrupeds were miscellaneously affected. None of us knew the cause of the excitement; and before we had time for conjecture, two large cheeses came rolling down among us, endangering the legs of donkeys and the necks of riders. We dexterously avoided a collision, and paused to observe the proceeding. The men were bowling at a mark, and the lucky wight who hit it oftenest in a given number of times, was entitled to the cheese. They seemed to enjoy the game with a special zest, and were so engrossed that they scarcely noticed the three *forestieri*, though we rode through the midst of them.

I believe *Lavinia* is seldom visited by tourists, but I have found nothing in Italy more wonderful than these ancient walls. The Temple of *Juno Sospita* is still standing, and likely to stand till its very stones become dust, such is the admirable solidity of the structure. Connected

with it is a wall extending along the hill-side, of which I measured some of the stones, and found the largest eleven feet long and five feet thick. Parallel with the wall, and running the whole distance, is the most perfect piece of old polygonal pavement I met with in the country. Lanuvium was one of the confederate cities of Latium, memorable as the birthplace of Milo, of Murana, of Roscius the Comedian, and of the three Antonini.

After a stroll of two hours, we retraced our steps. Without the gate, the men were still occupied with their arduous amusement, and the number had quadrupled, and the two cheeses had become seven, and the enthusiasm of the game had increased in the same proportion. We saw no one at work, for it was a *feſta* day in honour of one of the saints; yet the church appeared to be unoccupied, and few people were left in the town, for nearly the whole population had turned out to the cheese-bowling; and the parish priest—for such was the reverend ecclesiastic we had seen—was foremost in the race, and loudest in the laugh!

Hence to Lake *Nemi*, precisely like Lake *Albano*, only not half as large, and about two hundred feet higher. The Castle and town of *Nemi* adorn its eastern shore, standing on a lofty cliff which overhangs the water. Opposite sits *Gensano* on its wooded bank, with the Campagna and the seacoast beyond. Towards the south rises *Monte Artemisio*, once adorned with the stately temple of Diana; and at the base of the rock gushes forth the romantic fountain of Egeria. The woods remain on all sides, as when Ovid sang of

‘The sacred grove,
The fields and meadows that the Muses love.’

The Roman emperors delighted in the scenery of this lake; and Trajan built a magnificent floating palace, and moored it in the centre. This singular edifice was more than five hundred feet long, nearly three hundred feet wide, and sixty feet high. It was constructed of the most durable timber, adorned within and without in the most costly manner, and supplied by means of pipes with abundance of the purest water from the Fountain of Egeria. The lake encircled it, like a wide moat around a Gothic castle; and

to prevent it from rising too high, a subterranean outlet was formed like that at Albano. In the sixteenth century, Marchi, a learned and ingenious Roman, descended in a diving machine to the bottom, where he found great quantities of brass and other metals, and made such explorations as enabled him to give a satisfactory description of this remarkable building.

From Nemi we ascended Monte Cavo. After climbing two or three miles, we came to the Soldier's Lodge, on the ancient post-road to Naples. This institution has a curious history. A Neapolitan princess passing over the mountain was attacked by brigands, and narrowly escaped with her life. She immediately sent a number of soldiers hither to guard the pass; and when she died, left a sum of money to be applied in perpetuity to their support. The road has been abandoned for the last three centuries; but the fund cannot be diverted from its original purpose, and a sergeant and six soldiers are kept here continually, guarding nothing but the rugged mountain-side, and the dreary chestnut forest. 'How do you spend your time here?' I asked one of them, as he lounged lazily in the sunshine. 'We hunt a little,' he replied, 'and play *mora*.' 'But have you no books to read?' 'Oh, yes, the lives of several saints, and three novels.' 'And have you no Bible?' 'We do not know that book; we never saw it.' 'Does a priest never visit you?' 'Oh, very often, and confesses us too.' 'How long does he remain when he comes?' 'Generally not long; but when we have plenty of wine he stays all night, and we play many games at cards.'

As we continued to ascend, the sweet voice of the cuckoo rang out from the shady copse; and on its clear liquid tones I floated back to boyhood and to Somersetshire, where I had last heard it thirty-two years before; and all the sorrows of those thirty-two years were compensated by the pleasure of that single hour. Another effort and we are on the summit; where all the Latin tribes, with the Romans at their head, of old assembled annually to offer their common sacrifice; and where the victorious generals with their armies were accustomed to repair after a triumph, and present their grateful acknowledgments to the tutelar deity

of the nation. A temple of so much importance must have been a costly and magnificent structure, and we are informed that Augustus appointed regular corps of troops to guard the place and protect the sacred treasures. Raised on so lofty a pedestal, this superb temple must have been a very imposing object, when seen from Rome, or from any part of the Campagna. But not one stone of it now remains upon another ; except here and there a mass of hewn travertine, or a bit of polished marble, built into the clumsy walls of the ugly convent of the Passionists, which occupies the ground whereon it stood. The Via Triumphalis may still be traced in its winding course down the side of the mountain, with the letters 'N. V,' cut at short intervals in the imperishable pavement, trodden only by sandalled monks, and pretty peasant girls, and a few forestieri. Half way down the steep stands the church of the *Madonna del Tufo*, where the Blessed Virgin, a long time ago, arrested a large mass of rock as it fell from the brow of the mountain, and prevented it from doing immense mischief to the villas and vineyards below ; in gratitude for which deed of distinguished goodness one of the popes erected this temple to her honour.

Mons Latialis is in the *Æneid* what Mount Ida is in the *Iliad*, the commanding eminence whence the celestial powers watched the vicissitudes and fortunes of the war. Here sat the 'Queen of heaven,' and

'Surveyed the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.'

And no situation could have been more favourable to the survey. Here lies the scene of half the *Æneid*, spread out like a map at your feet ; the whole Rutulian territory, the landing-place of the Trojan fugitive, the seven hills where Evander reared his humble capital ; and the ancient Albula, 'with a pleasant stream, whirling in rapid eddies, and yellow with much sand, rushing forward into the sea.' On the other hand rise *Monte Pila* and the '*Gelidus Algidus*' of Horace ; separated by a broad valley from Monte de' Fiori, and 'the white rocks of Tusculum ;' beyond which is seen the whole Sabine range, with Tivoli, Monticelli, Palombara : and still farther, the purple pyramid of Soracte, and the volcanic chain of *Monte Cimino*, like a wall of

amethyst and jasper enclosing the glorious prospect. The Alban Lake seems so near, that one might almost drop a stone into its waters; and Nemi, embosomed in a green circular valley, lies just beyond, 'like a dewdrop in the hollow of a leaf;' and all around, upon every swell of the landscape, the white walls of convents and villages peep from their sylvan coverts—Albano, Gensano, Marino, La Riccia, Palazzuola, Castel Gondolfo, Rocca di Papa, Grotta Ferrata, and many a nodding tower, and many a mouldering tomb. Which things having seen and surveyed, we descended from our classical Nebo, across the vast crater where Hannibal pitched his camp, along the sweet fields of Prince Aldobrandini which line the *Via Latina*, through orchards, and vineyards, and shady groves, and flowery avenues, where the viper lurks in the luxuriant grass, and the graceful ragone darts through the laurel hedge, and the brook that comes down from Tusculum murmurs a soft bass to the wild melody of the *rosignuolo*, that sings the sun to rest!

CHAPTER XXIX.

LA CHIESA DEL GESU.

Excursion—Churches of Sant' Agnesia and Santa Constantia—Mons Sacer—Catacombs of Sant' Alessandro—Tombs and Columbaria—Church of Domine Quo Vadis—Catacombs of San Calisto and San Sebastiano—Sepulchre of Cecilia Metella—Miscellaneous Perambulations—La Chiesa del Gesu—The Music—The Sermon—The Collection—The Illumination—The Effect—Disinterested Benevolence—Remarks on Preaching—Release from Purgatory—Rome is finished.

DURING the latter half of our sojourn in the Eternal City, we fortunately made the acquaintance of an excellent American lady, long resident in Rome, who, with her gentlemanly son and amiable daughter, showed us no little kindness, calling almost daily with her carriage to take us whithersoever we would, so that we saw more during the sweet month of May than we could otherwise have seen in a whole year.

One of our most memorable excursions, memorable as well for the information we gained as for the pleasure we enjoyed, was through the *Porta Pia* and along the *Via Nomentana*. A mile beyond the wall stands the ancient church of *Sant' Agnesia*, founded by Constantine, and famous for the double row of marble pillars, one above the other, that supports the roof, and for the rich columns of porphyry and alabaster which adorn the altar and its tabernacle. Near this edifice is the interesting church of *Santa Constantia*, the daughter of Constantine, formerly her mausoleum, and probably at an earlier period a temple of Bacchus. It is of circular form, supported by a row of coupled columns, and crowned with a spacious dome. Behind the pillars runs a gallery, whose vaulted roof is encrusted with antique mosaics, representing pretty little genii, playing with blushing clusters of grapes, amid the curling tendrils of the vine. The tomb of the fair saint was worthy of so splendid a place—a vast porphyry vase, orna-

mented with various figures, now shown to visitors in the museum of the Vatican.

Two miles farther we crossed the *Anio* on the *Ponte Lamentano*, the ancient *Pons Nomentanus*; and just beyond this, on the right, we saw the immortal *Mons Sacer*, twice dignified by the retreat and determinate but temperate resistance of an oppressed but generous people. It is a lonely eminence, of no great elevation, steep towards the river, in the form of a rampart, covered with luxuriant grass and brilliant flowers, but without human ornament or memorial, and looking to me very much as Bunker Hill did to a young lady from the city of New York—‘Nothing but a common country hill!’ Yet few places about Rome, none, perhaps, are more worthy of their distinction; as few incidents, if any, in Roman history, are more honourable to the Roman people, than those which took place upon this same *Mons Sacer*, where they displayed in so remarkable a manner the three grand principles which constituted the grandeur of the Roman character—firmness, moderation, and magnanimity.

Half an hour more brings us to the catacombs of *Sant’ Alessandro*, the most interesting of all these subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians, because very recently opened, since 1853, I believe, and its sacred deposits remain as they were found. *Sant’ Alessandro* was a Christian bishop, beheaded in the reign of Hadrian; and here lies his dust beneath an elegantly-wrought altar of marble, whence for eighteen centuries, with the whole ‘noble army of martyrs,’ his voice has been heard in heaven, saying, ‘How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth!’ Near it is an inscription to ‘*Amnianetti*, a martyr, in peace.’ Another record informed us that its subject was a stranger, arrested on his journey, led to the martyr’s block, and laid here by his Roman brethren to await the resurrection of the just. Over one of these dark resting-places of the saints of Jesus, we read these touching words: ‘Oh, unhappy times, when we cannot worship with safety even in caverns, nor enjoy the hope of being buried by our friends!’ Furnished with wax candles, we walked an hour or more through the subterranean galleries, narrow, and crooked, and dismal;

with three tiers of tombs on either side, some of them still unsealed, and others open to the inspection of visitors; in which we saw the bones of the blessed, who passed 'through great tribulation into the kingdom of heaven,' with vials containing 'the seed of the church,' and often the instruments of martyrdom. But it is not safe to penetrate far into these gloomy labyrinths, some of which are very extensive and only partially explored; and there is a fact on record, a sad warning to subsequent adventurers, of the loss of a large party in those of *Santi' Calistro*. Retracing our steps into the light of day, we lingered long about the beautiful altar, and walked to and fro over the elegant mosaic pavement, and observed many finely-wrought columns of precious marble, all of which belonged to a Christian church, built probably in the time of Constantine, and uncovered within the last three or four years. A few weeks before we left Rome, poor old Father Pius, with his cardinals, and a long train of gorgeously attired ecclesiastics, burning wax candles in the face of the sun, and chanting Latin invocations to the martyrs all the way, went out, in apostolic state, to lay the foundation-stone of a church and convent of the Trappists on the same ground, lest a place so holy should be desecrated by some profane or secular appropriation.

Another day we took the *Via Appia*, as far as the tomb of *Cecilia Metella*, pausing to inspect the many objects of interest by the way. We drove along the *Strada di Cerchi*, between the ruined arches of the Imperial Palace and the site of the Circus Maximus, across the *Aqua Maranna* which comes down from the Vale of Egeria, through the Triumphal Arch of Drusus, the ancient *Porta Capena*, and the present *Porta San Sabastiano*. We trod the soil once occupied by the splendid *Mausolea* of the Scipios, long since demolished; and descended into the *Columbaria* of 'Cæsar's household,' and took from one of the sacred urns a handful of human ashes. Originally the Roman dead were buried; but afterwards cremation was adopted as the common custom, though the great patrician families still adhered to the ancient method of interment. The bodies were wrapped in *asbestos* for burning; this, being incombustible, preserved the ashes; which were

subsequently deposited in urns, and placed in these sepulchral niches, hewn out of the solid rock, or prepared in walls and towers erected for the purpose.

We passed also the spot where once stood the Temple of Mars, at which the victorious army always paused as they entered the city; and a little farther on, we paused to look at the little church called '*Domine Quo Vadis*'—a strange name, with a stranger origin. The tradition is, that Peter was flying from Rome to escape persecution, when he here met his Master, and addressed to him the question—'*Domine, quo vadis?*'—Lord, whither goest thou? The Master assured his cowardly disciple that he was going to Rome to be crucified in his stead; then vanishing, left the impress of his feet upon the pavement where he stood; and there are still his tracks in the eternal stone, and I have seen them with these same spectacles! Wonder not, O Christian reader, that Simon hastened back to the city, and desired to be crucified with his head downwards!

We passed the Catacombs of *San Calistro*; which, having no permit, we could not enter. Into those of *San Sabastiano*, however, we did descend, following a monk of most villainous physiognomy; but saw nothing, and wished ourselves above ground, and gladly embraced the first opportunity of return to the upper world. But here is the proudest memorial of republican Rome, the *Mausoleum of Cecilia Metella*, erected by the wealthy Crassus in honour of his wife, just before the Christian era. It is a magnificent circular tower, originally encased with white marble, seventy feet in diameter, and of proportionate elevation. Within is a chamber, which formerly contained a richly sculptured sarcophagus; but in the time of Paul the Third, this was removed to the Farnesian Palace, where it is still to be seen. The roof, which must have been conical, has given place to unsightly battlements, which Murray says were built in the thirteenth century, when the tomb was converted into a fortress; but the *Marquis de Bonaparte*, who saw it in the early part of the sixteenth century, assures us that it was at that time as perfect as in the days of Crassus. Such, indeed, is the admirable solidity of this fine structure, that, as a late

writer observes, 'it seems reared for eternity;' and but for human hands, it had probably been entire at the present day, and remained unmarred for centuries to come. A famous antiquary—Boissard—attributed to this edifice 'a wonderful echo, which gave back seven or eight times, distinctly and articulately, words spoken within a certain distance; so that, at the funeral solemnities which Crassus celebrated in honour of his wife, the wailings of the mourners were infinitely multiplied; as if the infernal gods, and all the souls that inhabit the shades below, had, in commiseration of the fate of the deceased Cecilia, bewailed her from beneath the earth with continued lamentations, and testified their desire to blend their common grief on her account with the tears of the living!'

And then we wandered where Numa walked at eventide, through the sacred Vale of *Egeria*, and drank from her sacred fountain, and sat down in the cool shade of her sacred grove—at least, of its modern representative. And then we roamed over the *Aventine*, where *Cacus* lived, and *Hercules* triumphed, and the twin brother of *Romulus* had his unpropitious augury; where shone the glorious fane of *Diana*, built by the joint contributions and in the joint names of all the Latin tribes; and the temples of *Juno* and *Dea Bona*; with many other stately edifices, of which not a vestige remains—not a mouldering arch, nor a shattered wall, nor a broken pillar, to indicate their locality. And there, just within the Aurelian Wall, was *Monte Testaccio*—a hill two or three hundred feet high, and not less than a mile in circumference, composed entirely of broken pottery, in the sides of which are excavated the immense wine-cellars of modern Rome. And near it rose the pyramid of *Caius Cestius*, in humble imitation of those of the Pharaohs—a hundred feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty in altitude—looking down upon the Protestant Cemetery, and appearing to preside over those fields of silence and mortality. And not more than a hundred paces from its base sleeps the poet Keats, beneath that sad inscription—'Here lies one whose name was writ in water;' and just under the wall, the genius and atheist Shelley, with a son of Goethe, and many English and American artists and tourists, who have lain down to their last sleep here in the

land of strangers. It is a delightful place, laid out in handsome avenues, well shaded with cypress and the weeping willow, and environed on all sides with natural beauties and the most impressive remembrancers of long-departed generations. An artist sat upon a tombstone sketching the scene, so absorbed that he did not notice us as we passed ; and an English lady in black was wandering sadly about in quest of an inscription which might tell her where to drop a tear for one she had loved ; but, though we joined her in the search, it was in vain, and she left 'the mournful field' without having found the resting-place of her buried friend.

Hence to the church, on the *Via Ostiensis*, built on the very ground where Paul was beheaded, and over the three fountains that gushed up where his head struck as it bounded down the hill ; which three fountains are no fiction, Protestant reader, for I saw them myself and drank of their water ! Back to the city, and down into the Mamertine and Tullian Prisons ; where the same Paul was incarcerated, for there was the pillar to which he was bound ; and Peter also, for there was the impression of the apostle's head, where the jailer savagely thrust him against the rock ; and there was the spring of living water, which burst forth when the same savage jailer desired Christian baptism at the hands of the prisoner, and still keeps flowing—a perpetual miracle—for the conviction of sceptical *forestieri* !

Our last day in Rome was a Sabbath. The chaplain to the American Legation was gone, and the chapel at the Braschi Palace was closed for the season. So, while Jenny read Saint Paul and Bossuet at home, I went to La Chiesa del Gesu to hear a sermon from a Jesuit. The privilege of that morning I would not have missed for half of all the other entertainments I enjoyed during my European tour. The sublime fooleries of Holy Week at Saint Peter's—the pope in his jewelled vestments, tottering upon men's shoulders as they bore him in his lofty chair about the church, blessing his abject worshippers—the magnificent array of the cardinals in their crimson robes, and the long train of priests and monks, foreign princes and legates, and numberless officials of lower degree, with forests of palm-branches

and tons of wax candles—the striped gorgeousness of the Swiss Guards with their plumes and pikes, and the bristling immensity of French bayonets, and the sound of a hundred brazen instruments, and the mighty roar of that unrivalled choir—these and all the rest were nothing in the comparison.

The church is one of the largest and richest in Rome, for it is the principal church of the Jesuits, and connected with the convent which is the head-quarters of their order and the residence of their chief officer. With three American friends, I was at the door more than thirty minutes before the hour; but it took us two-thirds of that time to effect an entrance, and find seats within hearing distance of the platform. There must have been six or eight thousand people in the assembly; yet this, I am informed, was only an ordinary occasion. There is preaching here every Sabbath, and the immense edifice is always thronged. At length we were comfortably seated, and in a few moments the organ began—the very finest in Rome, and was played with admirable skill. Then came the soft tone of a single voice, sweet as an angel's. Another followed, and then another, and another; and the song rose by degrees, swelling into a majestic chorus, which filled the spacious edifice. The music I thought much superior to that of Saint Peter's and the Sistine Chapel—better even than the performance of the far-famed Miserere. The harmony may have been less perfect—of that I am not a judge; but finer voices certainly I have never heard, and richer strains seemed to me impossible this side of paradise. But when the whole great concourse joined the song, it was 'as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings.' Alas, it was a hymn to the saints!

The music ceased, and a tall man, of middle age, but somewhat gray, in the dress of the order, ascended the platform, and took his seat. He announced his text sitting, then rose and commenced his discourse. Nothing could exceed the ease and fluency of his utterance, but the grace and energy of his action. Though I understood but little of what he said, it was the best lesson in elocution I ever received. He was not boxed up in a pulpit, but stood upon an open stage, with nothing to hinder the freedom of his movements, or obstruct the view of his hearers. He

had no notes, and needed none ; the audience, the occasion, and the subject furnished sufficient inspiration. In five minutes all his powers seemed to be engaged, and for a full half hour he poured forth an incessant torrent of melodious words, with a force and fire such as I never saw except in some few of our American Methodist preachers, and with an ease and elegance of delivery which I never knew equalled by preacher of any order. From beginning to end, I believe, there was not a single sentence unaccompanied by a significant gesture, which evidently added greatly to the effect of his discourse, and which aided very much my shallow knowledge of Italian in comprehending his meaning. Of course, I understood but little of the sermon ; but I caught here and there a sentence—enough to enable me to make out that the immaculate conception of ‘the mother of God,’ and her claims upon the adoration of all Christians, were the main topics of discourse ; and that all who disbelieved the one, or disregarded the other, were vigorously denounced, and adjudged to the depths of hell.

When he had been speaking for about twenty-five minutes with a beauty which I thought could not be surpassed, he suddenly took fire and went off like a sky-rocket. I never heard such rapidity of utterance, connected with intonations and inflections so varied and melodious, and a manner altogether so inimitable. His fine person and noble countenance, his long black robe and flowing mantle, added to an action histrionic and striking to the last degree, would have formed an admirable study for an artist. The effect produced was very great, and the people wept around me as I have often seen them weep at a camp-meeting.

The tempest over, the preacher took his seat, wiped the dew of agony from his brow, drew out a package of papers, read two or three of them to the audience, talked about passports from purgatory to paradise in connection with thirty *scudi*, and exhorted his hearers to charity towards the souls in limbo, while the collection-bags went round. There was evidently a large sum contributed towards that worthy object, for the bag which was shaken at me for some seconds, and which, I suppose, would hold a peck or

more, appeared to be two-thirds full when it passed, and so heavy that the collector carried it with difficulty, and there were not less than six or eight of these bobbing about in different parts of the church.

While this good work was going on, half a dozen men, with tapers attached to the end of long poles, were busy in lighting up the altar and the tribune. There was a perfect forest of wax candles, some of them very large, and the illumination grew and brightened every moment. Then the preacher rose again, and resumed his discourse with a fervour even greater than before. Nothing could transcend the elegant energy of his elocution. He extended his arms aloft, and called upon the Virgin and the martyrs. He folded them upon his heart, and bowed his head in the attitude of penitential shame. He smote his breast and his brow as if in agony. He wrapped his face in his mantle, and appeared to weep. He paced the platform with energy. He pointed now to the cross, now to the Madonna, and now to the lights which thicken about the altar. The moment the illumination was complete—and there were five hundred wax candles burning, for I counted them, and they were most artistically arranged—he turned towards the splendid spectacle, stretched forth his hands and cried—*‘Ecco la! ecco la!’* Behold it! behold it! Suddenly the immense multitude arose and fell upon their knees, with their faces towards the altar, while the preacher continued his exhortation in a strain of increasing fervour, and tears flowed freely from many an eye, and suppressed sobs and groans were audible on every side.

The preacher paused, the organ began, the choir soon followed, and anon the audience took up the strain; and for half an hour, choir and audience responded to each other, and it appeared to me the most delightful music I had ever heard. But the exquisite beauty of the performance, and the enthusiastic heartiness with which the multitude participated, made me melancholy, when I reflected upon its connection with a system so dishonourable to God, so degrading to man, and so hostile to the spirit of true religion.

A kind old lady near me, whose face was suffused with

tears, besought me, for the love of the blessed Virgin, to kneel down. I was sorry, of course, to disoblige her, and at last she was evidently somewhat displeased with my obstinate resistance of her benevolent importunity. One of our party, an American lady, and a member of a Protestant Church at home, was so overcome by what she saw and heard, that she fell upon her knees with the rest, and continued in that position for fifteen minutes or more; never thinking, as she afterwards told me, that she was worshipping any other than God himself. Mr. Mood and myself kept our seats, notwithstanding the fervid exhortations of the preacher, and his denunciations of persistent Protestantism, seconded by the disinterested efforts of my old female friend. Verily, I wonder not that young ladies in America, who are sent to convents for their education, so seldom pass through the process without conversion: there is so much in the ceremonies and superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church that is so attractive to the youthful fancy, and so impressive to the youthful imagination. Nay, I wonder, rather, that any should escape such a consummation.*

I heard six Roman Catholic sermons in Rome—one in Saint Peter's, two in San Carlo's, and three in three other churches; two of them in the Italian language, one in French, one in Russian, one in German, and one in English. The last mentioned was by Doctor Manning, a late pervert from the British Establishment, a man of superior learning and abilities, but a very indifferent preacher. His manner was cold and feeble; he recited his lesson like a schoolboy; and never in my life did I hear a more miserable specimen of logic. The others—even he from the snows of Russia—displayed considerable warmth, and in some cases delivered themselves with an ardour worthy of a better cause; and while listening to them, I could not help wishing that our Protestant preachers oftener carried with them in their work something of the same genial enthusiasm. Even in America, and among the ministers of our own Church—the most earnest I believe in the world

* This remark applies to those only who have never learned to appreciate the inner beauty of the true Church.—ED.

—the manner of the pulpit is generally too tame and cold, and some there are whose delivery is formal and frigid to the last degree of endurance. We should certainly speak more earnestly, if we felt as we ought the weight of our message and the responsibility of our vocation. The Papists preach falsehood as if they believed it to be truth, and were anxious to impress it as such upon their auditors; we too often proclaim the everlasting verities of Heaven as if we had no faith in them ourselves, and cared but little what effect they produced upon others. It is true, other Roman Catholic performances are generally sufficiently dull and monotonous; but the preaching, especially that of the monks and Jesuits, is in many instances fraught with a refreshing fervour and a most impressive energy.

Suspended over the altar in this church is the largest known piece of lapis-lazuli in the world. But as we departed, I saw without something far more interesting than this. Pasted upon the wall, and reaching to a considerable height on each side of the door, were great numbers of printed papers, each about a foot square, with the representation of a skeleton in the centre. I had often seen these before, and supposed them to relate to the burial of the dead; but upon examination, I now found that they were certificates of the release of souls from purgatory by masses said and paid for in this church. This helped to explain what I had just heard about the passports and thirty scudi.

In the piazza fronting this church there is generally a strong breeze, which the Romans account for in a manner most complimentary to the Jesuits. They say that the wind was one day walking with the devil: when they came to this place the latter said to his companion, 'I have something to do in here—wait for me a moment.' The devil entered, but never came out; and the wind still waits for him in the square.

At length we must bid adieu to Rome. We have remained already much longer than we intended. Four months have been well occupied, but I cannot say that I have yet seen Rome. Four years, indeed, were not suffi-

cient for the purpose. Rome is inexhaustible. Hope of returning, I have none; yet many of the most interesting objects and localities must remain unvisited, and others but partially explored and imperfectly understood. As it is, however, I depart deeply impressed with what I have beheld of the Historic City—the remains of her ancient grandeur, the magnificence of her modern architecture, the wealth of her museums and galleries of art, the unrivalled beauty of her suburban villas and classical environs; but impressed still more with her weakness, her blindness, her imbecile policy, her sorceries and superstitions, her beggared populace and fast-declining power—constituting at once a manifest fulfilment of prophecy, and a tremendous prophecy yet to be fulfilled!

She is still 'Majestic Rome,' but her crown is in the dust, and the prestige of her victory is gone. The once proud 'Mistress of the World' sits, a lone widow, in dotage and decrepitude, amid the ruins of her palace, asking alms of all who pass her gates. Her bishop is a recognized sovereign, but his prerogatives cannot be hereditary; and foreign bayonets guard his person, and prop his tottering throne. Claiming the right to rule the world, he can scarcely keep in subjection the few leagues of territory called the Papal States, and he sits trembling within the walls of the Vatican, and under the very shadow of Sant' Angelo. The pretended head of the Church, and vicar of Jesus Christ, having the keys of the kingdom of heaven, he is not master of his own official acts, and is really less free than his own footman. The cardinals are princes, and generally they are men of learning and ability; but their talents are degraded to the most miserable time-serving devices, and all loftier aims are lost in the low craft of avarice and unworthy ambition. Rome claims to be 'the holiest of cities,' and 'the capital of the Christian world;' but there is no city of Europe that has less of vital godliness, or even of true morality. Her modern churches rival her ancient temples; they are dedicated chiefly to saints and martyrs; and painted canvas, and chiselled marble, and manufactured relics, are worshipped in them more than the living God; and the idolatry of which they are the daily

scenes is not less gross than that which was practised in pagan Rome. Five thousand priests and friars walk her streets; but scarcely one in a hundred of her people has any respect for their profession, or any confidence in their virtue. The mansions of her nobles are fit residences for monarchs; but their spacious apartments are peopled only with statues and pictures, and their masters live retired upon the pitiful revenue which they receive from strangers who come to visit their galleries. She has but one railroad, and that is only fourteen miles in length; but one newspaper, and that is little more than a weekly announcement of the arrival and departure of foreigners.

‘How is the mighty fallen!’ She that sat enthroned over the world, and regarded the earth as only a highway for her legions—she that trod upon the necks of kings, while nations fell prostrate in the dust before her—has become a beggar at the gates of foreign princes, and survives by swindling and plundering such as come to muse amid the wrecks of her former greatness. Her ecclesiastical thunders are unheeded, her political resources are exhausted, her exchequer is empty, and her prisons are full. Her streets swarm with mendicants, and murmur night and day with popular discontent; though there are three thousand spies, in the pay of the government, going constantly about the city, unknown to the people, and generally even to one another; and there is one or more of them at this hour in every coffee-house, and in every place of trade or of public resort.

Yet Rome is a city of strange and wondrous interest. It grows upon you in proportion as it is explored, and the longer you remain, the more reluctant you are to leave. I have groped among the mouldering substructions of her temples and theatres, and looked down from many a height upon the fading memorials of her ancient opulence and power. I have wandered at sunset along the banks of the Albula, and reclined at noonday in the bowers of suburban villas, communing with the spirit of the past, and imbibing full draughts of beauty through every sense. After all, the landscape scenery of Italy is to me its greatest charm;

and the sylvan environs of the Historic City never cloy, like the works of art* with which her churches and saloons are crowded; for nature is always fresh, and her aspects are ever varying, and even the same view often presents new beauties to the eye; and where every spot has a classical renown, and every object speaks of the greatest empire that ever rose and ruled and fell, there is a perpetual feast of solemn thought, with perennial springs of wisdom!

* One never wearies of looking at works of art of the highest order.—Ed.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM ROME TO FLORENCE.

Last View of St. Peter's—Monte Soracte—Civita Castellana—
 Camillus and the Schoolmaster—The Umbrian Hills—Otricoli
 —Narni—Terni and its Falls—Short Method with Beggars—
 Spoleto—The Clitumnus—Foligno—Spello—Santa Maria
 degli Angeli—Assisi—Saint Francis and his Order—Grotta
 Dei Volumni—The Etruscans—Perugia—Battle of Thrasyme-
 nus—The Papal Frontier—Brigands.

Now bind the sandals on the pilgrim's feet,
 And bring his staff; for lo! the meek-eyed morn
 Smiles o'er the Sabine Hills with sweetest grace!
 To thee, old Rome, the tribute of a tear;
 For never more the pilgrim shall behold
 Thy venerable ruins, ivy-clad,
 And eloquent of human impotence;
 The yellow Tiber, and the Pantheon;
 The Forum, and the Coliseum gray;
 Temples, and towers, and that majestic dome!

FROM Rome to Florence, by way of Perugia—a journey of two hundred miles through the most charming region of Italy—was a week of unmingled pleasure. Through the kindness of our friend, Mr. Bartholomew, it had been arranged for us to travel by *vettura*—with one of the best American families it was our good fortune to meet with in Europe—Mr. John Olmsted, of Hartford, his pious, amiable, and accomplished wife and daughter, and their courier Dominico—an intelligent and good-natured Italian, who thought himself a Christian, the pope a humbug, and confession a bore. Accordingly, on a fine Monday morning, in the end of May, we bade adieu to many who had endeared themselves to us by their obliging offices, and drove forth through the Porto del Popolo, over the Ponte Molle, along the Via Flaminia, with the flowery Campagna on the one side and the classic Tiber on the other, towards the pyramidal Soracte and the Umbrian Hills. Whenever we gained some little eminence, and turned to look back upon objects we shall never behold again, the magnificent proportions of St. Peter's—the first and the last that the stranger sees of Rome—stood in bold relief against the beautiful sky. Again and again, as we passed over the

hills, we paused, and gazed, and lingered, and breathed what we deemed a last adieu ; but as often as we ascended another elevation, and turned to look once more, there it was still—the most majestic thing in Europe—swelling proudly up into the tranquil azure ; and long after every other dome had disappeared in the distance, like Orpah behind Naomi, this seemed to follow us like the fond and faithful Ruth. We had now travelled five or six hours, when our road mounted a lofty ridge, beyond which it descended for a great distance ; and knowing that this would certainly be the last view, I left the vettura, and ran up into the field, where from the top of the rock it was still visible—the only object discernible upon the horizon ; and I could have wept, as I slowly descended the hill, and St. Peter's sank out of my sight for ever.

As in passing the conscious meridian of life, we naturally turn from the past to the contemplation of the future, so we now ceased to look back upon what we had left behind, for another object before us attracted our attention, growing every moment in magnitude and in interest. From the dome of St. Peter's, from the tower of the Capitol, from the green bowers of the Janiculum, from the breezy heights of Albano, and from many an eminence overlooking the golden Tiber, for the last four months I had admired the form of Monte Soracte, rising in lone grandeur from the undulating plain, a pyramid of rock in the centre of a mountain amphitheatre ; but now, as we drew near, its bold outline became more sharply defined, its deep hue of amethyst changed into emerald and jasper, and with every mile of our approach it assumed new majesty and beauty. Its isolated situation, its ever-changing form, its densely wooded base, its bare and rugged sides, the picturesque town upon its southern flank, the three convents which crown its very apex, and the melodious verse of Virgil, of Horace, and of Byron, invested it with a peculiar charm, and I found it difficult to turn my eyes in any other direction. The town alluded to is St. Oreste, occupying the place of the ancient Feronia ; and the principal convent is that of San Sylvestro, founded in the eighth century, where once stood the temple of Apollo, and where now pause the weary feet of many a foolish pilgrim.

Our first night's lodging we found at Civita Castellana.

We were quartered here, as generally in Italy, in the same house with the horses; they occupying the front rooms of the lower story, and we the back rooms of the upper. The apartments, however, were clean, the beds quite comfortable, and the table tolerably well supplied with wholesome food. Having an hour or two before sunset, we refreshed ourselves a little, and went forth to see the town. A few steps from our hotel we encountered a prison, from whose grated windows long poles were thrust out as we passed, with little bags attached to the ends of them, accompanied with imploring cries from within for *medzi baiocchi*—the only method which the inmates have of begging, and, I am informed, also in many instances their only means of living. We wandered about the streets, through the cathedral, around the castle, over the bridges, along the ravines, and everywhere met with objects of gratifying interest. The surrounding country is exceedingly beautiful; and Monte Soracte looked more glorious than ever in the light of the setting sun, while the sweet villages beyond seemed so many cameos cut out of the mountain-side.

Civita Castellana, occupying the site of the ancient Falerium—one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan League—is built upon a table-land, perfectly surrounded by a deep and precipitous gulf. The massive masonry of the old walls is still seen in many places on the verge of the cliff, and the rocks below are pierced with numerous tombs and emissaries. A curious story is told in connection with the siege of the city by Camillus: a schoolmaster, having in charge a large number of the sons of the Falerian nobility, under the pretence of taking them out for an evening walk, led them directly to the Roman camp, and betrayed them into the hands of the enemy, thinking to be handsomely rewarded for his perfidy; but the deed so incensed the generous commander that he ordered the boys to scourge their master back into the city; and his magnanimity so delighted the citizens that they surrendered at once to the Romans.

In the morning, poor Dominico, who had lodged in the lower story, appeared to wait on the breakfast-table, looking sad and sleepy, with one eye badly swollen. He had evidently been rudely treated by his bedfellows, with which he

said he had waged a most bloody night-long battle; but after slaughtering some scores of them, had been fairly driven from the field before the dawn of day. Resuming our journey, not without much sympathy for the unfortunate Dominico, we crossed the gulf on a noble bridge, a hundred and twenty feet high; and after an hour's drive through a very beautiful country, recrossed the Tiber on the Ponte Felici, originally built by the Emperor Augustus, and leaving Etruria behind, began to ascend the wooded hills of Umbria. On the side of the river towards Rome, occupying the summit of a little hill, stood the dismantled fortress of Borghetto—one of the most picturesque of mediæval ruins; and on the opposite side lay the field of Macdonald's brilliant achievement in 1798, who, with an army not more than one-third that of the enemy, cut his way through the Neapolitan ranks, and forced the passage of the Tiber. On the height a little beyond, we found the mean little village of Otricoli—the modern representative of the renowned Oriculum—the first of the Umbrian cities that voluntarily submitted to the Romans. The view, as we ascended the mountain, was extremely fine—Soracte rising into the clouds behind us, the Tiber winding through the valley beneath us, the Nera rushing along the bottom of a dark ravine on our left, the Apennines towering to a sublime altitude on our right, and the hills before us covered to their summits with terraced vineyards and luxuriant fields of wheat. Next came Narni—the ancient Umbrian Narnia—with its castle and its convents, commanding a valley of great extent and fertility; and in the ravine below, the bridge of Augustus, built of massive blocks of uncemented marble, and once traversed by the great Flaminian Way, still spanning the stream with its gigantic arches—one of the noblest relics of imperial times.

And now it is noon, and we are at Terni—the ancient Interamni—the reputed birthplace of a great Roman historian, and of two Roman emperors. The chief attraction here is the falls of the Velino, five miles from the town. Having dined, we procure a carriage, and go forth to see one of the greatest sights in Italy. Our road is all the way up hill, and for some distance it is excavated in the face of

the precipice, actually overhung by the solid mass of the mountain, while the torrent frets and foams through a gorge at a frightful depth below. But here is the terminus, and we are obliged to alight because we can go no farther. Suddenly we are surrounded by a host of donkeys and drivers, with twice as many guides and assistants, and beggars as thick as Italian fleas. Some we patronize, and some we pay to hold their peace. But for every one thus silenced or dismissed, two new-comers set up their clamorous appeal; insisting with marvellous pertinacity on assisting our peregrinations, or relieving our purses. Nowhere else, even in Italy, have we been so formidably besieged. It is with the utmost difficulty, though aided by a good *cicerone*, that we succeed in forcing our way through the babbling throng to the head of the cascade. Here we are astonished, delighted, and plentifully besprinkled with spray. Then we descend, and enjoy a much finer view from below, and a more copious shower-bath withal. Still descending, and crossing the torrent upon a narrow footbridge, we gain the opposite side of the dell, where we have a complete panorama of the several cascades, and the rapids below. No words can describe the magnificence of the scene. The river precipitates itself at a single leap, it is said five or six hundred feet—and perhaps it is no exaggeration—over a precipice. The entire fall has been variously estimated at from nine to twelve hundred feet. There is nothing else like this in Italy. Even Niagara, though much grander on account of the immense body of water, falls only a hundred and sixty-four feet.

But on this subject I must observe an exemplary brevity and sobriety, for be thou well assured, most gracious reader, that my more enthusiastic fellow-traveller and fellow-writer, when she comes to do up her notes of Terni, as usual after having seen a little water running over a rock, will treat thee to a prolix and very edifying rhapsody.

Returning, we passed through the beautiful grounds of the Villa Grazziana, where Queen Caroline once resided in her grass-widowhood, where she entertained Sir Walter Scott, and capsized the tub in the cellar, and who knows what else? The place looks rather lonely now, though the air is perfumed with orange-blossoms, and ‘the vine with the tender grape giveth a good smell,’ and the brave old

ilex-trees along the avenue seem formed to shade the head of royal beauty.

This little side excursion cost us three pauls apiece for the carriage, three for each mule, five to the postillion, six to the *cicerone*, seven to the several custodies, eight to the swindling government, all our half-pauls to the assistants, all our *medzi baiocchi* to the beggars, and a good share of our patience besides; yet the expense and the annoyance were more than compensated by the pleasure which they procured us.

At our hotel we found a blind fiddler, by no means a bad performer, whom we patronized in the evening to the extent of five pauls, and who, in consideration of the same, gave us five good pieces on his Cremona.

A night's rest and an early breakfast, backed by an enormous bill, and we are off through the sweet vale of Terni, and over the romantic pass of Monte Somma. The government tariff requires that we shall add to our four horses a yoke of oxen to draw us up the mountain; and so we go creeping up the ravine and along the precipice; and have all the better opportunity to see and survey at leisure the fine scenery around us. Five or six miles, and we pass Casa del Papa, the villa and summer residence of Leo the Twelfth (now an indifferent albergo) on the side of a dreary hill. It was here, by a happy experiment, I learned how to rid oneself of the annoying importunity of the Italian beggars. This pass swarms with them—generally children, and chiefly little girls—not one in fifty of whom seems to be really in need of charity. Good Mrs. Olmsted never suffered one that looked sick, or poor, or hungry, to ask in vain, so long as there was aught left in the bag. Unfortunately, however, the more we gave, the more they begged; and as our supplies diminished, the applicants multiplied; and all our small change was gone, and also our bread and cheese, before the twentieth part of them were satisfied. I resolved to turn beggar myself, and to the first that approached I promptly presented my hat before she had an opportunity to begin, saying, in as piteous a tone as I could: '*Date mi qualche cosa, Caria Signorina mia—medzo baioccho mi contento.*' This measure was singularly effectual; and I beg leave respectfully to recommend it to

all my friends who may hereafter travel in Italy, under the title of 'A Short Method with Beggars.'

On the other side of the mountain we found Spoleto—the ancient *Spoletium*—overlooking the valley of the *Clitumnus*, and an extensive tract of the most delightful country in the world. The citadel, built by Theodoric during the Gothic wars, frequently altered and enlarged, is now used as a prison. The *Porta d'Annibale*, probably a Roman structure, bears witness to the resistance which the Carthaginian here met with in his march through Umbria, after the battle of *Thrasymenus*, proving the fidelity of the city to the Roman cause, and its strength, to have braved the conqueror, and arrested his progress in the very flush of victory. Over a ravine which separates the city from *Monte Luco* is a tier of arches, two hundred and sixty-six feet high, serving both as an aqueduct and a bridge, attributed to the Romans, but probably the work of the Lombard dukes of Spoleto. *Monte Luco* is remarkable for its monastery, its numerous hermitages, and its sacredly-guarded grove of majestic oaks. The town contains a highly-decorated cathedral, with some remains of an ancient theatre, and of three pagan temples. In the middle ages it was an important place, and long maintained its independence; but was at length conquered by Frederic Barbarossa, by whom it was pillaged and burned.

One of the chronicles of Spoleto relating to the civil wars of the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, contains the following horrible picture of political fanaticism carried to the extreme verge of ferocity: When the Ghibbelines were burning the houses of their adversaries, a woman, who had married a Guelph, and had two sons, seeing her own brother about to fire her dwelling, ascended to the top of the tower with her children, and thence implored his compassion. He promised her salvation only on condition that she would throw the two embryo Guelphs down into the flames; but the mother's love was stronger than the fear of death, and she perished with her sons.

From Spoleto we descended into the valley of the *Clitumnus*, called by Bonaparte 'the garden of Italy.' For forty miles or more, the country is one continuous vineyard; and the earth was covered with a luxuriant growth of wheat,

fast ripening for the harvest. The white and dove-coloured cattle which abound here are the noblest animals I ever beheld—descendants of those from among which the sacred victims were chosen in the days of classic song. The Clitumnus, celebrated by Virgil and by Byron, bursts a full-grown river, limpid as May-dew, from the base of the mountain. Near its source is the temple of the river-god—a small building, of fine proportions—perhaps the very one mentioned by the younger Pliny.

Our third night was spent at Foligno, famous for wax candles. At the gate by which we entered still stood the triumphal arch and colonnade, composed of palm-branches and flowers, constructed in honour of the pope on his late visit to the city. It is said that the Holy Father intended to take Perugia in his tour, and a similar structure was erected there; but during the night preceding his expected arrival it was completely demolished and burned; whereupon he turned aside at Foligno, and took the road to Loretto. It is reported also that his pockets were full of pardons for the political prisoners at Perugia, but after such treatment he refused to dispense any of them, though the offenders had remained eight years incarcerated without trial. The ostensible object of his tour was a religious pilgrimage; but it is since rumoured that he was advised to it by France and Austria, in view of certain indications of popular discontent rife throughout this portion of his dominions; which rumour has been alarmingly corroborated by recent developments.

In the public square, near the centre of the town, we saw a fine Corinthian pillar, sixty feet high, composed entirely of white wax; the shaft consisting of enormous candles, the capital elaborately wrought with flowers, a colossal statue of 'Our Lady' at the top, and four life-size figures at the base. It was recently erected, ostensibly in honour of the Immaculate Conception, but really in compliment to His Holiness, who it was hoped would show some mercy to the poor sufferers in the Foligno dungeons. I trembled for the beautiful ornament, as I saw a horse, running away with a carriage, dash furiously through the piazza; but it was not touched, though the fragments of the shattered vehicle were strewn plentifully around it.

Afterwards, walking alone in the street, I saw a Jew selling a piece of cloth to an Italian, when a third person, in apparent playfulness, threw the end of the article over the merchant's face; and the latter instantly drew a knife, and rushed upon him, and he must inevitably have been stabbed, had he not dexterously sprung out of his way, and made good use of his sole-leather.

In 1831 and 1832, and again in 1839, Foligno experienced several earthquakes, which did much damage, destroying many buildings, and about a hundred human lives. It is somewhat remarkable that a city located upon an alluvial plain should have suffered so severely from these phenomena, while the towns which occupy the lower slopes of the neighbouring mountains received little or no injury.

Three miles from Foligno is Spello, full of Roman antiquities, and the fame of Orlando. In the wall, near an ancient gate, is a monumental inscription, celebrating the exploits of that worthy personage. Orlando is the Italian Hercules of the middle ages. They have multiplied the legends of his labours, as the Greeks did those of the ancient hero; and Ariosto only brilliantly embodied those different traditions handed down in songs and tales for more than six hundred years.

We paused an hour by the way to take a view of the fine church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. It was here that Saint Francis founded his monastic order; and in the centre of the spacious edifice is a small house, built of rough stone, in which they say he lived and practised the severe rules which he laid down for the fraternity. It is now occupied as a chapel; and while we were there, several monks were performing some religious service in it. On its front is a remarkable fresco by Overbeck, regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of that popular artist, representing the vision or ecstasy of the saint.

On a hill, two miles from the church, stands Assisi, the ancient Assisium, where Saint Francis was born, where his dust is now enshrined in an elegant mausoleum; and a whole museum of his relics is sacredly preserved in the monastery of St. Clare. The convent, which stands upon a lofty rock, and with its massive walls and towers looks like an immense fortress, is said to have been built in the

incredibly short space of two years. Assisi is the native town also of two elegant Italian poets—Propertius and Metastasio. Its antiquities are a Roman theatre, a temple of Minerva, and numerous fragmentary substructions and walls.

Saint Francis lived in a time when Italian society was exceedingly corrupt, and the spirit of true Christianity was almost unknown among the religious orders. He was but twenty-five when he set himself resolutely to stem the tide of the prevalent depravity. His family regarded him as mad; and the cell is still shown at Assisi where he is said to have been confined by his father, and afterwards mercifully liberated by his mother. The result shows him to have been a man of earnest and mighty spirit. There was something very impressive in the austerity of his life and the profusion of his alms. Men of distinction, and ladies of fashion, soon flocked to his standard. Young enthusiasts, and rich and beautiful maidens, adopted his principles and espoused his cause. The lower classes found, in the order which he instituted, a sort of emancipation and security; and were glad to escape serfdom by becoming monks. Thus the fraternity grew and flourished; and now, after the lapse of more than six hundred years, constitutes a rich and powerful body in the Roman Catholic Church. But such is the influence of human depravity, that everything good on earth naturally tends to degeneration; and it is not wonderful that such a community, with errors so many and so great incorporated in its very constitution, though originating in love to God and man, should soon change for the worse in manners and moral discipline. The corruption of the Franciscans is represented by Italian writers of the sixteenth century as a matter of common notoriety. Machiavelli, Castiglione, and Ariosto accuse them of the greatest cruelty and the most enormous crimes; and Dante and Tasso, while they laud their leader to the skies, satirize severely the vices of his followers.

A few miles farther on we crossed the Tiber, for the third time during our journey, and probably the last for ever. We were now once more in Etruria, and soon came to the most remarkable Etruscan sepulchre hitherto discovered—the Grotta dei Volumi. By a long flight of

steps, cut in the soft tufa, we descended to the door. The original—a block of travertine, six feet high, four feet broad, and eight inches thick—stands leaning against the wall of the passage, while its place is supplied with an iron one of modern construction. Our cicerone lighted a taper, and led us into the solemn chambers of the dead. There is one large apartment, twenty-four feet by twelve in area, and sixteen in height, around which are nine others of smaller size, all hewn out of the living rock. The roof is cut into the form of beams and rafters; and heads of Medusa, with serpents and other curious devices, are carved upon the walls. There are several pendant lamps, and a mock genius swinging from the roof by a thread of bronze. The cinerary urns, or vessels containing the ashes of the dead, are all in one room. There are seven of these, all of elaborate workmanship—six of travertine, and one of marble. The latter is in the form of a temple, and has an inscription in Latin upon its front, and in Etruscan across the roof; which, when discovered, furnished the key to the language of ancient Etruria. These things were placed here, precisely as we now find them, two thousand years ago; but the more valuable articles—ornaments of bronze, and jewels of massive gold—were removed long ago to the neighbouring villa. There are scores of other tombs in the neighbourhood of this, much in the same condition; and many hundreds, probably, which have never yet been opened, all belonging to the necropolis of an ancient and powerful city.

Think not lightly of the race that excavated these dark sepulchral chambers. Their national glory culminated long before Rome was founded. From them the Mistress of the World took lessons in painting and in architecture. One of their kings—Porsenna—humbled her upon her seven hills. The substructions of their citadels and temples which she destroyed have outlasted many of her own, erected a thousand years later. Thrust your hand in where that ponderous stone lid has been lifted, and you shall touch the ashes of departed chiefs and rulers. This Etruria had twelve kingdoms, with twelve capital cities, and twelve mighty kings; and every capital had its subordinate municipalities, with its senate and its army. But what nation

could endure that worshipped idols, and consulted the oracles of devils? Egypt and Assyria had done so, and they had perished. So perished Etruria; and nothing remains of her now but these tombs, and the massive fragments of her masonry, scattered over the Italian hills.

On an eminence, a thousand feet above, stands Perugia, the representative of the ancient Parousia. The buildings rise tier above tier, like a gigantic stairway in the rock; and a stout yoke of white oxen is again added to our four horses to draw us up to the city gate. We spent four pleasant hours in looking about, but as many days were scarcely enough for all the interesting objects here to be seen. There are more than a hundred churches, and thirty monastic and conventual institutions. The cathedral is a grand old Gothic structure, with gorgeous stained windows, containing two famous works of art—Perugino's Madonna, and Baroccio's Deposition from the Cross. The frescoes of the Exchange, and the heraldic decorations of the Municipal Palace, are objects of curious interest. The most remarkable thing, however, is the old Etruscan gate, with its massive tiers of uncemented travertine, forty or fifty feet high, standing as it stood twenty centuries ago, left unscathed by the conflagration which in the reign of Augustus destroyed the city. In the fourteenth century a hundred thousand people perished here by the plague. The present population is not more than fifteen thousand. But the place is rich in architecture, and in works of the *belli arti*; and its university, next to those of Rome and Bologna, is deemed the best in the Papal States. The view which we enjoyed from the site of the fallen citadel no language can describe—the valleys of the Tiber and the Clitumnus spreading out in living emerald before us, the mountains on either hand studded with shining towns and villages, and the snowy masses of the Abruzzi gleaming from afar like an immense city of amethyst and opal!

We spent our fourth night at a miserable little town on the margin of Lake Trasymenus, a memorable place in the annals of Roman warfare. The next morning we pursued our way over the field where Hannibal won his great victory over the Consul Flaminius. It is a level area of

several miles, lying along the shore, and shut in by a semi-circular range of precipitous hills in the rear, the extremities of which form two bold promontories at the edge of the lake. From the moment the Roman legions entered the pass, the wily Carthaginian had the game fairly in his own hand. How the consul was ever beguiled into such a snare is the marvel. Whoever will but look over the ground will be ready to vote him a madman. The *Sanguinetta*, which rolls through the plain, perpetuates in its name the memory of the disaster; the 'Tower of Hannibal' still looks down triumphant from its eminence upon the field of slaughter; and blood-red poppies, blooming amid the luxuriant wheat, have sprung up from the graves of the slain.

We now crossed the papal frontier, and left behind us much that is undesirable. Henceforward we saw a more thriving and cheerful population, and heard less of *Io fammi*, and *Date mi qualche cosa*. But the beauty and fertility of the country through which we now journeyed it is quite impossible to describe—the delightful alternation of hill and vale, towering mountains and far-spreading vineyards, the infinite profusion of wild flowers which loaded the air with fragrance, with fields of grain such as I never saw before, and scarcely expect ever to see again, all bathed in the delicious gold and purple of an Italian atmosphere!

Passing Cortona—a city anterior, it is said, to Troy—we glided along the sweet-blossoming vale of the Chiana, and soon reached Arezzo, the birthplace of illustrious men, where we beheld the house of Petrarch, a statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand the First, and the tomb of the famous fighting Bishop of Petramala. In a wild mountain pass a little farther on, we saw by the wayside a huge black cross, marking the spot where, not long ago, the diligence had been stopped by banditti, and the driver and passengers literally cut to pieces. That night we lodged at Le Vane, and the next day about noon looked down from the hills upon the fair capital of the middle ages, reposing in a paradise of verdure upon the banks of the meandering Arno.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CITY OF FLOWERS.

The Beauty of Florence—Comparison with Rome—Cathedral and Campanile—Other Interesting Objects and Localities—Poetry—Hiram Power—Fine Arts—Rape of the Sabines—Uffizi Gallery—Michael Angelo—Pitti Palace—The Flying Ass—Agricultural Fair—Blasphemy of Art.

The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno.

HALLECK.

WHAT a beautiful city! What a beautiful country surrounds it! How different from Rome! so bright and cheerful, so clean and comfortable, and comparatively free from beggars. The Arno reminds one of the Tiber—albeit not so deep, nor so wide, nor so strong, nor so rapid, nor so golden, nor so rich in heroic fame. Yet it is a pretty river, bordered on both sides by fine buildings, and spanned by three stone bridges, two of which are elegant, and the other picturesque, with a good suspension-bridge at each extremity of the town. Florence is rather neatly built, and has some very massive and imposing structures, of which the lower stories, after the Etruscan style, are anomalous in modern architecture. Rome has more palaces, but none equal to the Pitti; and more campaniles, but none so gorgeous as Giotto's marble tower, or so graceful as the octagonal steeple of the Badia, or so lofty as the machicolated belfry of the Palazzo Vecchio. If, from the top of the Capitol, or the dome of St. Peter's, you look down upon the environs of Rome, three miles beyond the walls, you see nothing but a dreary waste sown with the ruins of antiquity; but the picturesque hills which surround Firenze la bella are covered with villas, mansions, churches, and convents, embowered in living bloom; and in every direction, as far as the sight can reach, the country seems a continuous city, with gardens interspersed among its palaces.

The exterior of the cathedral, built of black and white marble, is perfectly magnificent. The dome which surmounts it is larger and taller than that of St. Peter's, but not elevated near so far from the pavement. Michael Angelo made it his model when he planned that majestic structure; and marked out the place for his tomb in the Church of Santa Croce, in full view of its magnificent proportions. Brunnelleschi, the builder, sits in a niche across the way, looking up at his work in the most natural manner, with an expression of intense pleasure upon his noble countenance. Near this statue is a marble slab let into the wall, indicating the spot where Dante used to sit at sunset, and gaze upon the glorious campanile, and listen to its incomparable chimes. The voice of the largest bell, full of majesty, is soft as a lady's lute. Hark! it announces the Ave Maria; and now the chimes of a dozen churches, like angel harmonies, are calling the populace to prayer. The tower itself is the finest thing in the world; one can never be weary of looking at it; and the Florentines, when they wish to describe anything as particularly beautiful, say, 'As beautiful as the Campanile.' The bronze doors of the baptistery, which Michael Angelo deemed fit to be the gates of Paradise, are not unworthy of their fame. The Medicean chapel, at the Church of San Lorenzo, encrusted with jasper, and granite, and lapis-lazuli, is as gorgeous as human art can make it; and the frescoes of its incomparable cupola are the finest things in Florence. The Church of Santa Croce is the Tuscan Westminster Abbey, containing the mausoleums of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, and many other men of genius, with the cenotaph of Dante, where his tomb should have been. The pretty Ponte Vecchio, lined on both sides with shops of jewelry, has quite an Oriental aspect; and those golden chains seem to bind the feet of many a passenger. The Boboli Gardens, with their arbours of laurel, and arches of ilex, and colonnades of cypress, their pools, and fountains, and grottoes, and green terraces, and groups of statuary, are superior to the Pincio; and the Cacine, with its lawns, and meadows, and hedges of shrubbery, and groves of ivy-mantled elms, and shady walks and drives along the pleasant Arno, frequented by the *beau monde* of Florence, and

charmed with the songs of nightingales, is more beautiful, because less artificial, than the grounds of the Borghese or the Pamflidoria. Here is a sketch for you; I name not its author:—

What is yon the stranger sees,
Peeping through the silken trees—
Glittering bands of red and white,
Peaks and masses rainbow-dight?
Stranger, 'tis a city rare—
Tuscan Florence, passing fair.

What is yon, with melting hue—
Now 'tis lilac, now 'tis blue—
Sharp the crest its outline heaves,
Just behind the cottage eaves?
Stranger, 'tis the mountain's line—
'Tis the purple Apennine.

What is yon comes dipping, dancing,
Sparkling, flashing, sweeping, glancing,
Whispering through the osier bush,
Eddying round the tufted rush?
Stranger, 'tis the Tuscan pride—
His dear Arno's silver tide.

Pictures and statues are things to look at, not to write about; yet I should be set down for a blockhead and a Vandal were I to pass the *belle arti* of Florence unmentioned. Who knows not that in this fairest of Italian cities lives and toils our fellow-countryman, Hiram Power, glorifying by his genius his own name and his native land? I have been several times in his studio, and spent an evening with the artist and his family at the house of a mutual friend. He is a very agreeable man, full of thought, and free of tongue; always amusing you with his humour, but never offending you with his egotism. His Greek Slave which has enchanted the world, is surpassed I think by his America and his California. The former ought to be in the Capitol at Washington, for which it was intended; but still stands in the sculptor's room, because the noble creature is trampling on a chain! A finer expression of the spirit of freedom and scorn of tyranny could scarcely be conceived than that Power has here furnished to the world. Let the America come home!

Florence has some of the finest things in existence ; and enough of the mediocre, the indifferent, and the intolerable, to bewilder one's brains for a twelvemonth. The Grand Duke throws open the *Pitti* collection with commendable liberality, though, no doubt, he has his reward in the revenue thus reaped from the *forestieri*. The *Uffizi* halls are seldom closed except on feast-days, and the *Accademia* is as free as a bazaar. The great *Piazza*, with its adjacent *Loggia*, contains some admirable statuary. Ammanato's Neptune and horses are full of majesty and power. Michael Angelo's David is a noble creation ; but our party voted unanimously to christen him Saul. Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus is the most remarkable bronze I ever saw—a glorious compensation for the fever which it cost him, and the plate sacrificed in the casting. Bandinelli's Hercules has something of the disdainful haughtiness which characterized its author ; and this best production of the envious depreciator of Michael Angelo and avowed enemy of Benvenuto Cellini stands between the David and the Perseus.

There is a group here by John of Bologna—a young man bearing off a young woman in his arms, with an old man struggling beneath his feet—which has a very curious history. The story is, that when it was finished, the artist called together his friends to tell him what he should call it ; and after some deliberation and discussion, they agreed to name it 'The Rape of the Sabines.' Its appearance produced a wonderful sensation throughout Italy. An amateur at Rome, hearing of it, came all the way to Florence on horseback to see it. On his arrival he rode straight to the Loggia, surveyed the group for a moment, exclaimed, 'Is that the thing they make so much noise about ?' and then, without dismounting, turned his horse, and rode back to Rome. This production continues still to be the pet of Florence. Francis says justly, 'It has great merits, no doubt, but modesty is not one of them.' Valery thinks 'it is in reality little more than an ale-house scene—a soldier knocking down the husband, and then running away with his wife.'

There are some excellent pictures in the Uffizi Palace, and an extensive collection of statuary. The Hall of Niobe is full of touching interest—a noble expression of maternal

love and sorrow. The Dancing Faun exhibits active motion with exquisite balance. The Wrestlers look as if they might edge along the floor and roll over the visitor. The charm of the Venus de Medicis is the incomparable attitude, combining the greatest modesty and dignity. Andrea del Sarto's Madonna perhaps has never been surpassed. The two Madonnas of Raphael also are full of inspiration. The works of Titian abound here; but, as a sensible Scotchman says, 'the originals ought to be veiled, and the copies burned!'

Florence is full of the productions of Michael Angelo. He is always 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar;' and, with greater propriety than Napoleon, may be called, 'the man without a model, and without a shadow.' He excels in the monstrous and the terrible, is frequently more original than natural, and has but little in common with the ancient masters. His chisel reminds one of the pen of Æschylus, or the brush of Salvator Rosa. In tenderness he is far inferior to Canova—farther perhaps than Canova to the Greeks. By the way, how many things Michael Angelo left unfinished! Here are dozens in Florence, abandoned in the various stages of their execution. Having discovered the figure in the formless block, he laboured with the utmost impetuosity to reach it, lopping off huge masses with his chisel, and struggling fiercely against the stubborn stone; but before he had fully brought his grand ideal to light, some fairer vision dawned upon his fancy; and hastening to execute the latest prompting of his genius, he was always running away from one angel after another.

The Pitti Palace contains more than five hundred large paintings, besides innumerable smaller ones. Here are the incomparable creations of Raphael, Ruysdale, Canova, Claude Lorraine, and Salvator Rosa. Of Raphael's 'Seggiola,' originally painted on the head of a cask for the want of a better canvas, perhaps ten thousand copies have been taken. Canova's Venus occupied the pedestal of the Athenian beauty after the latter was carried captive to the Louvre, and was on that account surnamed by the Florentines, '*La Consolatrice*.'

The Pitti Palace is the residence of the Grand Duke.

While looking at his vast collection of gold and silver plate, I could not help wishing it were all coined into piastres, and I had the disposing of it. It would feed all Tuscany for a twelvemonth. The tables of Florentine mosaic, of which I saw eighteen or twenty, if sold for their real value, would furnish the whole city with bread for many years. One of these, composed entirely of precious stones, is worth two hundred thousand dollars! No wonder Tuscany is rife with revolution.

The Museum of Natural History is a world of beauty. We lingered long to gaze at the fine statue of Galileo, with his quaint old astronomical instruments arranged around him, the preserved right forefinger, with which he pointed a thousand times to the stars, and many other relics of the heroic philosopher. The Grand Duke, and his fine-looking wife, with all the royal family of sixteen, and the entire *cortège* of the Palace, were a far less interesting sight than the carpet of flowers, two hundred feet long, and sixty feet wide, over which the gorgeous procession passed on the feast of *Corpus Domini*.

About the most impressive ceremony of this great Christian festival, after all, is that of 'the Flying Ass.' Of this sublime solemnity I should have known nothing, but for the kind offices of an American and an English friend, who called to invite me to accompany them. The ass, with large gilt wings attached to his shoulders, was taken to the top of a lofty campanile, whence he slid down a rope extending far into the broad piazza below. The holy animal brayed in a manner very edifying to the faithful just as he started earthward—a tolerable imitation of what I heard the same day in the cathedral!

The Agricultural Fair, recently held at the Caccine, was a very interesting spectacle to a foreigner: albeit, the straight-handled scythes, the wooden pitchforks, the ponderous hay-rakes and various labour-saving machines on exhibition, would have furnished no small amusement to an English or American farmer; but the floral display, for variety, delicacy, and gorgeousness, surpassed all I ever dreamed of the beautiful productions of our fallen planet. The horses were decidedly mean, the mules far inferior to those of Kentucky and Tennessee; but what a sight for a British beef-eater, what a theme for a Latin bard, were

those white and dove-coloured cows and oxen—so gigantic, yet so elegantly formed! Such was the ancient breed of the classical Clitumnus. The Tuscan cattle are all whit or dove-coloured, and if others are introduced from abroad, they soon learn to conform to the popular livery—an instructive sermon for heretics.

I cannot help saying a few words concerning the blasphemy of art in Italy. In Rome, Naples, Florence, and everywhere, the Protestant tourist is continually shocked by the representations on canvas of the Son of God, and even of the Eternal Father, and the Holy Spirit, which obtrude themselves upon his sight in the churches and galleries. No pictures are more common; yet the artists themselves acknowledge that the subjects infinitely transcend their skill of execution, and all human conception. Is it not blasphemy to touch them? And what does the Romish Church with the second commandment, while she is thus decorating her places of worship?

True, 'the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory;' but it was 'the glory as of the Only-Begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.' Who shall think to portray its attributes? What rapture of artistic inspiration shall match the celestial beauty of that 'human face divine?' Christ was not without feeling; but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow could reach his soul, for he was man; but they could not cloud his serenity, for he was God. Benevolence, which brought him from the throne to the manger, and led him from the manger to the cross, was his prevailing sentiment, and must have shed over all his features a perpetual expression of unparalleled benignity and love. To obey the laws of nature, or to suspend or reverse them, was to him equally easy; a miracle cost him no effort, and produced in him no surprise. To submit or command to suffer or triumph, to live or die, were alike welcome in their turns, as the result of reason and of mercy. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission; and every step that led to its accomplishment, easy or arduous, was to him the same. What painter shall presume to trace the semblance of such a character? What hand has hitherto reached the conception of the mind that guided it, or what mind has conceived a worthy idea of the majestic beauty of the Son of God? Every attempt must be an

infinite failure. True, the Divine Infants of Raphael, Titian, and Carlo Dolce are often of exquisite beauty ; and some of the last especially have I seen that seemed beings of really a superior nature, enjoying at once the innocence and the bloom of paradise ; and the Saviour in Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper is a wonderful figure, every feature of whose super-seraphic face speaks compassion and love. But it must be remembered that these were not the only attributes of that sacred personage : justice and holiness sat serenely on his brow, and beamed through all his looks, casting an awful majesty as a veil about him ; and these grand qualities of the Godhead are sought for in vain in all the artistic representations I have yet seen of the world's Redeemer and Judge. Two or three have I looked upon of a nobler and happier touch : a Christ Disputing with the Doctors in the Temple, where the youthful face seems actually radiant with the Divine Reason ; a Christ Raising the Widow's Son at the gate of Nain, where unspeakable compassion seems blended with illimitable power ; and a picture of the Crucifixion, in which the unknown anguish of the sufferer is lit up with the sublime satisfaction of having achieved the world's redemption. But these, and a few others, are exceptions. On very few of the pictures of Christ can the eye rest with any degree of pleasure. Even Michael Angelo, in his great painting of the Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, has given the Judge the aspect of an irritated and vindictive monarch, more worthy of Homer's Jupiter than of the Christian's ' Judge of quick and dead.'

But if such representations of ' the man Christ Jesus ' are necessarily failures, what shall we say of the frequent attempts to portray the Divine Essence itself, the grand archetype of all beauty and perfection ? True, the Prophet Daniel speaks of beholding the Ancient of days in a visible form, and traces an obscure sketch of the Eternal ; but he was guided by Inspiration Divine, to which none of our painters can pretend ; and even then, he attempts not to portray the features of God, and only one circumstance of his person is mentioned. He ventures no farther than the hair, the garments, the burning throne, the ministering host, and multitudes waiting their doom ; but leaves the form and face of the Eternal to the imagination—rather the

religious terror—of the reader. Artists should imitate his reverence, and refrain from all endeavours to embody the Infinite Mind in a human figure. How, indeed, can any one with proper views of the Divine Majesty venture on such an effort, or gaze with pleasure upon its result? Yet God is thus insulted and dishonoured in almost every church of Italy; and the original of all that is lovely or glorious in the universe is represented with the aspect of human decrepitude and decay. In Raphael's picture of the Creation, in one of the galleries of the Vatican, the Eternal Father is painted with hands and feet expanded, darting into chaos, and reducing the distracted elements to order by mere physical motion. This might do for the pagan Jove; but it will not do for the Christian God. It is unworthy of the artist's lofty genius. How different the representations of inspired Scripture: 'He spake, and they were made; he commanded, and they were created!'

CHAPTER XXXII.

HURRYGRAPHIC MISCELLANEA.

Environs of Florence—Pisa—Grand Illumination—Past and Present—Leghorn—Pratolina—Summit of the Apennines—Covigliajo—Miniature Volcano—Poveri Infelice—Harvest Wages—Mountain Scenery—Bologna—Ferrara—Padua—Venice again—The Peter Martyr—Fine Churches—Solemn Stillness of the City—Across Lombardy—The Picturesque—Farewell to Italy—The Alps—The Tête Noir—Magnificent Iris—From Mont Blanc to London.

I saw the Alps, the everlasting hills,
A mighty chain, that stretched their awful forms,
To catch the glories of the morning sun,
And cast their shadows o'er the realms of noon.

DR. RAFFLES.

I WILL not detain my reader with a description of *Fiesole* the ancient; like a royal mother looking down from her mountain throne upon the princely daughter—*Firenze la bella*—at her feet. I shall say nothing of her Cyclopean wall, some ages older than the earliest substructions of Rome; nor mention the remains of her arx and her amphitheatre; nor sketch the fair prospect towards *Valambrosa* and the *Camaldoti*—towards *Pisa*, and *Livorno*, and the Mediterranean coast; or tell thee how the City of Flowers, itself a flower of wondrous beauty, opens from its calix before the enchanted gazer; the *Duomo* and the *Campanile* in the centre, with the beautiful octagonal steeple of the *Badia*, and the lofty belfry of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, with the surrounding spires and towers, forming a cluster to which there is nothing comparable in Europe, shooting forth like the stamens and pistils; while the suburban villas and villages, environed with fragrant vineyards and variegated gardens, and churches and convents clustering on every little hill, are like a vast corolla, spreading its gorgeous circumference, petal upon petal, for many miles around.

Pardon this Oriental picture: the idea is borrowed; and the simile falls immeasurably short of the incomparable

loveliness which it aims to describe. Charles the Fifth thought Florence was too beautiful to be seen except on holidays ; and Ariosto says, if all the fine villas which are scattered, as if the soil produced them spontaneously, over the surrounding eminences, were gathered within the wall, two Romes could not vie with her in beauty.

Nor have I much to say of the *Villa Mozzi*, the retreat of Catiline the conspirator, where his buried jars of Roman coin were recently discovered ; the residence of *Lorenzo the Magnificent*, where he sat sublime in his lofty balcony, amid the encircling Apennines, with his feet dangling over Florence. Nor shall I stop long at *San Miniato*, with its romantic story of the conversion of *Giovanni Gualberto*, and its outlook upon the fairest of cities and the loveliest of valleys, 'down which the yellow Arno, through its long reaches, steals silently to the sea.' Nor more than point to the *Torre del Gallo*, where 'the starry Galileo' read the open book of heaven ; and the villa in which he dwelt on the *Bellosguardo*, where he communed with Milton, and whence at length his spirit returned to God.

To-morrow—the sixteenth of June—is the grand quadrennial festival at Pisa, in honour of its patron, *San Ranieri* ; and we must not miss the brilliant *Laminara*, the most splendid spectacle of the kind in the world. Two hours by railway, and we are there. It is not yet noon, but the city is swarming with people. A little refreshment, and away to see the superb *Duomo*, the incomparable Baptistery, the terrific beauty of the inclining *Campanile*, and the *Campo Santo*, with its monuments and inscriptions, its numerous statues and frescoes, and its sixteen feet of holy earth, brought from Mount Calvary, and perchance crimsoned with the blood of our Redeemer.

It is evening. Throughout the day, up and down the *Lungarno*, on both sides of the river, extensive preparations for the illumination have been going forward, at immense cost ; and now the lamps are lighted, and the front of every building is ablaze from base to battlement, and the temporary structures which have been reared in every part of the city kindle gradually into castles and temples and palaces of fire in every fantastic form ; and arches of fire spring over the Arno ; and festoons of fire run along

its bridges ; and gondolas of fire glide to and fro upon its waters ; and crosses of fire seem suspended here and there against the ebon sky ; and every street is an avenue of fire, and every dome is a hemisphere of fire, and every campanile a column of fire, and the great leaning tower a vision of beauty never to be forgotten. I had seen the illumination of Saint Peter's, and the grand pyrotechnic display from the Pincio ; but these were nothing to what I here beheld. It was more beautiful than any dream. It looked as if heaven had rained all its stars upon the city, and made me think of the New Jerusalem which shall one day come down from God !

‘ A glowing picture, my friend ! ’ Would that you had been there, appreciating reader, to behold with me the far more brilliant original !

Pisa was once a proud and prosperous city, flourishing in arts and arms and literature, with a university second only to that of Padua. But her wealth has made to itself wings, and the prestige of her name is gone. We saw Austrian soldiers, at the railway station, riding through the throng to keep them in order ; and an inoffensive courier, who was endeavouring to procure *billetti* for his party, had his beaver cloven through from top to bottom with the sword, and narrowly escaped with his skull.

And now, by *vettura*, with our genial friends, the Olmsteds, on our way to *Bologna*, we are climbing the piney Apennines. Soon we pass *Pratolina*, whose beauty, with that of its fair enchantress, *Bianca Capella*, is melodiously sung by Tasso. And here is the picturesque convent of *Monte Senario*, environed with beautiful groves of cypress and cedar and laurel. Then we reached the loftiest point in the route, an altitude of more than three thousand feet, where the road traverses for some distance a narrow ridge, with a steep descent into a deep glen on either side, and a fine view of the mountains in every direction, the blue line of the Adriatic on the eastern horizon, and the vast plain of Lombardy to the north, bounded by the dim wall of the Alps.

We found our first night's lodging at *Covigliajo*, a solitary inn, picturesquely seated on the side of *Monte Bene*. This *Monte Bene* is a jagged mass of serpentine, thrust up

through the shattered superincumbent strata. The stone is exceedingly beautiful, and full of large and lustrous crystals. We wandered far up the acclivity, plucking flowers, of which we found fifty-seven varieties in an hour's walk; and then descended into the sweetest of valleys, charmed by the call of the cuckoo and the song of the *rosignuolo* from the fragrant copses. This inn is much better provided than formerly with conveniences for the travelling public, through a benevolent freak of the *Czarina* of Russia; who, purposing to spend a night there, and aware of the wretchedness of the place, brought with her from Florence everything necessary for her comfort, even to carpets, tables, and tea-service; all of which, on the morrow, as she departed, she bequeathed to the host. We knew not then, or we might not have slept so quietly, that this was the very establishment of which Forsyth tells so horrible a tale. Travellers arrived, departed, disappeared, and were never heard of more. What became of them could not be discovered. Officers were sent to search the mountains for banditti. But the real miscreants were for a long time unsuspected: the *padrona*, the *cameriere*, and the curate of a neighbouring village. They secretly murdered every traveller that had money, jewels, or other valuables; and burned his clothes, carriage, or whatever else might lead to their detection. Detected at length they were, however, and their punishment was as prompt and terrible as it was just.

As we departed the next morning, we passed a miniature volcano, an emission of carburetted hydrogen gas from the side of the mountain, burning perpetually, with a bluish flame by day, and a brilliant red by night.

Having paid liberally for our entertainment, and knowing that we were soon to cross the papal frontier, we pocketed the remnants of our *collazione* for the *poveri infelice* we might chance to meet with on our way. In a very short time we re-entered the dominions of His Holiness, and immediately saw and felt the difference. The people flocked out of the villages to meet us, and awaited our approach at the ascent of every hill. One poor creature followed us a long distance, crying, 'Do, dear ladies, give me a little money! Excellent and illustrious

gentlemen, do have compassion upon my poverty !' And then she promised to say a whole string of beads for every one of us, and invoked for us the blessing of all the saints, and the company of all the good angels, in our journey. When we gave her nothing, she renewed her entreaty, conjuring us by the name of the Virgin and her Blessed Son, by the love of God and the holy sacrament, till sundry small coin stopped her importunity. I counted thirteen children at once, running along by the *vettura*, all clamouring for *piccola moneta*. We gave them bread, and cheese, and chicken, and boiled eggs, which they devoured with great avidity. These poor people live chiefly on chestnuts, which they grind and bake into bread ; and the seed of the stone-pine, which is by no means so despicable a diet as one might imagine, especially with the addition of a little *polenta*.

A woman, who was on her way to the harvest-field, told us that she laboured all day, at making hay or cutting wheat, for *cinque baiocchi*—five cents, or a pound and a half of bread. 'But what do you do,' said I, 'when there is no hay to make or wheat to cut?' 'We plait straw for bonnets,' was her reply. 'And do you never get any better wages?' 'Never any better.' 'Have you a family to support?' 'No husband, but four children.' 'And do you find it easy to feed four children on five *baiocchi* a day?' 'Ah, Signore'—with a mournful shake of the head—'it is very hard for us down here ; but up there'—pointing to the sky—'we shall be in glory.' 'Why do you hope so?' 'I ask *Maria Santissima* to speak to her Son for me.' Alas for the Italian poor !

Oh for words to describe the scenery of the Apennines ! There is no end to its variety : now bleak, and bare, and rugged as Vesuvius ; then softly beautiful, or wildly luxuriant, beyond all power of language to express. Here the road winds among crags and precipices, crowned with dismantled fortresses and ruined castles, skirted with dark pine forests, and opening into gulfs of Tartarean gloom ; and anon come such glimpses of paradise, such sunny vales, and vine-clad hills, and flowery pastures, and fields of golden grain, with villas peeping out through their avenues of ilex, and convents overlooking their hedges of laurel

and cedar! It grew more and still more lovely, as we descended into the valley of *Savona*; the land everywhere cultivated like a garden; the silver foliage of the olive-groves contrasting beautifully with the luxuriant fields of wheat; long lines of mulberry, with an interminable traillage of vines flung from tree to tree; hamlets, and villas, and churches, and monasteries, multiplying along our way, till the country became almost a continuous city.

Another night, and then the slender campaniles of *Bologna* broke upon our view—Bologna, famous for its leaning towers, its arcaded streets, its university, and its sausages. We spent three days here; and saw our old friend Pio Nono, who had come to bless his children, and be publicly crowned in the cathedral; but all the previous night, as our Italian courier informed us, his children were cursing him in undertones through the city, because he had granted no manumission to their friends, who had lain nine years untried in their dungeons.

Still northwards, over the plains of Lombardy. A night at *Ferrara*, a walk through its grass-grown streets, and a visit to '*Il Prigione di Torquato Tasso*.' The dreary cell in which the poet languished seven years and one month is not more than ten feet square. Byron, Rogers, Dickens, and many others, have scratched their names upon the wall. These three needed no connection with Tasso to give them immortality. In the centre of this dilapidated and half-ruined city stands an ugly brick fortress, misnamed a palace, surrounded by a broad fosse, with drawbridges. Here Alphonso feasted, while poor Tasso pined in his dungeon.

'But time at length brings all things even,'

and amply has posterity avenged the poet of his persecutor.

The next night we lodged at *Padua*—the ancient, the learned, the sombre—founded, it is said, by Trojan *Antenor*, whose remains—smile not thus bitterly, incredulous reader—were exhumed in the thirteenth century, and can still be seen for a few *grazie* in the church of *San Lorenzo*. Here is the church of *Sant' Antonio*, crowned with eight copulas, besides minarets and campaniles—a gorgeous Oriental structure; and here is the university, formerly

the first in Italy ; where the great *Baldus* taught ‘ The Written Reason ; ’ and where the beautiful maiden, *Helena Lucrezia Carnaro Piscopia*, Doctor of Philosophy, learned in many languages, wearing the Benedictine habit, lectured on theology, astronomy, and mathematics, and sang her own verses to her own music.

Hence to Venice is only twenty-seven miles ; and the next morning its domes and towers and palaces, all gilded by the sun, rise glittering before us, like a gorgeous exhalation from the bosom of the sea. We spent two days, and saw the picture, and agreed with Mrs. Jameson, that it is ‘ one of the most magical in the world ’—‘ its terrific horrors redeemed by its sublimity.’ It is in the church of *San Giovanni e Paolo*, where the Doges are buried, and where we saw also a charming series of bas-reliefs in white marble. Again we strolled through the grand old *Palazzo Ducale*, and among the four hundred columns of *San Marco*. We visited many other churches, rich in paintings, statuary, many-coloured marble, and all the luxuries of architectural magnificence. It is amazing to see with what prodigality the most splendid and costly materials are lavished upon these buildings—columns of Egyptian porphyry ; altars of Oriental alabaster ; pulpits of verd-antique and pavanazetto ; shrines and tombs of snowy marble, glittering with gems and gold ; walls and ceilings encrusted with agate and jasper, inlaid with lapis-lazuli ; and pavements of elegant mosaic work, elaborately disposed in the most curious patterns.

Solemn and strange is the silence of this great city. No rumbling of carriages shakes the buildings ; no tramp of horses echoes along the streets. You hear only the hum of human voices, the melancholy cry of the gondolier, and the measured dip of his oar, with the sighing of the waters along the basements of lofty palaces, the soft chiming of bells at the hour of *Ave Maria*, or a band of music by moonlight upon the Grand Canal. When we took our departure, we were prepared, I think, to appreciate the old Italian proverb :

Venezia, Venezia !
Chi non ti vede, non ti prezia ;
Ma chi t’ha troppo veduto,
Ti disprezia.

And now for the Alps. Repassing scholastic *Padua*; then, *Vicenza*, the native city of *Palladio*; and *Verona*, with its serrated walls, and slender towers, and antique amphitheatre; and the lovely *Lago di Garda*, with towns and villages smiling along its margin; and *Brescia*; and *Cocaglio* and *Treviglio*, of which I know nothing that I would not gladly forget; and *Milano* once more, with its gorgeous marble toy; and the waters of *Como*, too beautiful for words; and the neighbouring *Lugano*, locked in the embrace of 'the everlasting hills;' and *Varesa*, with its wondrous *Madonna del Monte*; and *Maggiore*, with its magical islands, and colossal statue of *San Carlo Borromeo*; and *Domo d'Ossola*, where we spent so pleasant a Sabbath, and were treated so politely by the *Rettori* of the Calvary and the College;—scenes daguerreotyped eternally upon my soul!

In the *picturesque*, what country on earth can vie with Italy? You meet with it everywhere, at all seasons, in every variety of form; shedding a charm around the commonest objects, beautifying the humblest scenes of social life, and giving an indescribable poetic interest to city and hamlet, to mountain, valley, grove, and stream. Towns climbing the conical hills; convents crowning the great pyramids of nature; ruined temples looking down from their ancient precipices; pretty villas embowered in evergreens, with slender cypresses, and long arcades of ilex; fragrant gardens, with fountains and statues interspersed among luxuriant plants and shrubbery, and winding walks between walls of living verdure; the golden orange and the gorgeous pomegranate, canopied with the silvery foliage of the olive; the stone-pine, lifting its broad parasol over the mountains; the waggon reeling with its load of purple clusters, beneath the far-reaching festoons of the vine; the jessamine and the honeysuckle wreathing the fruitful fig-tree with beauty; the swelling dome and soaring campanile peering over every green and flowery hill; the peasant, with a bunch of roses in his hat, singing to his guitar, as he saunters along the way; the shepherd knitting a gray stocking as he marches in the van of his flock, while his faithful dog brings up the rear; the pretty *contadina*, with her white veil, yellow sleeves, and scarlet petticoat, wielding the distaff at the door of her father's cottage;

seas and bays and lakes of the purest azure, overarched with the softest skies, and kindling with the most gorgeous sunset glories;—this is what I call the *picturesque*—a word which, I frankly confess with Mrs. Jameson, I never fully understood till I went to Italy. And now—

‘Once more among the old gigantic hills,
 With vapours clouded o’er;
 The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
 And rocks ascend before.
 They beckon me—the giants—from afar,
 They wing my footsteps on;
 Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
 Their cuirasses of stone.’

Imagine me, after six months spent in Italy, with my back at length on all her beauties, ascending the gloomy gorge of Gondo, crossing the torrents that descend from many a glacier, and pausing amid the snowy solitudes of the Simplon to look back upon the paradise of delights left behind me for ever.

Nine miles we walk, in advance of our *voiture*, up the fine Simplon road, till we reach the *Hospice* at the summit, where we pause to talk with the aged *Rettore*, and make the acquaintance of those noble dogs.

Brieg, Sion, the Vallais, and ‘the arrowy Rhone.’ At Martigny we abandon wheels and take to the donkey. Oh, that passage over the Forclaz! Then the *Tête Noir*, with its forest of larches, thick as they can stand, and every trunk as straight as an arrow! In many places the mountain-side is clothed with flowers; and far up, where no other growth is to be seen, the *rhododendron* flourishes in gay luxuriance. Here a cross is erected to mark the spot where, only a few months since, a luckless passenger perished in the snow; and a little farther on, the place is pointed out where a party were swept away by an avalanche. A wild sublimity reigns around us. Huge fragments of rock lie scattered and piled on all sides, as if all the gods of the Iliad had made this their battle-ground for centuries. The eternal glaciers glitter among the jagged *aiguilles* that pierce the clouds, and feathery waterfalls leap apparently from the sky into frightful chasms beneath. Here is the *Cascade Barbarine*, formed by a

stream which rushes down the mountain from a dizzy height, and then plunges a sheer precipice of four hundred feet. A little platform, built out over the water from a projecting rock, afforded us a view of marvellous beauty. The sun was at the meridian, shining in his utmost strength; and beneath us lay a glorious horizontal iris, about three hundred feet in diameter—a complete circle, with the exception of the small arc covered by the platform. It was a sight for an angel's eye!

For some account of our further progress, and how it happened that too much wine in the driver's brain upset our *char-a-banc*, and well-nigh hurled us down the precipice; of our descent into the vale of *Chamouni*; our introduction to 'the Monarch of Mountains,' his aspect, clouded and unclouded; the *Brevent*, the *Flegere*, the *Montanvert*, and the *Aiguille de Dru*; and how we spent the Fourth of July, the writer's birthday, in wandering over the *Mer de Glace* and the *Glacier de Bosson*, and along their rugged borders; and how we were honoured with the view of a glorious avalanche—an immense mass of snow rushing several thousand feet down the mountain-side, as if for our personal gratification; the enchantments of our trip to Geneva; a Sabbath in the city of Calvin; a sermon from the patriarchal Dr. Malan; a meeting with friends whom we had known and loved at Rome; a steam-boat excursion on the lake; Lausanne, Vevey, and the prison of Chillon; Byron, Gibbon, Rousseau, Voltaire, Madame de Staël, and the sainted Fletcher, whose names are all linked with its cerulean waters; the interesting *panstereorama*, which greatly helped our meagre comprehension of the Alpine Chorography, and verified the Scotchman's idea of Switzerland—that, small as it seems, it would be a pretty large country, if flattened out like Holland;—for this and much more, I must again refer the reader to 'Reflected Fragments.'

Hence over the Jura, and down the Rhine, with many a pleasant incident; the castled Heidelberg, with its university and its duels; Frankfort and Weimar, with their memorials of Goëthe and Schiller; Erfurt and Eisenach, with their memorials of a mightier than they; the sadly pleasing meeting at Dresden with one beloved, whom we

had left there six months before; the scribe's departure *solus* for his native land, where he sojourned four blessed months in Eden; our subsequent meeting in Paris, the happy days we spent there, the return to England, and 'Paradise Regained;'—these likewise, all and singular, are among the same 'Fragments' with due fidelity 'Reflected.'*

* Our traveller uses sometimes highly poetic figures in order to be more than usually picturesque. The above is a specimen of this habit.—ED.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

METROPOLITAN TEA-PARTIES.

Forty-ninth Cousin—Illustrious Ancestry—Laying of a Foundation-stone—Tea-Party Number One—Tea-Party Number Two—Tea-Party Number Three—Tea-Party Number Four—Tea-Party Number Five—Tea-Party Number Six—Tea-Party Number Seven—Tea-Party Number Eight—Anecdote of Mr. Spurgeon.

WHEN first in London, by the merest accident, say rather by the most remarkable providence, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Robert Cross, a pious man, and in all respects worthy of his name, and of the right hand of fellowship which I gave him. He promptly claimed a relationship—that of forty-ninth cousin, or some other; and cordially offered me the hospitalities of his house on my return from the continent; which, of course, I was not uncivil enough to decline. And now congratulate me, generous reader, on my arrival and reception at No. 20 New Street, Spring Gardens, just on the corner of St. James's Park, with a fine outlook upon Westminster Abbey, and within a stone's throw of Trafalgar Square—the occupant of better quarters than often fall to the lot of my profession, and the guest of one of the worthiest families to be found without the gates of Eden. The Doctor told me more of my ancestry than I ever knew before; gave me, somewhat in detail, the pedigree of the family; the chief facts of which (a few mountain summits peering through the mists of antiquity), I here record for the edification of the reader's reverence for his author.

The first of the name, of whom anything is certainly known, was one *Odo Saint Croix*, a monk and crusader in the battalions of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, in the latter part of the twelfth century. The biographer of our illustrious relation, the late Dr. Andrew Crosse, the famous chemist and electrician, of Somersetshire, speaks of an *Odo de*

Santa Croce, a Norman *thane*, or nobleman, who accompanied William the Conqueror into Britain, something more than a hundred years earlier than the period I have mentioned. This Odo may have been the great-grandfather, or the sublime great-grandfather of our crusading Odo. Be that as it may—and my utmost ambition finds its goal in the latter—it is a fact pretty well authenticated, that at the siege of Ascalon this immortal monk led the forlorn hope of a disastrous day, and planted the banner of the cross upon the heights of the citadel. For this heroic act he was promptly knighted by his sovereign. The crest conferred upon him was a crane—the sacred bird of the East—bearing a cross in its beak. The following beautiful sentence he chose for his motto: '*Cruce dum spiro fido.*' The figures on his shield were identical with those of the Knights Templars; to which order, therefore, our redoubtable monk must have belonged. The honour of knighthood not being hereditary, the title expired with its possessor. But some time afterwards the family was ennobled with the title of Baron Upton; and subsequently with that of Earl of Lexington; which was forfeited during the civil wars by being found on the wrong side in politics. A descendant, who had served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and was one of the officers who, under Lord Beresford, assisted in organizing the Portuguese army, was created a Knight of the Tower and Sword of Portugal. Having had a taste of glory, he subsequently conceived the idea of reviving the ancient family title. With this view, he spent a whole year tracing out his pedigree at the British Museum and elsewhere. Having a considerable claim upon government for service rendered, he prosecuted his researches with ardour, and was very sanguine of success, till he found a branch of the original stock older than that to which he belonged, when he very prudently dropped the enterprise. Of this older branch Dr. Robert Cross is the oldest son, and, therefore, the person properly entitled to the enviable distinction aforesaid. He, however, is a perfect Gallio in the matter; deeming the honour scarcely worth the trouble of its acquisition. The revival of a former title is always attended with difficulty, and seldom will Parliament enter-

tain a proposition for the purpose, except in case of some very distinguished service to the Crown. On this account, I intend quietly to pursue my literary avocation, in imitation of the unambitious but successful Lord Macaulay; depending for my future honours less upon any hereditary claim than upon the popularity of this my European itinerary. Meanwhile, humble reader, respect thy author, who from the forementioned illustrious *Odo Saint Croix*, if not from his sublime great-grandfather, *Odo de Santa Croce*, is most indubitably descended; and that by a very stupendous scale—my grandfather a pedagogue, my father a carpenter, and myself a Methodist preacher! And it is surely something consolatory, in the absence of all other hereditary emoluments, to know that ‘my father’s house,’ though ‘small in Israel,’ had a titled ancestry, possessing sundry broad acres in the neighbourhood of Brent Knoll, and scouring the surrounding plains with packs of yelping hounds, long before Monmouth led his forces through ‘Brentmarsh’ to the fatal field of Sedgemoor. And it is not a little edifying to one’s comfortable estimate of himself, after having lain more than thirty years under the levelling despotism of this odious democracy, to trace the several streams of his ancestral aristocracy up to their common source in the mighty Odo; and to find the identical coat-of-arms worn by him still retained in all the three branches of the family extant—in Somersetshire, in Herefordshire, and in Nottinghamshire; to one or another of which three branches every ‘forked radish’ surnamed Cross, whether on this or that side of the Atlantic, doth beyond all controversy belong.

Soon after my arrival, I was informed that the cornerstone of a new Wesleyan chapel was to be laid that very day at Acton, six miles out of the city. I thought this would be a good opportunity to see something of the spirit of English Methodism. But how should I get there in time? for it was now half-past one, and the service was advertised to commence at two. My forty-ninth cousin suggested that a Hansom’s cab and double fee to the driver would do it. Whoever wants a pleasant and rapid ride in England should patronize Hansom’s Patent Safety; and he who, upon ex-

periment, does not thank me for the advice, is nothing better than an ill-conditioned Vandal. Jehu, son of Nimshi ! with what a rush we went ! and with what an air of exquisite satisfaction the driver touched his cap as he pocketed his six shillings sterling !

I reached the spot just as the assembly commenced singing ; and with much difficulty elbowed my way through the outer circles of the throng, and obtained a stand where I could see and hear. After the hymn, and an excellent prayer by the superintendent of the circuit, the Rev. Mr. Wiseman—not the cardinal, but a much wiser man—delivered a very happy address. He reviewed the history of Methodism, recounted the toils and sufferings of its sainted heroes, and praised the zeal and liberality of Thomas Farmer, Esq., to whom this circuit, and particularly this society, were so much indebted for their pecuniary prosperity. Then a fine silver trowel, with a long commendatory inscription upon it, was presented to the good old man ; who, after a nice little speech in reply, with this beautiful instrument proceeded to enact the mason, plentifully interspersing the performance with pleasant little speeches, which the multitude applauded right lustily. This ended, he invited all present to repair to his park near by, and partake of a repast which he had provided ; and then the assembly was dismissed with the doxology and the benediction.

This was my opportunity for delivering to Mr. Farmer a letter of introduction which I bore from Dr. Taylor, our late missionary to China. Of course, I got a special invitation to the park, and was honoured with one of the chief places at the feast. Seven hundred persons, or more, gathered around the table. The first thing done was the singing of grace by the whole company standing :

‘Be present at our table, Lord ;
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.’

After a plentiful refreshment, and abundance of pleasant chat, all arose, and returned thanks, to the tune of Old Hundred, in the following words :

‘We thank thee, Lord, for this our food ;
But more than all for Jesus’ blood :

Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.'

Then Mr. Milburn delivered a long address on the Early Methodist Preachers in America—substantially one of the series of lectures to which thousands lately listened with so much delight on our side of the Atlantic. It was evidently new to an English audience, and touched the people at a hundred points. They laughed and wept by turns, and occasionally cheered vociferously. Having alluded to his American brother, who was present, the writer was requested to follow the 'Blind Orator.' I promptly gave them proof of my willingness to 'speak in meeting,' and assured them that I should be ready to respond to all subsequent calls of the kind while in London.

It was good to be there. I had often heard of the Wesleyan tea-parties, and very much desired to witness the phenomenon. It is interesting to see with what a hearty good will our British brethren engage in such Christian merry-making. Verily, the half was not told me. It was pleasant also to meet my friend Mr. Harper, who was in company with Mr. Milburn: and to make the acquaintance of the author of the 'Successful Merchant' and the 'Tongue of Fire,' just returned in improved health from his sojourn in the East. So much for *Tea-Party Number One*.

Tea-Party Number Two was not less interesting, though very different. Having accidentally become acquainted with the Dean of Westminster, I was invited to spend an evening at his residence in the Abbey. The company consisted chiefly of clergymen—a dozen or more of the most distinguished in the metropolis, including two of the canons of St. Paul's, and as many ladies. It was a very pleasant reunion; and, after it was over, I returned to the house of my forty-ninth cousin thoroughly convinced that the English ladies and gentlemen are the most agreeable people in the world. I never felt more at home in any society, and never enjoyed a three hours' chit-chat with a goodlier zest. The Dean is a quiet, humble, unobtrusive, and exceedingly amiable man; and his wife is one of the loveliest of womankind. Through the kind offices of Dean Trench, the next day a note arrived from the Earl of Shaftesbury, enclosing a ticket to admit me to the House

of Lords, where Lord Brougham spoke for an hour. The British Demosthenes is not what he once was, though he still has much energy, occasionally kindles with a genial warmth, and is listened to with the most profound respect.

Tea-Party Number Three was a *conversazione* of the National Club, to which I was admitted on the recommendation of Dr. Cross, who is a member. The subject of the evening was the Dwellings of the Poor, and their Improvement. Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair, and opened the discussion in an admirable Christian speech. The Rt. Rev. Robert Bickersteth, Lord Bishop of Ripon, followed with a series of facts and arguments which I wish all the philanthropy of England could have heard. Then there were remarks by the Rev. C. Champneys, canon of St. Paul's; by the Rev. Mr. Marsden, of Birmingham; by Lord Charles Russell, brother of Lord John; by the Hon. William Cowper, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Sir Brook Bridges, Dr. Dickson, and several more. Much interesting information was elicited, many frightfully graphic pictures were drawn of the condition of the poor in their homes, and the speakers seemed to be deeply concerned for their social and moral improvement. Think of a whole family—father, mother, and seven children—living in a room eight feet square, without bed, chair, stool, or table! What think you, benevolent reader, of three families in a room eight by ten? what of their comfort? what of their morals? How can they possibly be Christians? And the speakers argued very logically that their homes must be improved before their souls can be saved. I afterwards went with Dr. Cross in his charitable rounds, into many of these dens of filth and crime; and from such scenes into some of the Model Lodging-Houses, established through the energetic labours of Lord Shaftesbury. It is a refreshing contrast.

Very different still was *Tea-Party Number Four*—emphatically 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul'—to wit, a meeting in behalf of the Crown Court Ragged Schools. Lord Alfred Paget was in the chair, who has lately, under the ministry of Dr. Cumming, turned his attention to religion; and is just beginning, in good earnest, to work. The Bishop of Ripon was advertised as one of the speakers, but did not make his appearance. Mr.

Milburn's name, also, through my officiousness, was in the programme; but he left the city a day or two before, and was then in Liverpool. As the writer was an 'American'—albeit an 'English American'—it fell to his lot to deliver the first address. Mr. McGregor, a barrister, followed with an admirable speech. The facetious Mr. Payne, also a barrister, kept the house in a perfect uproar for thirty minutes with his anecdotes and original poetry. Would that I could describe his speech to the American reader, it was so remarkable an instance of the freedom and the fun of the British platform. After reciting, by way of proem, some twenty verses which he had composed for the occasion, the most unique I ever heard, he proceeded to characterize the work of the society in the following string of propositions:

- ' I. It is a Good and Great Work,
- ' II. A Love and Hate Work,
- ' III. A Pray and Wait Work,'
- ' IV. An Early and Late Work,
- ' V. A No Debate Work, and
- ' VI. An Excellent Fate Work;'

each of which he sustained and illustrated, logically and theologically, by short arguments and striking anecdotes, with snatches of the queerest original poetry ever manufactured by mortal man. There is no platform speaker in London more popular than this same Counsellor Payne. Then the Rev. Dr. Cumming brought up the rear in his own peculiar manner. I think he is one of the happiest declaimers I ever heard.* On the whole, it was a very pleasant tea-party, and resulted in pecuniary profit to the cause. The Ragged School movement is a noble charity, and is effecting incalculable good for the poor children of the metropolis; and not for them alone, but also for their fathers and mothers, and for society at large.

Tea-party Number Five was a tea-party 'in deed and in truth;' ay, and a dinner-party, too; and it would have done both your soul and body good, benevolent reader, to have been there. The 'Lord Mayor of London Town'—

* The reverend divine is here introduced in a light at least new.
—ED.

not he of the feline fame, Mr. Richard Whittington—had invited the Ragged School Shoe-blacks to an entertainment at his country seat. At eight o'clock in the morning, the jolly little fellows met at their several stations, and marched to the railroad, where an excursion train awaited them. It was a pleasant sight—six hundred boys under fourteen years of age, all rescued from ruin, most of them having been street beggars or pickpockets, with the officers and friends of the society, marching to their own music, and bearing the banners of their redemption; and it was delightful to hear the comments and commendations of gentlemen and ladies, as they met the procession, and paused to gaze after it, often with tearful eyes, as it wound along the narrow street. There were six 'brigades,' all dressed in jerseys of different colours, and called the Red, the Blue, the Green, the Brown, the Purple, and the Yellow. Now and then, as one of their chief patrons made his appearance, and fell into the train, they would raise such a merry shout as might gladden the heart of any philanthropist in Christendom. Eight miles upon the railroad, and we were at Wanstead Park. The Lord Mayor and his lady came by, in a gay carriage—the very facsimile of 'Dick Whittington's' as you have seen it in nursery pictures—with gaudily-attired postilions and outriders. A roll upon the drums, and three hearty cheers, made the oaks and firs vibrate with joy. 'That will do!' cries the marshal of the day. 'Three times three for the Lord Mayor!' sings out the little fellow with the banner in the van of the blue brigade. And three times three they gave, and their clear young voices rang through the grove—the prelude of a joyful future. Arrived on the ground, they are arranged in a circle, and seated on the grass. The Lord Mayor steps into the centre, takes off his hat, and opens his mouth to speak; but before he has said 'Boys,' 'Hurrah for the Lord Mayor!' over and over again, shout the whole six hundred. 'Boys, I am glad to see you here'—says the Lord Mayor, as soon as he can be heard—'you are welcome to my grounds!' 'Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! Glad to see you too, sir! Welcome here yourself, sir!' reply the whole company from the bottom of their lungs; and then 'Hurrah for the Lord Mayor!'

rings along the line again for a minute or two; he meanwhile waiting for an opportunity to continue his speech. He resumes: 'You may go where you like, and amuse yourselves as you please; only don't get over the fences, or into the water, or so far away that you can't hear the dinner-bell. There are plenty of rabbits, and you may have as many as ever you can catch; but be sure to come back when you hear the bell about one o'clock.' 'Thankee sir! Hurrah for the Lord Mayor!' and six hundred caps are thrown up into the sunshine. Then away they scamper over the blossoming fields; and such fun and frolic, I dare say, they never enjoyed before. Their friend, Mr. McGregor, was the youngest boy among them; and could run faster, and laugh louder, and kick the football farther than any of his playfellows. And this is the eminent barrister, who holds public disputes every Sabbath with the infidels in the park, and discourses for hours together to the assembled thousands on the great matter of their salvation. He is a layman of the Established Church, always 'ready unto every good work.' When such men as he, and Lord Shaftesbury, and the Bishop of Ripon, are seen engaging in these Christian enterprises with so much zeal and energy, one cannot help feeling that there is still salt in the church and hope for the nation.

One o'clock; the bell rings; the table is thronged; the Mayor's chaplain says grace; lords and ladies wait upon the little guests; and such a packing away of roast beef and plum-pudding I never saw before. I heard many a little rogue declare that he had never made such a dinner before in his life. I went around the table, talking with the boys. Some of them told me they had three pounds in the savings bank; others six; and one nine. After dinner, the Mayor and Lord Shaftesbury both addressed the boys, and the cheering was more vociferous than ever. Through his chaplain I was introduced to the Lord Mayor, and received an invitation to dine with the clergy in the mansion. More than fifty persons sat down to a sumptuous table. The speaking was renewed by Lord Shaftesbury in a noble address to the Lord Mayor. He reviewed the several reformatory measures instituted within the last few

years in London, especially the Ragged-schools and the Shoe-blacks Societies. He stated that in the year 1851, forty-seven thousand cases of disorderly conduct were brought before the Lord Mayor: within the last twelve months, not more than twenty-two thousand. The Lord Mayor replied in a very happy manner, and we arose from the table refreshed in body and in soul. The boys had resumed their sports, and I spent the afternoon in making new acquaintances, and improving them, chiefly among the clergy of the Church of England. A Mr. Cadman, who is one of the most popular and useful men in London, and the Chaplain of the Lord Mayor, were particularly kind and agreeable. The reverends present seemed to be all of the evangelical class, and I believe there is scarcely a nobler body of Christian ministers in the world. The piety and catholicity of their spirit appeared very different from what is generally found among the Protestant Episcopal clergy of our own country. The accounts constantly heard, and the instances which I constantly saw, of the zeal and self-denial of some of them, made me quite ashamed of myself, and of many of my brethren at home. Depend upon it, there is a great revival going on in the ministry of the Establishment. They 'go into the highways and hedges' to preach the gospel, and they preach it often with a refreshing unction. It is a common thing for a rector to preach two sermons of a Sabbath in his pulpit, and a third in the open air. Outdoor preaching, indeed, is now quite a mania in England; and men of the first position in the Church have taken the field; and the new Lord Bishop of London himself, who is an eminently evangelical man, sanctions and encourages the movement. It is Wesley and Whitfield over again. I repeat it: *There is still salt in the Church, there is still hope for the nation!*

At five the bell rang again; the boys returned to the table for tea; the dinner scenes, with sundry variations, were re-enacted; and the setting sun found the jolly little shoe-blacks recounting the deeds of the day in their own humble abodes; and your faithful scribe, dear reader, a better and happier man than when he went forth in the morning, sitting in an upper room, at Number Twenty, New Street, Spring

Gardens, making memoranda of his Fifth Metropolitan Tea-party.

The *Sixth*, if possible still more interesting, was the 'Autumn Festival of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, of the Parish of St. Jude's;' which I attended by special invitation of the Rector, the Rev. Hugh Allen, in company with his friend Mr. Carpenter, who showed me many kind attentions during my sojourn in London. Entering a narrow court, filled with all sorts of people, we soon came to a very large building of very rough exterior, crowded to its utmost capacity. On the door was this advertisement:

' ADMITTANCE :

' Before Tea, One Shilling ;
After Tea, Sixpence.'

'Tickets if you please, gentlemen!' said the porter, as we passed. 'I'm their ticket!' cried a voice within. It was Hugh Allen. 'Walk in, gentlemen!' he continued in a rapid, nervous manner, which instantly reminded me of 'Father Taylor,' of Boston: 'Go up to the platform; Counsellor Payne will receive you; I'll be there directly.' Up to the platform we went, passing between long lines of tables, loaded with substantial luxuries. Counsellor Payne introduced us to half a dozen clergymen of the Establishment, and as many dissenting ministers, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Salem Chapel, and an eloquent young man of Lady Huntingdon's connection. We were seated. 'See him!' said the Counsellor, pointing to the Rector, who, with his hat on, was pushing hither and thither through the crowd, giving orders, arranging the seats, welcoming every new-comer, talking like a cataract, and gesticulating like an Italian. 'No man in London,' rejoined Mr. L., 'is doing more good at the present time than that same Hugh Allen. Six years ago when he came to St. Jude's, this court was one of the most notorious places in the city, and the very house in which you are now sitting was a distillery. The proprietor wrote him a note, requesting him not to organize a temperance society, or do

anything to break up his business, as the distillery was his only dependence for the support of his wife and children. "Better your wife and children should suffer hunger," replied Hugh Allen, "than souls should perish by your trade; I am responsible for duties, not for consequences: look to yourself, my friend!" He went to work in earnest. In three months every grog shop in the neighbourhood was abolished; and in as many more, he had a Sunday-school in the still-house. It would do you good, sir, to attend one of his "Early Sunday Morning Breakfasts" in this room. You would see nearly three hundred young persons, male and female, sit down to eat and drink together; and after prayer and some advice from their pastor, disperse to their work as Sunday-school teachers. Do you see that noble company of young men, sitting together there on the front bench? There are about twenty-five, and they are all street-preachers; yes, sir, what the Wesleyans call "lay helpers." Every Sabbath they go out into the highways and hedges, wherever Mr. Allen sends them; and a good work they are doing, to be sure, sir! And then he has organized a Shoe-blacks' brigade, two or three ragged-schools, and a Reformed Pickpockets' Society. There is no end, sir, to his activity. Why, sir, for the last fortnight, to my certain knowledge, he has preached every night; yes, sir, every single night! "And does he write his sermons?" said I. "Oh no," he answered, "he never writes a sermon; nor need he; his head and heart are both full of sermons. He would die, if he could not preach."

This and much more. Then comes Hugh Allen to the platform, throws off his hat, calls the assembly to order, offers an appropriate prayer, makes a brief introductory address, in which he talks funnily of being 'tied up,' and compliments the 'cleverality' of his young men, and tells the audience he has 'a lion and a unicorn' for their entertainment, alluding to the Counsellor and the Scribe, who sat on his right and left. Then he called on his 'American friend' for a speech; and to keep the bashful young man in countenance before so large an assembly, shouted at the end of every sentence, 'Hear him! Hear him!' Counsellor Payne, meanwhile, sat busily writing

on the crown of his hat ; and, when I ceased, in response to the call of the Rev. President sprang to his feet, and delivered himself of the drollest harangue ever uttered by the drollest of orators. ‘I have come to this place to-night,’ said he, ‘to see—

‘I. A Preacher remarkable for four things :

A preacher that does not mumble,
A preacher that does not grumble.
A preacher that does not stumble,
A preacher both proud and humble ;

‘II. An Association of Young Men remarkable for four things :

Young men with their heads unfuddled,
Young men with their minds unmuddled,
Young men with their hearts untroubled,
Young men with their comforts doubled.’

These were the divisions and subdivisions of his discourse, the form of which he justified by the presence of such a number of divines. The flesh with which he covered his skeleton fitted the bones most admirably ; and the queer fantastic biped lived and glowed before us, and went singing and dancing through the hearts of the people, and jingling his eight toes in the merriest manner imaginable. And here is the orator’s conclusion, composed while his ‘Yankee Brother’ was speaking :

‘Doctor Cross and Counsellor Payne,
The one from a city across the main,
The other of that which is England’s pride,
Are seated at good Hugh Allen’s side.

‘Doctor Cross is a clever man ;
He smiles upon every useful plan ;
His talents, I *reckon* and *guess*, are great ;
And he’s always ready, I *calculate*.

‘Counsellor Payne and Doctor Cross
Would surely have suffered a grievous loss,
Had they not been here to-night to see,
St. Jude’s young men’s “*cleverality*.”

‘Doctor Cross and Counsellor Payne
Will be happy some day to come again ;
And see Hugh Allen, and cheer him on,
And add to the praise he has rightly won.

'Counsellor Payne and Doctor Cross
Would the claims of the treasurer now endorse ;
And bid you give him the aid he needs,
And follow the course he so nobly leads.

'Doctor Cross and Counsellor Payne
Are both "*tied up*" to a little strain ;
For time is short, and they can but say,
Success to friends who are here to-day !

'Success to the *President*, brave and bold !
Success to the *Officers*, new and old !
Success to the *Young Men*, good and true !
And success to the fair *Young Women* too !

The above is *verbatim et literatim*, from a copy sent me the next day by the orator, upon my solicitation. I mention these things in illustration of the freedom of the platform among our British brethren. In the pulpit, such is my opinion, we excel them ; but on occasions like these, they are unquestionably our superiors. They do not make speeches : *they speak*.

Mr. Payne was followed by several clergymen ; and the clergymen by several of the young men of the society ; and the young men, by chickens, and turkeys, and lobsters, and oysters, and salads, and puddings, and jellies, and custards, and ice-creams, and all manner of fruits, and whatsoever edifieth the physical man ; and then, with a hymn, a prayer, and a benediction, we parted, to meet again, I hope, at 'the supper of the Lamb !'

My *next Tea-party* was a dinner at the Old Bailey, with the judges and advocates, the sheriff and under-sheriffs, the Rev. Ordinary of Newgate, and several other persons of distinction, after sitting some hours in the court, and wandering through the cells of the prison. I dismiss this occasion with the following memoranda :

1. We sat nearly four hours at the table.
2. Among so many great men, I saw very little wit or wisdom.
3. The five clergymen present appeared to drink as much wine as any other five of the company.
4. One of them pronounced sudden conversion an absurdity, and the joy of faith in the hour of death nothing but a delirium.

5. I could not help contrasting this scene with what I had witnessed at the Lord Mayor's table at Wanstead Park, and more than once I wished myself again at Hugh Allen's Distillery.

I will mention but one *Tea-Party* more—a supper at the house of my excellent forty-ninth cousin, in honour of his forty-sixth birthday, which was celebrated by the family, with a goodly concourse of kinsfolk, after the manner of the good old times. There was present an interesting young man, a licentiate in Mr. Spurgeon's church, who gave me, among others, the following anecdote of that popular young minister:—

Mr. Spurgeon was invited by a wealthy gentleman in the country, some forty miles from London, to come to his place and preach. Arriving there, he found a huge tent erected in the park, with bales of hay arranged tier above tier for seats, a pile of bales for a pulpit, and three or four thousand people waiting to hear him. He preached, and the people thought they had never heard such preaching before. The service over, he retired to the gentleman's house to dine, accompanied by several ministers of his own order, and followed by hundreds of his hearers. The conversation at table, in which the young preacher took the lead, was on the sin of needless self-indulgence, and the Christian obligation of self-denial. After dinner, an old minister, whose learning was rather limited, pulled out his pipe, seemed anxious to light it, but evidently felt somewhat embarrassed from the preceding conversation. He looked at his pipe, then at the fire, and then at Mr. Spurgeon. Again he looked at Spurgeon, at the fire, at the pipe. At length he said, 'Brother Spurgeon, do you think it would be wrong for me to smoke?' 'Have you any Scripture to justify the practice?' asked the preacher. 'Well, I think I have,' added the venerable father in Israel. 'I shall be glad to hear what it is,' rejoined Mr. Spurgeon. 'Well, brother, David was certainly a smoker.' 'Ah, how do you make that out?' 'Well, he speaks, you know, in one of the psalms, of going through the valley of Bacca (*Baca*); and I make no doubt that was a private plantation for his own particular use.' Spurgeon cast a funny side-glance towards his host; and keep-

ing the serious half of his countenance towards the old man, replied gravely, 'You can smoke, Father Spike-nard.'*

* If this anecdote was correctly given to our traveller, it was a pity to record it. If not true it is equally a pity to perpetuate it. Such buffoonery impairs a preacher's usefulness and injures religion.—Ed.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PULPIT CELEBRITIES.

Croly—Melvill—Hamilton—Sketch of the late Edward Irving—
Critical Estimate of 'The Modern Whitfield.'

Let arms revere the robe—the warrior's laurel
Yield to the palm of eloquence ! CICERO.

WHO that has read Salathiel has not desired to hear Dr. Croly? For magnificent rhetoric and powerful description, I scarcely know the equal of that book in the English language. When a youth, I wondered and wept over its glowing pages; and I have since read it repeatedly, with ever-increasing admiration and delight. A few years ago, meeting with a stray volume of the author's sermons, I seized it with avidity, expecting a rare treat of eloquence. What a disappointment! There was Croly's diction, and something of Croly's imagery; but an historical romance and an evangelical sermon, I soon found, might be two very different things; and these discourses proved meagre in thought, defective in logic, exceedingly discursive in treatment, and sadly wanting in the most important elements of pulpit composition. While in London, I had the opportunity of listening to their author. It was in his own church—St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and on an interesting occasion—a collection for a valuable Christian charity. Of course, the preacher did his best; and the sermon, I think, was equal to any that I have read from his pen; but it lacked both unity of method and compactness of material, and was quite as well suited to the lecture-room as to the house of God. Dr. Croly is an aged man, of large stature and impressive appearance. His delivery is rapid, earnest, emphatic. His right arm is constantly in violent motion, as if he were smiting the anvil. His voice is thick and heavy, his enunciation somewhat indistinct—the effect, I am informed, of a partial paralysis of the organs of speech which he experienced a few years ago. He reads his discourses rather closely; but on this occasion he concluded

with a powerful extempore appeal in behalf of the charity which he advocated. His church is large, but sparsely seated; though the congregation is quite select, composed in great part of the more intellectual class of the London gentry. They use a hymn-book of their pastor's own compilation, containing many of his own compositions, which are worthy of his literary fame, but perhaps, like his discourses, wanting in evangelical unction. It seems strange to many that such a man as Dr. Croly should have so little influence in the Church—scarcely any, indeed, beyond the walls of St. Stephen's. The fact is probably to be attributed to this great defect in his ministry. He is not a spiritual preacher. He is not a zealous worker. He never appears upon the platform in behalf of any of the great Christian enterprises of the metropolis, and seems to have little sympathy with those who are engaged in their promotion. He is content to move in his own parish, and let the rest of London, and of the world, take care of themselves. Even at home, his labours are confined almost entirely to the pulpit and the pen. In short, he is too much like the present scribe to be a very useful minister of the gospel.

The greatest man in the London pulpit, unquestionably—and, in my opinion, the finest 'sermonizer' in England—is the Rev. Henry Melvill, B.D. Mr. Melvill is now one of the canons of Saint Paul's. What a race I have had after him, to be sure—last Christmas, and since my return from the continent—first to Poultry Chapel, then to the Tower, and finally to Saint Paul's—inquiring of clergymen and vergers, policemen and publishers, churchmen and dissenters, everybody that was likely to know anything of the object of my quest! I have now heard him three times in the great cathedral. What a pity so vast and fine a structure should have such inadequate accommodation for preaching! The pulpit is in the choir, which twelve hundred hearers will crowd to its utmost capacity, galleries and all. So it is in Westminster Abbey, and in all the English cathedrals: not in those of Italy, for the children of His Holiness are 'wiser in their generation' than the children of Her Majesty's Church.* The first

* Has the great Republic no church?—ED.

Sabbath, I went half an hour before the service; and found the steps thronged, and the very street blockaded, by hundreds of people, waiting for the opening of the door; and when it was opened, there was a frightful rush—a perfect cataract of humanity; and in one minute every seat was occupied, except the stalls, which were locked, in reserve for the choristers and distinguished personages; and belonging to neither class, I had the utmost difficulty in securing room even to stand within hearing distance of the pulpit. The second Sabbath, the press was still greater; but through the kindness of the Rev. Mr. B., who sent a note to the vergers to put me in his stall, I had a comfortable seat, and a fine opportunity of seeing and hearing the preacher. The third Sabbath, I stood through the whole service, something more than two hours; and had Melvill continued preaching, I would gladly have stood two hours longer. It was a spiritual treat, such as I have seldom enjoyed. As we left the church, a distinguished clergyman remarked to me: ‘You are very fortunate, to-day, sir: you have heard Melvill at his best.’ The text was the words of Jude: ‘And of some have compassion, making a difference; and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.’ I need not give you a synopsis: you can imagine how Melvill would preach from such a text. It was a solid mass of thought, squared by the severest logic, and adorned with the noblest rhetoric. It was highly evangelical, too; full of the very essence of the gospel. But a delivery so peculiar, who shall describe? It is wholly unimaginable. The war-steed rushing to the charge—the avalanche thundering down the mountain—the burning ship flying before the tempest—are the best similitudes of his splendid impetuosity and power. His voice is clear, but not musical; his enunciation, very distinct and emphatic; his intonations and inflections, quite ludicrous to a stranger. Now you have the tone and cadence of rapid, earnest conversation; then the speaker drops into a lower key, husky and guttural, and runs on in a perfect monotone for five minutes or more, till you imagine him quite exhausted for want of breath; when suddenly he vaults into the lofty sentence which is to conclude the paragraph; and with a mighty ‘O!’ in the

middle, and a spasmodic jerk of the head at the end, he flings out the words in a half-scream, which well-nigh electrifies the audience. The Rev. Dr. Ryerson, of Canada, who was present the last Sabbath, assured me that he was much more vehement twenty years ago; and that there is scarcely anything now, in voice or manner, to remind one of the former Melvill. Action, strictly speaking, he has none. He stands as erect and motionless as the Nelson monument, till he comes to the close of an argument; when he slightly elevates his right hand, and gives a nod, which threatens the dislocation of his neck. Of slight stature, thin visage, dark complexion, keen black eyes, finely moulded features, and bushy hair as white as wool, he is a man of imposing mien; but not half so majestic in the pulpit as Dr. McNeile, nor half so graceful as Dr. Cumming. Spurgeon attracts the mob; Melvill draws the intellect of London. The 'Penny Pulpit,' for more than twenty years, has published more of his sermons than of any other living man's, and annually a large volume of them is bound up for the market. His popularity, however, is confined to the pulpit and the manuscript. He makes no platform speeches, nor ever ventures an extemporaneous paragraph; but it must not be denied that he is pretty thoroughly imbued with the sacramentarian theology; and in one of the sermons to which I listened, he taught most distinctly and earnestly the doctrine of baptismal regeneration—that whenever the water of baptism is sprinkled by a consecrated hand upon a child, that child is regenerated, and needs but abide in the grace received, in order to eternal salvation. Is this the effect of ecclesiastical promotion? Than this of baptismal regeneration, it seems to me, there is no greater folly taught at Rome. If man only *fainted* in the fall, a little sprinkled water might revive him; but if he is really 'dead in trespasses and sins,' what but the Holy Spirit can restore the life which he originally inspired?

To hear Dr. James Hamilton I had nearly as much trouble as I had to hear Mr. Melvill. I went one Sunday to Regent Square, but the Doctor was in Scotland; and his flock was fed by another, with theological whey, thickened

with Thames water.* I went again, but he had not yet returned, and we were treated to a repast of poppies and sun-dried cabbage-leaves. The third time, however, I was successful; and well repaid, I assure you, for my perseverance and former disappointments. The sermon was full of fine thought, adorned with the most beautiful illustrations, and rich in all the attributes of a fervid eloquence. Yet Mr. Brock—a Baptist minister, whom I heard in the evening of the same day—with not a tithe of his talent, has twice as large a congregation. The reason lies in the Doctor's delivery. His voice is good enough, but unskillfully managed; and he speaks with a strong Scotch accent, not very agreeable to an English ear. He has not much action, and what he has is far from being graceful. He is very earnest, however; preaches from ample notes, but does not read his sermons; and to an intelligent and cultivated audience, such as his appears to be, his ministry must be both interesting and useful. He belongs to the Free Church. The house in which he preaches—a very large and fine one—was built for poor Irving, and is that in which was first manifested the modern 'gift of tongues.' From that pulpit, just as it now stands, thirty years ago, rolled the most majestic periods that ever charmed the ear of London.

What history of a single man is fraught with more of melancholy interest than that of this great Christian orator? To a princely person he added a most princely mind, well furnished with knowledge, and trained by severest study. But society—nay, even the Church, the most perfect form of human society—does not afford 'every man a place according to his faculty.' Few ever aspired to the pulpit under greater discouragements than Edward Irving. He was nearly thirty before he found employment as a preacher. He had preached occasionally, but generally so much to the discontent of his hearers, that they gave him no second invitation. He was dowered with the double curse of originality and independence. Conscious of a Divine call, he determined to preach the gospel; and despairing of a hearing at home, he resolved on a

* This is a rather exaggerated account.—ED.

mission to the heathen. Persia was the chosen scene of his voluntary exile and evangelical labours. He would rely on no patronage but Heaven's, and seek no resources but such as Providence might furnish. Preparatory to his purpose, he buried himself more deeply than ever with books. 'Rejected by the living,' says he, 'I communed with the dead.'

At this juncture he was invited to preach for Dr. Andrew Thompson, in Edinburgh. He was informed that Dr. Chalmers, who wanted an assistant, would be one of his hearers. Doubtless he did his best that day; but no message came from the Glasgow orator. After waiting, in feverish anxiety, more than a fortnight, he stepped on board a steamer, not knowing its destination, to go wherever it might chance to bear him. He was landed at Belfast, and went wandering among the peasantry in the north of Ireland. Here a letter overtook him from Dr. Chalmers, inviting him immediately to Glasgow. He consented to 'make trial of his gifts,' saying to his illustrious patron, 'If your people bear with my preaching, they will be the first.' They did bear with it, and Irving became Assistant-Minister of Saint John's. Three years he laboured in connection with the most eloquent man in the world. But what star could shine so near the sun? Discouraged with his small success, he resolved again on the work of a foreign missionary, and fixed on Jamaica as his future home.

One morning, as he sat solitary and sorrowful in his room, revolving this matter in his mind, a messenger from London entered, with an invitation to the vacant Caledonian church, in Cross Street, Hatton Garden. He came, and found the 'mere remnant of a wasted congregation,' disheartened by long adversity. He entered upon his new ministry with zeal and energy. In a very short time, his preaching excited an unprecedented interest in the metropolis, described by one of the reviewers as 'the most extraordinary and extensive infatuation that ever seized upon a community calling itself intelligent.' During the first quarter, the seatholders increased from fifty to five hundred. A little later, and the rank and intellect of the land thronged his sanctuary. The occasional sermons of Dr.

Chalmers and Robert Hall in London did not attract such crowds as now pressed to Edward Irving's weekly services. The Duke of York repeated his visit, and carried with him other members of the royal family. Brougham took Mackintosh; and Mackintosh, by repeating at a dinner-table a beautiful sentence he had heard from Irving in prayer, drew Canning. Noble lords and ladies, noted wits and beauties, popular actors and actresses, reverend bishops and men of learning, with a mixed multitude of all classes, besieged the doors, and stood jammed together in the aisles. Cross Street became as fashionable as Drury Lane, and Edward Irving as much the rage as ever Kemble or Kean. To restrain the crowd and prevent casualties, strangers were admitted by ticket, the seatholders entered by a side door, and the preacher often came through a window in the rear, and walked up the pulpit stairs covered with ladies of rank and wealth.

‘What went they out to see? a man clothed with soft raiment?’ Edward Irving was no velvet-mouthed court-chaplain—no florid declaimer on virtue—no flatterer of aristocracy or of intellect. Never were the pretensions of rank more ruthlessly spurned—never were the vices of the rich more sternly denounced—never was the independence of the pulpit more bravely vindicated—than when princes and scholars, statesmen and ecclesiastics, swelled his audience. He drew them into comparison with the great and good of other times—with sages and heroes, prophets and martyrs, patriots and reformers; and dwelt with earnest remonstrance on the degeneracy of modern society—the degeneracy of morals, religion, literature, and whatever affects the well-being of man. Yet none had ever a deeper sympathy than he with the sorrows and degradations of his race, or a kindlier compassion for their manifold frailties and follies. With all his severity he mingled much of tenderness. He discoursed of the fatherhood of God, and the filial outgoings of the human heart. He dwelt more upon duties than doctrines, and preferred practical truths to theological subtleties. No preacher, in any age, was ever more practical. Large and lofty was his idea of the Christian ministry. He thought that, while it deals with the highest of human interests, it should comprehend the

whole field of human faculty and experience. To tell men plainly of their duties and delinquencies in all the relations of life, he deemed the greatest favour he could do them. Pride, avarice, unsanctified ambition, political expediency, and perverted literature, he rebuked with the tone of a prophet. He seems to have had the conviction of a personal call to this special work, and nobly did he fulfil his vocation. Mr. Spurgeon's mission is to the masses: Irving's was to the intellect and aristocracy of London. His first book drew all the critics like bloodhounds after him. Dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, fell fiercely upon their prey; and furious pamphleteers came in armies to their aid. Extracts from the 'Orations' appeared side by side with reports of parliamentary proceedings, despatches from the seat of war, or a canto from Byron's last—worst—poem, then just issued from the press. His logic, his rhetoric, and his theology were alike assailed. The Times pronounced him a 'meteor' and a 'bubble.' The Pulpit animadverted severely upon his doctrine. The Quarterly denounced his 'Babylonish diction.' The John Bull, Cobbett's Register, and several other publications, heaped upon him unmeasured vituperation and abuse. On the other hand, the New Times, the Morning Chronicle, the Examiner, the Westminster, and a host of pamphlets were extravagant in eulogy of his eloquence. All this but heightened the popularity of the preacher. Every great charity solicited his advocacy. His occasional discourses were published; some of them expanded into ponderous volumes. Frequently he preached three hours without a pause, and seldom drew to a conclusion without reserving for some future occasion a topic or two started by the way. His physical strength seemed inexhaustible, and his mind was one of unparalleled fertility. Meanwhile, the church at Hatton Garden becoming too strait for the audience, this new and spacious one was erected.

About this time appeared some seeds and signs of change, to which his intercourse with Coleridge somewhat contributed. Several interviews with Hartley Frere, Esq., led to the adoption of Mede's system of prophetic interpretation, and the premillennial doctrine of the second advent. The immediate product was 'Babylon and Infidelily Fore-

doomed of God,' a nobler volume than which, on prophecy, has not appeared in the English tongue. Then came the famous Conference of Prophetic Inquiry, at Albury Park, followed by endless discourses on prophetic themes, and endless controversies about prophetic applications. Irving goes to Edinburgh to lecture on the Revelation; and at five in the morning, for twelve days in succession, the largest church of the metropolis is overcrowded to hear him; and on one occasion, an accident proves fatal to twenty-six persons, and seriously injures more than a hundred. 'I have no hesitation,' writes Dr. Chalmers, 'in saying that it is quite woeful. There is power, and richness, and gleams of exquisite beauty; but withal, a mysticism and extreme allegorization, which must be pernicious to the general cause.' His Homilies on Baptism enunciated a new doctrine in relation to that sacrament—an anticipation of Oxfordism. His Discourses on the Mutual Responsibility of Church and State proved still more obnoxious to many of his brethren. On all sides he was assailed with the cry of 'Heretic!' and within the space of five years, to use his own words, he was 'set down as having boxed the whole compass of heresy.' But the great error charged against him was his doctrine of the sinful humanity of the Redeemer. He held that Christ assumed our fallen nature, with all its liabilities and temptations to evil; and was preserved from actual sin only by the indwelling power of the Godhead. Then came 'the last and saddest act of this eventful history.' Irving had taught his congregation that the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost were intended to be the perpetual endowment of the Church, and were discontinued only because of her unfaithfulness. Despairing of the world's conversion by the preaching of the gospel, and looking for supernatural manifestations as the prelude of the glorious advent of our Lord, they began more earnestly to pray for the restoration of these 'powers of the world to come.' One and another soon began prophesying and speaking in unknown tongues. Mr. Irving instituted an examination into these extraordinary phenomena, satisfied himself of their genuineness, and 'did exceedingly rejoice that the bridal attire and jewels of the Church had been found again.'

His trustees, however, seem to have been less satisfied with the affair. They preferred a charge of irregularity against him, and he was arraigned before the Scottish Presbytery in London. His defence, in two speeches, each about four hours long, was one of the noblest ever uttered, and probably the masterpiece of his own masterly eloquence. He warned his brethren, that if they cast him and his flock out of the church which had been built for him, and very much upon the credit of his own name, God would certainly punish them in the same manner by those who had the secular charge of their churches. This warning has lately been regarded by many as a prophecy. I cannot think that Edward Irving was a prophet. He may have had a sagacious foresight of the secessions from the Scottish Church, and what he dimly foresaw he boldly foretold. His remembered words must have come home to some of them with signal emphasis, when so many of their number went out of their sanctuaries, and the very house from which they had ejected their illustrious brother passed over to the communion of the great secession. 'I tell you,' he exclaimed, 'your vine shall be withered; I tell you, your cisterns shall be dried up; I tell you, ye shall have no pasture for your flocks; I tell you, your flocks shall pine away and die!' The remonstrance was vain. They cast him forth out of the church in which, as he touchingly said, his babes were buried.

A year after this, he stood at the bar of the Presbytery of his native town—the Presbytery from which he had received ordination—to answer to a charge of heresy concerning the human nature of our Lord. Thousands flocked to the trial of their illustrious countryman. Again he spoke two full hours, with amazing eloquence; and the hearts of the multitude were moved by his speech, 'as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind;' but though the popular sympathy was with him, his brethren cut him off from their connection, and deposed him from the Christian ministry. He remained some weeks in Scotland, preaching daily, and four times a day, to unprecedented crowds in the open air: and in all the localities which he visited, even now, after the lapse of twenty-five years, his predictions are remembered, his denunciations are repeated, above all

his loving words are cherished; and the ploughman still stops in his furrow to point out to the traveller the spot where he heard 'Dr. Irving' preach from a cart, and tell how he shook his little Bible at the kirk, and how the people wept at his departure, for there was not the like of him in all the land.

He returned to resume his labours in London. Excluded from the "pulpit which had been urged on his acceptance, he betook himself now, as he had told the Presbytery he would, 'to the open places about the city.' Thousands followed him to the field, the park, the public square; and the places where he stood were made memorable by his appeals. But the shocks which he had suffered were too much even for Edward Irving. The strong man bowed beneath his weight of sorrow. In the sick-chamber he pined with a broken heart. Two years after his deposal, he died at Glasgow. His last words were: 'Living or dying, I am the Lord's.' In the crypt of the Glasgow cathedral he lies, awaiting 'the resurrection of the just,' of which he discoursed while living as perhaps no other man since the apostles ever discoursed before!

While in London, I heard Mr. Spurgeon twice in the Great New Park Street Chapel, twice in the immense Music Hall at Surrey Gardens, and once on the day of the National Fast in the Crystal Palace, when he preached to about twenty thousand people;* and though I have said something of him, I beg leave here to devote a few pages to a more critical examination of his eloquence and its wonderful effects.

Mr. Spurgeon's popularity is as great as ever. Envy and bigotry from the beginning spoke of him as a meteor—a will-o'-the-wisp—stared at by the multitude, but soon to explode and disappear. But all these prophecies have failed, and Mr. Spurgeon never had a larger audience than he has now. Perhaps no man ever had a firmer hold upon the public heart of London than Mr. Spurgeon has at this moment; and envy and bigotry may frown, and sneer, and criticise, and calumniate; but this young man, with all his faults—and no just critic will deny him many of them—

* Not more than a third of this number heard him.—ED.

with God to help as hitherto he manifestly has helped him, will outlive the satires of his enemies, and shine among those who have turned many to righteousness, when their lamp has gone out in darkness.

But what is the secret of his success? Whence his great popularity? Is there anything peculiar in the man himself, in his manner, or his doctrines, or the circumstances of his ministry? I will endeavour to answer these questions.

Mr. Spurgeon is certainly not indebted for his popularity to his origin, for he is of humble birth; nor to the influence of his sect, for the Anabaptists are among the least esteemed of all the dissenting bodies in England. Nor is it to be ascribed to a fine person or agreeable manners; for he is a great, fat, rotund, overgrown boy, awkward in action, unhandsome in features, and scarcely tidy in dress; a man whom no lady would love at sight; more likely to be taken for a butcher than a preacher; apparently feasting more on roast beef and plum-pudding than on 'the bread that cometh down from heaven.' Nor does he show a high degree of mental culture, or anything like refinement of taste; for his mind has manifestly never been closely schooled in metaphysical or dialectic studies, and frequently he is offensively coarse and vulgar in his style. Nor is his logic or his rhetoric of a superior character; for of the former he has, properly speaking, little or none, and the latter is as full of faults as it is of figures. Nor is he guilty of any unusual originality, profundity, or brilliancy of thought; for he never utters anything new, or anything remarkably striking. Nor has he a very charming voice; for though it is clear and strong, it is neither varied nor musical, having great volume but little compass—not at all what you would call an oratorical voice—monotonous and inflexible, incapable alike of majesty and of tenderness. Nor is it fine action: for in this department he is greatly inferior to many whom I know in the American pulpit who have never attained to a tenth part of his celebrity; and must have been vastly excelled by George Whitfield and Edward Irving, with both of whom he has so often been compared by an indiscriminating press. Not in any nor in all of these lies the power of Mr. Spurgeon; but it does lie, if I mistake not, in the following facts:—

1. *He is quite natural.*—In the pulpit he seems perfectly at home, and fears none but God. Free from all embarrassment of timidity, and entirely self-possessed, he talks to his hearers like a friend. Even in his most impassioned utterances, there is no pulpit tone, no clerical mannerism, nothing that you might not look for in the secular orator, or the scientific lecturer.

2. *He is very simple.*—He says nothing that the youngest and most illiterate of his hearers cannot perfectly understand. His language is good idiomatic Saxon. There are no Latinisms, no Germanisms, no long and difficult words, no tangled and high-pressure sentences—only such as may instantly be comprehended by the boot-black and the newsboy. He never aims at ornament, nor uses two words where one will answer. In this respect he resembles Wesley and Whitfield.

3. *He is highly dramatic.*—Everything lives, moves, and speaks in his sermons. The whole discourse, indeed, is only a series of pictures, brought vividly before the audience. There are no cold and dry abstractions. Every truth is clothed with life and power. Metaphors and similes crowd upon one another as thick as Jeremy Taylor's or Edward Irving's; though not as graceful as the former, nor as gorgeous as the latter. But his chief forte is the apostrophe, in the use of which certainly he has seldom been excelled. His dramatic power, though inferior undoubtedly to Whitfield's or Irving's, is confessedly very great.

4. *He is manifestly in earnest.*—No man perhaps was ever more so. He seems to put his whole soul into every sermon. He speaks as if he stood with his audience upon a trembling point between heaven and hell. His great desire evidently is to do God's work well, and save as many souls as he can. Hence that directness of application, that fervid hortatory style, which rivets the attention, forces home the truth, and makes every hearer feel himself personally addressed by the preacher. Hence also that boldness and fidelity which rebukes sin in high places, and speaks to 'my noble lords and ladies' as plainly as to the cab-driver and the kitchen-maid.

5. *He preaches the doctrines of the gospel.*—Human de-

pravity, Christ crucified, justification by faith, spiritual regeneration, and judgment to come, are his constant themes. It is the good old gospel, and nothing new, that he keeps before the people. I do not say, for I do not think, that he preaches this good old gospel in the very best form. All wheat has chaff. Mr. Spurgeon preaches Calvinism gone to seed. But among the chaff there is so much wheat, that hungry souls cannot fail of nourishment under his ministry. In short, although he preaches Calvinism in a form which would be offensive to nine-tenths of the Calvinists of Christendom, he preaches Arminianism very much more. He is theoretically a Calvinist, but practically an Arminian. He has a Calvinistic head, but an Arminian heart; and his heart is so much greater than his head that it always carries the day. He invariably tells the sinner that he can do nothing, and must wait for God to do all; but then he falls to and urges him with such irresistible energy to immediate repentance and faith in Christ, that the poor man fortunately forgets the former statement, and is carried captive by the preacher's impetuous exhortation. Thus Mr. Spurgeon is constantly contradicting himself in the most remarkable manner; and it seems strange to me that every hearer does not see the incompatibility of his theory and his practice.* In one of the sermons to which I listened, after having stated the doctrine of predestination and election in the strongest possible form, he exhorted his hearers with a most genial warmth to turn immediately to God; when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, but the heart still carried it over the head, and he exclaimed: 'You may accuse me of preaching Arminianism: I care not—it is what I love to preach, and am bound to preach, and will, by the help of God!' and still he went on with greater fervour than ever.

6. *But the best of all is, God is with him.*—Who can doubt it? This is the chief reason of his success. It is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord. Mr. Spurgeon is a sincere and simple-hearted man, deeply concerned for the salvation of his fellow-men, and God is owning and blessing his labours. And why not? If he

* The apostles preached very much in the same way.—Ed.

scatters some tares, he scatters also, and much more plentifully, 'the good seed of the kingdom.' If he builds with 'wood, hay, stubble,' he yet builds upon the true foundation, 'which is Christ Jesus;' and 'gold, silver, and precious stones' adorn the superstructure. Was not the Saviour's immediate harbinger a rough man of the desert? 'Not many wise, noble, mighty are called.' Is it not now in this respect much as in the days of Paul? How many such instances are recorded in the annals of Methodism! God sends by whom he will, and often honours his truth with a blessing, though it be mixed with error. Amen; and let him be anathema who dares to call the Divine Wisdom to account for such disorderly proceedings! Away with your silly cant about pulpit propriety and refinement! Away with your bigoted formalism, which would hinder the free course of the gospel! I was speaking of Dr. McNeile in Italy, when an Englishman exclaimed, 'But he is a firebrand in the Church!' This is what the Church needs: would to God there were more such! The Church must be set on fire, no matter who bears the torch, or in what manner! Thank God, Mr. Spurgeon, with all his faults, has done a great work in London; and the indirect result, perhaps, is the greater part of the good. Who has not heard of the current series of discourses to the poor in Exeter Hall? I listened to one of them, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell. The immense room was crowded to its utmost capacity—not less than six thousand hearers:* while the rev. gentleman was delivering, without notes, one of the most eloquent and fervent appeals for God I ever heard, a city missionary of the Establishment was holding forth in the street to the crowd that could not effect an entrance. All this, and much more of the same sort, has the hearty concurrence and sanction of the Bishop of London. Who has waked up this feeling among the clergy? They have seen what crowds are following Mr. Spurgeon, and they cannot consent to be out done by the Dissenters; and, some from fear, and some from shame, and some from the love of souls, glad of the occasion and the opportunity, they are

* Great mistakes are made about the numbers present in such places. The Surrey Music Hall may hold 5000, Exeter Hall 3000.—ED.

putting forth their might in this holy work ; and now, blessed be God ! again may it be said in London, ‘ The poor have the gospel preached to them.’ And the flame which these ‘ firebrands ’ have kindled is spreading over the kingdom, and hundreds of sermons are preached every Lord’s day in the open air. I spent a Sabbath in Clifton, the beautiful suburb of Bristol. In the morning I heard a delightful extempore sermon from the Rev. Mr. Brock, of Christ Church. In the afternoon, passing across Durdham Down, I found the same gentleman preaching without his gown to an immense crowd of people, under a cluster of elms. Go on, Mr. Spurgeon, and don’t be afraid of mingling too many Arminian appeals with your Calvinistic dogmas ! You are doing a good work ; and God prosper your ministry !

CHAPTER XXXV.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

The Browns—Richmond Hill—Thomson—Bushy Park—Hampton Court—Cardinal Wolsey—Royal Residents—Varieties—Great Western Railway—Official Dignity—Clevedon—Myrtle Cottage—Promenade and Prospect—Clevedon Court—Wrington—Weston super Mare—Interesting Antiquities.

AMONG the many interesting people with whom I became acquainted through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. Cross, were Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Wimbledon Park, about eight miles from London. Having spent a delightful afternoon at their charming residence, we made an engagement for a second visit, with an excursion to Hampton Court. The next week we enjoyed that promised pleasure, and here is a skeleton-history of the day.

Never blessed the metropolis a more beautiful morning. No fog enveloped the towers and domes of the city ; and as we rushed along the South-western Railway, the bright sunshine and the balmy wind, with the rich tints of the autumn foliage, brought back sweet visions of the fair Salernian shores.

At Putney, Mr. Brown met us, with two carriages, ready to devote the day to the gratification of his guests. We were soon *en route* for the royal seat, over Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common, past many a charming villa, and among the rest the stately mansion of the Duchess of Gloucester. Then we traversed the breadth of Richmond Park—eight miles from gate to gate, twenty-four in circuit ; and whole herds of young deer bounded off to the right and the left as we approached, while their more experienced sires and dams stood and gazed at us without fear, or lay quietly upon the soft grass. Attaining the summit of Richmond Hill, we enjoyed a *coup d'œil* scarcely surpassed in Europe. To the south and east spread the vast down, with here and there a windmill swinging its huge arms in the air, and environed on all sides with the

splendid country seats of the London gentry. To the north-east, ten miles distant, Westminster Abbey, the Victoria Tower, the dome of Saint Paul's, and a whole forest of church steeples, rose through the purple mist, like a fleet at sea. Still more remote, Harrow on the Hill in the north, and Windsor Castle in the north-west, stood out in clear relief against the horizon. At our feet, through as fine a landscape as ever blessed the vision of man, flowed the Thames, encompassing many a green island, with a young steamer in the distance, and scores of white swans floating gracefully upon its bosom. On the brow of the hill, overlooking a sweet vale, in which a village reposed, we found the following lines upon a board, hung upon an elm :—

— LINES ON JAMES THOMSON,

The Poet of Nature.

Ye who from London's smoke and turmoil fly,
To seek a purer air and brighter sky,
Think of the bard who dwells in yonder dell,
Who sang so sweetly what he loved so well :
Think, as you gaze on these luxuriant bowers,
Here Thomson loved the sunshine and the flowers—
He who could paint in all their varied forms,
April's young bloom, December's dreary storms.
By yon fair stream, which calmly glides along,
Pure as his life, and lovely as his song,
There oft he roved : in yonder churchyard lies
All of the deathless bard that ever dies ;
For here his gentle spirit lingers still,
In yon sweet vale, on this enchanted hill,
Flinging a holier interest o'er the grove,
Stirring the heart to poetry and love,
Bidding us prize the favourite scenes he trod,
And view in nature's beauties nature's God.

This, then, is classic ground. Here the author of 'The Seasons' 'the laziest and best-natured of mortal men,' used to saunter about with his hands in his pockets, or sit and dream on the sunny side of the hill. 'Never before or since,' says the late Hugh Miller, 'was there a man of genius wrought out of such mild and sluggish elements as James Thomson.' Yet he was a kind-hearted, unselfish, and lovable man, devoted to his friends, and binding them to himself with the strongest ties of affection. Poor

Collins, a man of warm and genial heart, came and lived at Richmond for the sake of his society ; and when the poet died, quitted the place for ever. Shenstone also loved him well, and felt life grow darker at his departure : and Quin wept for him no feigned tears on the boards of the theatre. Thomson is well portrayed by Lord Lyttleton in the stanza, ' by another hand,' included in ' The Castle of Indolence :'

' A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,
 Who, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's passing themes,
 Poured forth his unpremeditated strain.
 The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
 Here laughed he careless in his easy seat ;
 Here quaffed, encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet,
 He loathèd much to write, he cared to repeat.'

And these were his favourite haunts, where he wandered so often, his imagination full of many-coloured conceptions, with a quiet eye noting every change which threw its tints of gloom or gladness over the diversified prospect, and the images of beauty sank into his quiescent mind, as the silent shower sinks into the crannies and fissures of the soil, to come gushing out at some future day, in those springs of poetry which so sparkle in ' The Seasons,' or that glide in such quiet yet lustrous beauty in that most finished of English poems, ' The Castle of Indolence.' It is a spot where one may learn the meaning of his own sweet lines—

' The love of nature works,
 And warms the bosom, till, at last sublimed
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present Deity, and taste
 The joy of God to see a happy world.'

But I must not tarry here dreaming of Thomson. Down the hill, through the fair town of Richmond, over the Thames, past Twickenham and Hampton Wick, the villa of Pope, the palace of Walpole, and many a scene of rural beauty ; and then by an iron gate we enter Bushy Park, and drive through an avenue of stately chestnuts, a mile in length, five rows on either hand, and innumerable deer grazing in quiet security beneath their ample shade. These chestnuts are said to present in the blooming-

season, as one might well conceive, an extremely fine appearance; and on any pleasant Sabbath during the summer, thousands of people may be seen sitting or strolling in the park, which is always open to the public, affording a convenient retreat from the din and dust of the metropolis. On our right we caught a glimpse of Bushy Lodge—a large brick building, looking very much like an English farmhouse of the better class—where William the Fourth was residing when the messenger came to hail him ‘King of Great Britain,’ and where the Queen Dowager Adelaide breathed out her departing soul to its Maker. At the south end of the avenue is a fountain surrounded by a circular lake, and surmounted by a bronze statue of the goddess Diana, which adds much to the beauty of the prospect.

Now we enter the grounds of Hampton Court. Hard by the gate is the ‘Maze,’ probably the very same that existed here in the days of Henry the Eighth—

‘A mighty maze, but not without a plan’—

where you may walk a mile within half an acre; and the children, of whom there were six in our company—one or two ‘of larger growth’—had rare sport in misleading one another, as they sought their way to the centre. Then we traverse ‘The Wilderness’—ten acres of large trees and thick shrubbery, chiefly evergreen, with fragrant winding walks, ‘meet place for whispering lovers.’ Next are the gardens, which are equal to any that I saw upon the Continent, adorned with yew, fir, balsam, myrtle, laurel, cedar, and cypress, with long avenues of elms and limes, interspersed with clambering vines, and rose-trees spreading over the walls, and numerous parterres of flowers filling the air with sweetness. In front of the palace is an artificial lake, full of gold fish, the largest I have seen; with a great number of swans, black and white, sailing gracefully upon its surface. There is a broad terrace, nearly a mile in length, having a fine iron railing, and constructed by order of William the Third, where the visitor may stroll along the Thames—not polluted here with the vomit of gas-houses, dye-houses, slaughter-houses, the sewers of the city, and all hideous abominations, but pure and pellucid as our own Cumberland, where it gushes from the mountains of

Kentucky. In a more private part of the grounds, adjoining the palace, and enclosed by an extra wall, is 'Queen Mary's Bower'—so called, though it seems to have been there in the time of Charles the Second, and may have sheltered even Nell Gwynne from the sunbeams; with the remains of Queen Mary's botanical collection, and the largest grape-vine in England—perhaps the largest in Europe—the fruit of which is preserved for Her Majesty's exclusive use. The palace covers eight acres of ground, and contains one thousand and ninety-three paintings, many of which are very large, and some exceedingly fine; but I shall leave the description of these and the other works of art to a taste more cultivated and a pen more capable than my own.

Hampton Court was originally built by Cardinal Wolsey. At the summit of his power, desiring to have a palace suitable to his rank, and to locate the structure in a healthy place, he employed the most eminent physicians in England, and called in the aid of six learned doctors from Padua, to select the best site within twenty miles of London. After thorough examination, they agreed in recommending Hampton Parish; and the Cardinal, upon the faith of their report, proceeded to bargain with the Prior of Saint John's for a lease of the manor. He was a man of taste, and having studied the science of architecture, was able to furnish a plan of the building from his own designs; and in a very short time he had provided himself a residence surpassing in magnitude and splendour any of the royal palaces in England. Here he lived in a style of magnificence and luxury equalled only by the profligacy of his manners. Having absolutely engrossed the royal favour, he ruled the country and the king. His pride and ostentation were unbounded; but they were equalled by his ambition and his covetousness. If he was liberal in the patronage of learning, and the endowment of benevolent institutions, he seems to have been influenced in these instances, as in others, by the desire of personal aggrandizement and the love of fame. For a time, no bad man was more successful. In the plenitude of his power, he retained no less than eight hundred persons in his suite, and his revenues exceeded those of the Crown. The banquets

and masques, so prevalent at that period, were nowhere more magnificently ordered than at Hampton Court; and the vast establishment of the luxurious Cardinal was none too extensive for the accommodation of the numerous guests frequently entertained at his festive board. But such magnificence could not escape the lash of the satirist; and Kenton sings in quaint old verse of this superb mansion—

‘With turrets and with towers,
 With halles and with bowres,
 Stretching to the starres,
 With glass windows and barres;
 Hanging about their walles
 Clothes of golde and palles,
 Arras of ryche arraye
 Fresh as floures in Maye;’

and then adds :

‘The kynges court
 Should have the excellence;
 But Hampton Court
 Hath the preëminence;
 And Yorkes place,
 With my Lord’s grace,
 To whose magnificence
 Is all the confluence,
 States and applications,
 Embassies of all nations.’

And royal envy, as might be supposed, was not slower than the poet’s satire. The king—Henry the Eighth—demanded of the proprietor of Hampton Court what was his motive in building a palace more magnificent than his own. The ready answer was, ‘I desire to furnish a residence worthy of so great a monarch, and it is now at the disposal of your Majesty.’ ‘I accept it,’ replied the king, ‘and give you the manor of Richmond in return.’ Thus the Cardinal’s palace became the property of the crown. Hence poor Anne Boleyn went to the scaffold. Here Queen Jane Seymour gave birth to Edward the Sixth, and died a few days afterwards. Here the young king dwelt with the Protector Somerset, when the council threatened to take him away by force, and the household and the populace armed for his defence. Here Queen Mary and Philip of Spain ‘passed their honeymoon in gloomy retirement,’ and took their Christmas supper ‘in the great hall

illuminated with a thousand lamps.' Here the Princess Elizabeth heard matins in the Queen's closet, 'attired in a robe of white satin, strung all over with large pearls.' Here she afterwards 'sat with their Majesties in a grand spectacle of jousting,' when 'two hundred lances were broken.' Here she held her court when she became queen, imitating to some extent the magnificence and luxury of Henry the Eighth. Here occurred the grand Conference of James the First with the Puritan leaders, when in his own opinion he 'peppered them soundly.' Here Charles the First and his queen, Henrietta, sought refuge from the plague, and subsequently from the insurgent apprentices of London. Here the unhappy king was kept in splendid captivity by the army nearly three months, till he found means of escape to the Isle of Wight. Here Oliver Cromwell took up his abode after Charles was beheaded, and celebrated the marriage of one daughter and the funeral of another. Charles the Second and James the Second also resided at Hampton Court; William the Third made large restorations and additions to the palace, and laid out the parks and gardens in their present form; and Mary, his illustrious queen, filled one entire room with beautiful embroidery, wrought by her own hands, and those of her maids of honour. George the First sometimes held his court here; and George the Second and Queen Caroline were the last royal occupants.

For our wanderings through the spacious and splendid apartments—for our pleasant skiff-excursions down the Thames to Ditton, with its quaint old church and tower—for our entertainment at the Swan, the humour of our waiter—for an account of Kingston, so called because it possesses, well preserved, the stone on which the kings of England were anciently crowned—the Royal Gardens at Kew, with their tropical plants and flowers, and beautiful collection of palms—the suburbs for miles and miles brilliantly lighted with gas, as we returned at eventide across the moor to Wimbledon Park—the courtesy and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and their amiable children—also for the scribe's perambulations through the seventeen colleges of Cambridge, and the twenty-four colleges of Oxford—the home and haunts of Shakspeare,

Charlecote Park, Warwick Castle, what remains of Kenilworth, and the huge relics of the mighty Guy—a visit to the Crystal Palace, to the Leviathan, to the Zoological Gardens, containing specimens of all that walks, or creeps, or swims, or flies—a week of unalloyed enjoyment at the princely mansion of Mr. Saltmarshe in Berkshire, the excellent Mrs. Saltmarshe's addresses* to the poor, and many other unforgettable matters—for all this the reader is affectionately exhorted to wait with exemplary patience till he sees the future poem, with which the writer's soul is painfully pregnant.†

Let us away to Somersetshire. What a noble line is this Great Western Railway! by far the best I ever travelled, either in Europe or America. The carriages, however, are not so comfortable as some I have occupied. The first-class will do very well. As we are adjusting ourselves at Bath, a very neat-looking lady and gentleman apply to the guard for a place in the first-class. That functionary opens the door of a carriage in which sits a solitary gentleman. The solitary gentleman waves his hand to the guard, and bows to the new-comers in a most significant and solemn manner. 'I dare say,' says the guard in an undertone, at the same time shutting the door, 'I can find you a seat in another carriage.' 'But why not in this?' inquired the gentleman with the lady; and then, addressing himself to the solitary occupant within, 'You have not engaged the whole carriage, have you, sir?' The solitary occupant within replies, 'The guard will find you seats elsewhere, sir.' 'But why not here?' 'The guard will show you seats, sir.' 'The train is going to start! this way, sir! be quick!' shouts the guard. 'Quick, madam!' cries the station-master; 'anywhere! anywhere!' So with a first-class ticket, the lady and gentleman were hustled into a second-class car, and the latter was obliged to sit with a handbox on his knees all the way to Bristol.‡ Arriving there, the majestic gentleman whom they had left alone in

* These addresses are primarily intended for the poor of the excellent lady's own sex.—ED.

† *Mediocribus esse poetis,*

Non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

‡ This grievous dereliction of duty is not common on English railways.—ED.

his glory, stepped out like very royalty upon the platform, drew a huge gold watch from his pocket, and exclaimed with most impressive emphasis, 'One minute behind time.' Out came the watches of all the officials, who gathered around the impersonated magnificence, making most deferential comparisons of their respective time-pieces with his; while a porter ran to call a cab, and half a dozen more assisted His Serene Highness to his seat, and every official upon the platform touched his hat as the human Behemoth rode away. This was a Director: and such in England is the reverence paid to official dignity and wealth!*

Half an hour more, and we are at Clevedon, a pretty watering-place on the Bristol Channel. Walking from the station to the hotel, I passed a small cottage, which an amateur was engaged in sketching. I wondered what for, for there was nothing remarkable in its appearance, and I saw many prettier every day. A party of ladies came by, one of whom—a tall girl, singularly handsome, with dark, piercing eyes—said to her companions, 'I see people will keep sketching that ugly little cottage, which Coleridge never did live in, though everybody says he did.' So this, it seems, is the immortal Myrtle Cottage. I know not on what authority the beautiful young lady negatived the common tradition, and shall leave her to settle the controversy with Cottle, who states that Coleridge did live there; and adds that the house 'had the advantage of being but one story high; and as the rent was only five pounds per annum, and the taxes naught, Mr. C. had the satisfaction of knowing that by fairly mounting his Pegasus, he could write as many verses in a week as would pay his rent for a year.' And thus the poet himself sings of his rural home:

'Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose,
Peeped at the chamber window. We could hear,
At silent noon, at eve, and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossomed; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined. The little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion!'—*Sibylline Leaves*.

* Is no reverence paid in America to the dollars?—E_D.

At the Royal Hotel I found comfortable quarters and great civility. It was pleasant to stroll out into the little garden towards the sea, and find its well-kept lawn tastefully interspersed with the prettiest and sweetest flowers. Passing thence through a little iron gate, I ascended by a steep path to the top of Dial Hill, whence I could look down upon the town spread out like a map at my feet. The houses—some small and handsome, others large and comfortable—are detached and irregular, like the ground on which they are built. The roads wind gracefully around the hills, across which, and through the shadowy copsewood, runs many a pleasant footpath. Turn where you will, the eye reposes upon a landscape of living beauty. How charming is the plain, stretching away to the left, in rich luxuriance of tree and pasturage, till its length is lost in the hazy summer sky; its breadth girded by a noble range of hills, along whose base and sides the little villages repose like flocks of sheep! How delightful is the sea-view on the right, with its beautiful islands, and white towering lighthouses, and the blue mountains of South Wales beyond! And there go the ships, ten miles distant, down the Channel, towards the great ocean, towards my western home, and my fair-haired prattler—bearing many a heart sad from the recent farewell, or buoyant with the hope of happy meetings. God speed their way!

I pursue my walk along the fragrant hill-side. The dew still lingers on the graceful fern-leaves, and bends the sweet wild rose upon its slender stem. Whether from the land or the sea, a fresher, purer, more enlivening air I never breathed. I soon enter a grove of firs and larches, carpeted with the greenest and softest grass, and an Italian sky is smiling through the openings of the dewy branches. And here is Bella Vista—worthy of its name. There is many a view in England, sung by poets and praised by tourists, which strangers will go fifty miles to see, and whose name is familiar to the reading world as a household word, which yet can bear no comparison with this; and I scarcely saw anything of the sort more beautiful on the Continent. The rock on which I stand overhangs the Walton Valley, three hundred feet below; and the gray old castle yonder, an embattled ruin of vast extent, and the church frequented by

former generations, now grass-grown and desolate, seem to invite me to their communion ; but I dare not descend—I have shaken hands with antiquity. How soothingly comes the tinkle of the sheep-bell from the quiet vale ; and how inspiring in its majesty the voice of ‘the sounding sea’ along the rocky shore ! I sit, and gaze, and listen, and my soul is feasting on sad and pleasant memories ; for many years have passed since I visited these dear haunts of my childhood, and in a few more days I must bid them adieu for ever.

The manor of Clevedon is mentioned in Domesday Book, it is said, as being held by Matthew de Moretanie, under William the Conqueror. The present manor-house—Clevedon Court, as it is called—was built in the reign of Edward II., when the Clevedon family held the manor. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of those antique mansions for which Somersetshire is so particularly famed. The modern millionaire may rear himself a palace of vast dimensions, and fill it with all that is costly in art and all that is exquisite in luxury ; but while its magnitude excites our marvel, and its magnificence elicits our admiration, one thing the wealth of India cannot purchase for it—the veneration of the beholder. Now this feeling the ancient home which I am regarding calls forth in an unusual degree, not for its costliness or its grandeur, but for its calm and quiet aspect, and its solemn preachings of the past. Embosomed among shadowy trees, it reposes with an air of confidence in the sheltering strength of the hills above it ; from the heights of which, nearly two thousand years ago, the Roman sentinel, gazing as I do, at sunset, upon the glowing sea and the glorious Cambrian shore, must have forgotten for the moment the classic beauty of his own land and the scenery of his native valley. I know not whether the present proprietor of Clevedon Court has a family ; but if so, why are those shady walks so silent, and those luxuriant flowers left to perish where they bloomed ? Those trees whose leaves the summer wind is wakening to a sound which falls on the ear with such a mournful cadence, need the accompaniment of merry voices. Those roses and creepers, which, like other fair things, presuming upon their beauty, and reckless of all restraint, are muffling up

the oriel windows and wreathing them into bowers of fragrance, require the training hand and the pruning-knife 'to check their wild luxuriance.' In a word, Clevedon Court answers to my beau-ideal of an English home—the home of

'A fine old English gentleman,
One of the olden time.'

And now let us go to Wrington. It is only six miles, and on several accounts well worth seeing. The church tower, rising to a height of one hundred and forty feet, and surmounted by sixteen elegant Gothic turrets, is regarded as one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. There was originally a pulpit attached to the wall outside of the church, as at St. Stephen's cathedral in Vienna, so that our English forefathers must have had occasional outdoor preaching, as well as the present generation. In that humble thatched cottage adjoining the church was born John Locke, the author of the immortal 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' Yonder, on the slope of that pretty hill, is Barley Wood, the residence of Hannah More and her sisters. From the picturesque scenery around she often drew her inspiration, and many passages in her life and writings refer to this pleasant locality. That spreading yew in the churchyard shades a monument to her memory; but her pen has reared for her a better and more durable monument in the hearts of the wise and good. That neat little chapel, now occupied by the Independents, was originally built for Richard Allein; and there for many years, in the times which tried men's souls, he fed the flock of Christ. In 1662 he was ejected from the neighbouring living of Butcombe, and from the Church of England; but his writings and the fruits of his ministry are a lasting testimony to his piety and worth. His name will live as long as those of John Locke and Hannah More. Few villages can boast of such a trio.

Away for Weston super Mare, twelve miles farther down the Channel. When I knew this place thirty-two years ago, it was a village of not more than six or seven hundred souls, and they chiefly fishermen and yeomen; now it has a population of nearly as many thousand, and is one of the most fashionable resorts in the west of England.

It is situated on the crescent of a broad bay which opens to the west, with a beautiful beach and fine facilities for bathing; protected on the north and the south by parallel ranges of hills, and enjoying the most delightful climate to be found anywhere in this island. My uncle lived here, my father's only brother; and before the emigration of our family, I was often at his house to visit my little cousins. I well remember the last of these pleasant reunions, and how earnestly my dear uncle, in family prayer, implored for us the Divine protection in our prospective voyage, and besought that we might meet at last in heaven. The good old man has long been waiting for us in that Better Land, and my aunt, now eighty-nine years of age, lingers in cheerful hope on this side the dividing stream, and talks of her removal as one talks of a pleasant journey. 'Oh yes,' said she, 'your uncle Edmund went safe; never was there a happier death-bed. I am waiting for my summons, not anxious, but ready; I have nothing to do but to die.' Then she showed me all my uncle's class-tickets, and her own, for more than fifty years, pasted in a book and carefully preserved—a relic worth having, which I have brought with me to America.

Will the reader pardon me if I say a word or two about a most interesting work of antiquity? Worlbury Hill is a long and narrow ridge, running far out into the Channel, and forming a bold promontory above this beautiful town. On the top of this promontory is a remarkable fortification, enclosing the remains of dwellings which must be referred to a period long anterior to the Roman occupation of Britain. Some twenty or thirty acres of ground are encircled by two huge walls of stone, which are surrounded by no less than seven successive ditches. Within the walls are traces of ancient habitations, and many tombs have been excavated, the occupants of which manifestly fell in battle. At Kewstoke, on the northern side, is a flight of rude steps, over two hundred in number, cut in the side of the hill, and conducting to the entrenchment upon its summit. These works are attributed, with some probability, to the ancient inhabitants of the island, who are believed to have worked the neighbouring mines, and furnished the Phœnician merchants with 'the chief things of the ancient

mountains, and the precious things of the everlasting hills,' three thousand years ago. These mines had been wrought for centuries before the invasion by Julius Cæsar; and it is not improbable that the zinc which formed a component part of the bronzes lately exhumed from the buried palaces of Nineveh was dug from the Mendip hills. There are similar fortifications, to the number of thirty-six, forming a perfect chain, more than fifty miles in circuit, around this rich mineral region; and all so located that they could easily communicate one with another by signals along the whole length of the line. Though the Romans and the Danes successively availed themselves of these entrenchments, they are of a character totally different from those which are of Roman or Danish origin, and must be referred to another people and an earlier date.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SAUNTERINGS IN SOMERSETSHIRE.

Tender Recollections—Uphill—The Old Church—Ancient Fortifications—The Steep Holmes—A Legend—The Flat Holmes—Bleadon—Hobbs's Boat—Lympsham Church and Rectory—Brent Knoll—Delightful View—Burnham and the Rest.

I REMAINED a month in Somersetshire, *peripatizing* extensively. A staff in my hand, a penny roll in my pocket, and a prospective glass to aid my imperfect vision, whenever the weather was fine, I went forth in the early morning, and spent the livelong day in wandering over fields, and moors, and downs, and strands, all teeming with holy memories; and my solitary musings were fraught with the sweetest sadness, as I retraced the footsteps of my childhood, and gazed upon a thousand objects which were familiar to these eyes before they were dimmed with sorrow. From such poetic pilgrimages I often returned thoroughly fatigued at eventide; but the following day, with 'youth renewed like the eagle's,' I was out upon the blooming meadows and the breezy hills, living over again the blessed days of innocence, and watering with tears of love the flowers whose ancestors my careless feet had crushed forty years ago. Somersetshire has some of the finest scenery in England, and the archæologist and ecclesiologist will find abundant interest in its Belgic and Roman remains, and its grand old Norman churches; but to me all was doubly beautiful from the associations of memory, and every hedge and tree and brook looked like a long-lost friend recovered, and the very dust that gathered on my sandals, as I paced the sultry street, I would fain have treasured as a sacred thing.

Nothing could be more inspiring than the air, or more pleasing than the view, as I strayed southward along the strand, one bright morning in August, from Weston-super-Mare. How often in other years, with some who have

long been in their graves, I trod these golden sands, gathering the shells and sea bottles cast up by the friendly tide! A walk of three miles brought me to the residence of Esquire Knyfton, in the beautiful village of Uphill. It is a modern building, in imitation of the grand old English mansions, with lofty tower, and turreted porch, and massive buttresses, and battlemented parapet, and mullioned and transomed windows, having a fine lawn in front, with a variety of flowers and shrubbery, enclosed by a well-clipped hawthorn hedge and a double range of overshadowing elms—a place which might well make the proprietor wish for ‘many days!’ A little farther on stands the village church—a beautiful structure—with its snug parsonage adjoining, thickly covered with roses, myrtles, jessamines, and honeysuckles—a true picture of English home scenery, which in the wide world for comfort and tranquillity is unsurpassed. This was once the residence of that sweet bard of nature, William Lisle Bowles; and thus he alludes to Uphill in his ‘Days Departed:’

‘I was a child when first I heard the sound
Of the great sea. ’Twas night, and journeying far,
We were belated on our road, ’mid scenes
New and unknown—a mother and her child,
Now first in this wide world a wanderer.
My father came, the pastor of the church
That crowns the high hill-crest above the sea:
When, as the wheels went slow, and the still night
Came down, a low uncertain sound was heard,
Not like the wind. “Listen!” my mother said,
“It is the sea! Listen! it is the sea!”
My head was resting on her lap—I woke—
I heard the sound, and closer pressed her side.’

‘The church that crowns the high hill-crest’ is one of the greatest curiosities in Somersetshire—a quaint old Norman building, consisting of a nave, a chancel, a tower, and a porch, with only three very small windows, casting a light sufficiently ‘dim’ to be ‘religious.’ There is no record of its origin, but local tradition says it was built by Beelzebub. It does not become a stranger to impugn such authority, especially as tradition is the only basis of more than half our history. Moreover, the situation, upon a height almost inaccessible, and quite remote from the

village, may be deemed some confirmation of the popular account. The masons began building, it is said, at the foot of the hill; but the work they did by day was regularly removed by night; till, at length, tired of the unequal contest, they gave over the effort; and the church was completed just where the devil wanted it; and ugly enough, I should think, to answer his worst ideal! Satan, for aught I know, may, as Southey supposes, possess a good degree of taste; but judging from this specimen, he does not seem to excel in the department of architecture, or else he did not deem it good policy to make a place of worship particularly attractive.

I remember this old structure when it was the only place of worship for the villagers. Now it is ruinous and deserted, the windows gone, the roof partly fallen in, the porch looking like a bandy-legged septuagenary, and the bells that used to chime the worshippers so sweetly up the hill, hanging idly in the cracked and mossy tower. Yet it is allowed to stand as a landmark for the mariner; and it would be sacrilege to demolish so venerable a pile, beneath whose pavement and around whose walls sleep the dead of so many generations. Here are the graves of an uncle and aunt, with those of several cousins, who had been gathered to their rest since I was last within the enclosure, and sweet flowers were blossoming above the unconscious dust.

Uphill is a little Pisgah, commanding an immense horizon, including some of the most beautiful scenery in England. It is the western extremity of the picturesque Mendip range, with only Brean Down beyond it—a rocky headland projecting three miles into the Bristol Channel, and looking, at a distance, like some huge marine monster come forth to sun himself upon the margin of the sea. This lofty promontory is covered with the remains of ancient earthworks, from one extremity to the other, and was evidently, at some very remote period, strongly fortified—perhaps by the Britons, and afterwards by the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, who are all supposed to have occupied it in succession. Uphill also, and Bleadon Hill, two miles farther inland, bear the remains of similar fortifications, consisting of embankments surrounded with

broad and deep trenches; and from the very spot where the old church stands, a 'trackway,' evidently too ancient to be of Roman origin, has been traced some twenty miles into the interior. It is believed that Uphill was one of the principal ports at which the Phœnician ships received the products of the Mendip mines, many centuries before the Christian era; and these forts and roads, which abound in the vicinity, are referred to that distant period!

Three or four miles beyond the extremity of Brean Down, rises the Steep Holmes, a rocky and barren islet, from the very centre of the Channel. A white house, clinging to the side of the precipice, and gleaming in the morning sunshine, tells us that even there, cradled amidst the surging waters, and serenaded by howling winds, dwell some of the human family. It was on this solitary rock that Gildas Bardonicus, the celebrated British historian and philosopher, found a temporary asylum during the desolating conflicts between the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons, till he was driven off by pirates, and took refuge in the Abbey at Glastonbury. Githa, the mother of Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, with the wives of many Saxon thanes or noblemen, retired hither after the death of her son at the fatal battle of Hastings; and here remained in safety, till an opportunity offered for their departure to St. Omer's in Flanders. The Danes also, defeated upon the neighbouring coast, withdrew to this islet in the Channel, where many of them perished by famine, and whence the remainder sailed for Ireland.

There is a curious legend, current in this neighbourhood, connected with the Danish invasion, which I recollect to have heard when a child. The Danes, landing at Uphill, moored their ships, and pursued the flying inhabitants far into the interior. An old woman, too infirm to escape, concealed herself among the rocks, and afterwards stole out and cut loose the vessels. Returning from the chase, the Danes found their fleet floated far out to sea with the retiring tide. The routed inhabitants now rallied, and a desperate conflict ensued on Bleadon Hill, from which the blood ran down in rivulets to the plain. This event is said to have given name to the place—Bloody

Down—subsequently contracted into Bleadon. I will not vouch for the derivation.

The Flat Holmes is the twin sister of the Steep Holmes, and lies only two or three miles distant. It is less lofty, but more extensive. Its highest point bears a lighthouse, where nightly glows the warning and guide of the mariner. The island is fertile and well cultivated, and has an inn for the accommodation of visitors. There is fine fishing around it, and good bathing upon its pebbly beach; and multitudes resort hither, during the summer, from Bristol, and Cardiff, and many other places on both sides of the Channel. On this island tradition points out three graves, as the last resting-places of the murderers of Thomas-à-Becket. How sweetly Bowles has sung their penitence and exile in his sonnet of Woodspring Abbey:—

‘ These walls were built by men who did a deed
Of blood ; terrific conscience, day by day,
Followed where er their shadow seemed to stay,
And still in thought they saw their victim bleed,
Before God’s altar shrieking: pangs succeed,
As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,
No tears of agony could wash away.
Hence ! to the land’s remotest limit speed !
These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows
Contrition’s tear ! Earth, hide them ! and thou, Sea,
Which round the lone isle where their bones repose
Dost sound for ever, their sad requiem be,
In fancy’s ear, at pensive evening’s close,
Still murmuring—“ Miserere, Domine ! ”’

But to pursue my journey. Here is the house in which, long years ago, lived my uncle Norman, where I used to play with my little cousins, who now lie beside their parents in the old churchyard yonder. And here, a mile and a half farther, on the beautiful slope of Bleadon Hill, is the cottage of my maternal grandmother Gould, exactly as I saw it when I came to the old lady’s funeral, in 1824. It is a sweet place, quite buried in massive foliage and flowering vines; and I do not wonder that the little ‘ Robin Redbreast ’ chose it as her asylum from the winter storm, fluttering against the window every morning till she was admitted, and then spending the day familiarly in the house with her quiet and aged friend ! At the foot of the hill is the church, beneath whose eaves her venerable dust reposes

—the only remarkable building in the village. Like most others in this part of Somersetshire, it is very ancient, and built in the Perpendicular or Early Gothic style. The most interesting thing within is the octagonal stone pulpit, elaborately carved with niches and delicate tracery. There are many such pulpits within half a dozen miles—one at Banwell, one at Hutton, one at Kewstoke, and another at Worle—all of which seem to have been made after the same pattern, with very little variation in the details of the ornament. In the middle of the eleventh century the manor of Bleadon was given by Githa, the wife of Earl Godwin, to the church of St. Swithin, at Winchester, in whose possession it is still retained. Eight hundred years have passed over the village, but it is now probably very much what it was then, apparently having experienced but little change.

Here we enter upon an extensive level country, consisting almost entirely of pasture lands, intersected by numerous dykes and drains. Pursuing our way we soon arrive at Hobbs's Boat—so called because there is no boat there, and no use for any. The supposition is, that once upon a time—nobody knows how long ago—a man by the name of Hobbs kept a ferry here, for this depression in the ground was the channel of the river Axe. In my boyhood, when we came to Bleadon to visit the venerable personage aforesaid and her pet robin, we crossed the stream upon a substantial bridge; but since that, an Act of Parliament has been passed, empowering the river to take another course, of which privilege it quickly availed itself, leaving Hobbs's Boat high and dry, the bridge a superfluous ornament in the landscape, and its own bed a pasture for cattle.

The road hence to Lympsham is as crooked as the engineer could well make it. The lofty leaning church tower is seen not more than a mile and a half distant, rising above a beautiful grove; but after travelling nearly an hour, it seems as far off as when we first beheld it. The recollections, however, connected with these green fields and hedges, these pretty cottages and farm-houses, beguile the way of its tedium, and I go dreaming on till I reach that quiet and sequestered retreat, where the stranger's feet delight to linger, and mine are chained by memory. The

church and rectory of Lymphsham present a scene purely English in its character ; and so pleasing that he who has seen it once delights often to recall the picture. Even aside from its associations to one who spent here the happiest portion of his life, it is altogether one of the most charming spots my eyes ever beheld. Its beauty is entirely the result, however, of taste and culture ; for the locality is a dead level, and void of all natural advantages. The projecting bay windows of the rectory, its pretty porch of open work, its octagonal turret, graceful tower, and other decorative features of the Tudor style, produce a most pleasing effect in domestic architecture ; and when united with trees and shrubbery of various forms and foliage, with lawns and arbours and luxuriant vines, it seems a place consecrated to tranquillity and repose, and worthy of the immortal names of Wilberforce and Hannah More which adorn its history. The same general care and elegant neatness extend to the enclosure where

‘The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.’

Those little heaps of turf, as well as the living home, are covered with flowers, and surrounded with an emerald carpet of the softest velvet, protected by an iron railing, and shaded by a variety of ornamental trees. It is a place where one might wish to lie, awaiting the resurrection !

For the present, however, we pass on to Brent. What a glorious pyramid is this Brent Knoll, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of a thousand feet ; as if some mighty hand, reached forth from the clouds, had pinched up the level surface, and left it there, a thing of beauty, for ever ! The base of the hill is about three miles in circumference. The first ascent, which is about four hundred feet, and very steep, terminates in a broad table-land, from the centre of which ascends a cone six hundred feet higher, which is rather difficult to climb. At the summit, a thousand feet above the plain, is a level area of about half a mile in circuit, with a double entrenchment all around, which is evidently very ancient. I recollect that in my boyhood it was said many old Roman coins and weapons had been found here. Later excavations prove the work to be of much greater antiquity than the Roman invasion of

Britain. That the Romans occupied it, indeed, is quite evident; but it must have been previously occupied by the Britons or the Belgæ—perhaps both—several centuries before Christ. The Rev. W. Phelps, who has devoted much attention to British antiquities, and written a history of Somersetshire, in a paper presented to the Archæological Society expresses the belief, and not without plausible grounds, that this and the neighbouring fortifications refer to a period long antecedent to the invasion of Britain by the Belgic Gauls, three hundred and fifty years before the Incarnation, and must be assigned to the earlier settlers in this part of Britain—the ‘Hedui,’ who worked the mines of the Mendip Hills at least seven hundred years before this event, and supplied the Phœnicians—the great merchants of the world—with lead, zinc, and iron.

The name—Brent—is said to be derived from *brennan*, to burn, either because the Saxon dwellings and defences were burned by the invading Danes in the ninth century, or, more likely, because signal-fires were usually lighted upon the crest of the knoll in times of danger. The word, however, is Celtic—*Braint*—the equivalent of law; and probably the eminence was so called because the ancient inhabitants, in accordance with their universal custom, published their laws to the assembled multitude upon the summit.

There is a place, just at the southern base of the hill, called Battleborough; and this name bears witness to an ancient conflict, of which there is no other tradition. Many battles, indeed, were fought in the immediate vicinity of Brent Knoll; one between the Belgæ and the Britons, B.C. 300; another between the Romans and the Britons, A.D. 50; another between the Marcians and the West Saxons, A.D. 500; another between the Danes and the Saxons, A.D. 880, when King Alfred occupied the height with his army. It was a favourite stronghold of the West Saxons, who made it their last resort, and maintained it against the invaders after they were dislodged from all their surrounding fortresses.

It was a beautiful morning in August when I passed through South Brent churchyard, and ascended the hill-side, by a path which seemed quite familiar, though I had

not trodden it for more than thirty-two years. Eagerly I worked my way up the rugged steep, nor paused to look back till I had gained the very summit. What a vision of beauty lay spread out beneath and around me! To the west, less than a league distant, was the Bristol Channel, opening a broad vista to the Atlantic. Upon its margin stood the massive tower of Burnham, with its lofty lighthouse, surrounded by hills of sand. A little farther northward was the shining strand, and the white church of Berrow, and the bold promontory of Brean Down, jutting far out into the sea. Beyond this lay the rocky Holmes, like a huge loaf of bread, upon the surface of the water; and still farther the blue coast of Wales, with its inland mountains, rising like islands from the sea of mist that concealed their base. To the north and east ran the bare Mendip Hills, with a score of bright villages reposing along their sides. And there yawned the dark gorge of Cheddar, as if some mighty hand from the sky had smitten through the mountain. And Glastonbury Tor, upon its lofty pyramid, stood out in bold relief against the southern horizon. And to the right lay the memorable field of Sedgemoor, and the town of Bridgewater, and the river Parret, and Enmore Castle, and the Quantock Hills, and a succession of bold headlands along the channel stretching away to Cornwall. It was a charming panorama; and the sky was as bright, and the air as balmy, as those of the fair Lucanian coast. Oh, the luxury of this soft summer wind, regaling the sense with every delicacy of freshening perfume! I sat me down, and feasted eye and soul upon the picture before me. Within sight, and almost at my feet, were the house where I was born, and the church in which I was baptized. Two miles farther was the old tower of Lympham, beneath whose shadow I was initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet; the white cottage, half-mantled with vines, where I spent the happiest eight years of my life; the fields over which I wandered so often with my little brothers and cousins, plucking the yellow cowslips, or gathering the purple sloes; my dear old grandmother's cottage, peeping out from its embowering emerald on the green slope of Bleadon, up which, hand in hand, we who have been separated so far and so long, bounded merrily

together; and within the ample sweep of the encircling hills, a hundred other objects and localities, every one of which called up some vivid picture of the past. I sat and dreamed. In one brief hour, I lived all my childhood over again. Words are vain, to paint the holy memories, the sweet melancholy, the raptures of love and sorrow which steal over the heart in such an hour!

Hence to Burnham, where I find a number of relations still living, and others in the churchyard, whom I knew and loved so many years ago! This is a popular summer resort, situated on the Bridgewater Bay, just where the Parret and the Brue enter the Bristol Channel. It is a small village, but delightfully located, and has a magnificent beach, with fine facilities for bathing. The coast is flat and low, and must be frequently inundated by the sea, were it not for the vast heaps of sand which form its natural defence. These sand-hills—or as they are provincially called, ‘zon totts’—are covered with coarse grass and weeds, and afford a home for innumerable rabbits, which perforate them in every direction. The entrance of the river Parret is very dangerous, and here Alfred the Great is said to have been wrecked after his misfortunes with the Danes. There is now, and has been for many years, a fine lighthouse for the greater safety of mariners entering the port. The old records mention the priory of Burnham; of which, however, there are no traces remaining, not even a tradition of its locality. The manor was one of those given by King Ina to the Abbots of Glastonbury, and held by them till the monastery was subverted and destroyed. The church is a majestic old structure, with a tower of huge proportions; which, like the more graceful one of Lympsham, declines somewhat from the perpendicular. I think the bells in its upper story are the clearest and the sweetest I ever heard; and when they are rung in the stillness of the evening—not chimed like our Charleston bells—there is magic in their music. There is a fine Grecian altarpiece in the church, designed and sculptured by Inigo Jones; originally placed, by Sir Christopher Wren, amid the Gothic glories of Westminster Abbey; but on the coronation of George the Fourth removed from so absurd a position, and placed in the

scarcely less absurd one which it now occupies. In the churchyard are several tombstones inscribed with the name of Locke, and belonging to the family of the immortal John. The vicarage was for many years the favourite resort of the learned Dr. King, Bishop of Rochester, and editor of Burke, who had formerly been vicar of the parish.

But not to weary my reader with the incidents, doubtless much more interesting to myself than others, of my fortnight's sojourn at Burnham; my morning strolls on Berrow Strand, and evening walks on Brean Down; the beautiful phenomenon of the *mirage* which I witnessed there, and the super-Italian sunsets I beheld over the Bristol Channel; a trip to Mark, and Wedmore, and Axbridge, and the Chiddar Cliffs, and the subterranean glories of their Stalactite Cavern; an excursion across the heath, skirting the field of Sedgemoor, to old monkish Glastonbury, with its wondrous Tor, and ruined Abbey, and memorials of the unfortunate Abbot Whiting, and the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which, after having walked with it from Jerusalem hither, he stuck into the soil on the side of the hill, where it still flourishes as a vigorous thorn-tree, and blossoms every Christmas!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HEART-RECORDS.

Home of my Childhood—Interesting Colloquy—Across the Daisy-fields to Lympsham—The Wesleyan Chapel—Another Colloquy—The Parish Church—The Churchyard and its Occupants—An Old Friend—East Brent Church—South Brent Church—An Evening Scene—The Burnham Bells—‘Hail, Columbia!’

STILL in Somersetshire. This name is Saxon, and signifies ‘Pleasant Country;’ and if the best climate in the kingdom, the most beautiful shores and strands, picturesque islands and promontories, segregated hills in the midst of extensive plains, wide fields of golden corn, the richest of pasture-lands, the noblest sheep and cattle, incomparable butter and cheese, well-loaded orchards, sweet rural villas, hedgerows of living verdure, church-towers of unrivalled elegance, and chimes of Æolian melody, are circumstances to please the human senses, then Somersetshire is not unworthy of its distinction.

Well, I am in Somersetshire, the ‘Pleasant Country;’ and certainly no country ever looked more pleasant to me—not even Italy, with its vine-clad hills, and groves of olive and orange, and Campagna strewn with ruins, and the sunsets which glorify its skies, and the histories which hallow its soil—than this same Somersetshire, when I came down from London. Time can never efface, as language can never describe, the feelings with which I then surveyed these flowery pastures and romantic hills. If you can imagine, dear reader, how Adam would have felt, after thirty-two years of exile from the blessed garden, toiling over the thorny and thistly earth, burying his Abel in his blood, beholding his Cain an accursed fugitive, to have found himself again at the seraph-guarded gate, and to have seen the heavenly sentinel sheathe his flaming sword and beckon him to enter, then you may imagine something of my feelings as I rushed towards the cottage of my nativity!

It was with difficulty, at first, that I could recognize the

place. The Bristol and Exeter Railway; which passes close by, had been constructed since; and old houses had been demolished; and new houses had been erected; and all things, like myself, had changed. Soon, however, I began to identify one object after another, till the whole assemblage seemed perfectly familiar, and the realities of childhood came back as vivid as the scenes of yesterday. Then the quickthorn-hedge, which I watched my father planting when I was only five years old, gave me a smiling welcome; and the apple-trees beneath which I stood, handing him the scions as he grafted them, stretched out their generous arms, and offered me their golden fruit; and the good old yew at the end of the garden-walk, as I sat down at its roots, and heard the wind among its branches, seemed to say to me, 'So you are returned to your old playground; but where have you been so long? and where are Eliza and your three little brothers?'

My overburdened heart was relieved, and I arose and walked towards the cottage. A feeble and wrinkled old woman stood at the door, and the following dialogue ensued:

'Good morning! Who lives in this house?'

'John Fear deh live here, Zur.'

'Does he own the place?'

'Awn et—ah, teh be shower eh do, an eh have vor theaz twenty yers an moor.'

'Indeed! And of whom did he buy it?'

'Eh bought et o' Meeaster Collins, as had et o' Jarge Cross, as went teh 'Murica' moor'n a scawr an half o' yers agone.'

'Did you know George Cross?'

'Knew en—te be shower I did. I deh mind en vurry well, bless ee; an I deh mind Lizzy, too, an ael the children, gooneh. Theh had nine, an theh be ael gone teh 'Murica vor mor'n thirty yers.'

'Have you ever heard anything of the family since they went to America?'

'Ees, Zur, a scawr o' times; an two o' the bwahs, I dah hier, be Wesleyan preachers; an poor Lizzy be dead theaz vifteen er zixteen yers, I 'spooez; an one er two o' the childern be dead too, I deh think. But Jarge were here, an one o' es zuns wee en, about a dozen yers agone; an

the tears did hern down the good awld man's feeace, an I thawt eh must be zarry that eh ever went awah vrom es country.' .

'Do you remember the names of any of the boys?'

'Ees, Zur ; I deh sim teh mind ivery one o' em. Theear were John—he were the awldest ; an than theear were William, an Harry, an Jarge, an Liza, an Jozzeph, an Moses, an Aaron, an Benny. Benny were the youngest o' em, an the poor fellow were adrowned. Liza were the awnly daeghter, an Moses and Aaron were twins.'

'Do you think you would know any of them if you should see them?'

'Well, I deh sim I should, yeh know ; but than theear tis a long time, an vurry likely I should'en. Lord bless ee, Zur ! ee beeant nern o' 'em, be ee?'

'Yes ; I am Joseph——'

My dear reader, you must imagine the rest : I have no colours for the picture.

The above will answer at least for a specimen of the 'Zummerzet' dialect, to which indeed I have scarcely done justice, for it is extremely difficult to express some of the sounds in writing.

Now I had the freedom of the premises, and the old woman conducted me up stairs and down stairs, and among the currant-bushes and raspberry-briers, and showed me the wall-flowers and carnations that my dear mother had cultivated so long ago, and the outhouse in which 'Little Joe' used to build his pulpits, and preach to his sister and three younger brothers ; and her tears seemed to lubricate her superannuated tongue, and her stream of talk was interlarded with exclamations of infinite astonishment, as she recounted the vicissitudes of time and fortune ; and my ear and heart drank in, with unspeakable satisfaction, this voice from the past ; and I deemed that dear old dialect the sweetest eloquence I had ever heard !

Loaded with fruits, and flowers, and verbal blessings, I took my departure across the sweet daisy-fields of Lympsham along the very footpath by which my father led me to church on Sunday, and my sister to school on the weekday, twoscore years ago. A mile distant, I could see the white battlements of the rectory peeping out from their

bowers of verdure, and the lofty church-tower rising gracefully over the tops of the surrounding elms. But before I had proceeded far, three diverging paths puzzled me; and a lad, of whom I inquired the way, gave me the following directions: 'Ee deh goo down thick wah agin ee deh come to a styel, an than ee deh goo droo a grown ael vull o' gripes, an ee'l zee a berge wee a pyer awver the rheen, an ee deh volly the leean to the archid geeat, and theear be Lymphsham Chapel tother zide o' the rhawd.' Observing my instructions, I very soon recovered my reckoning; and there was the identical stile in the hedge, and the identical bridge over the rhine—I could have sworn to them as the friends of my childhood—the same that I had crossed a hundred times; and there was the cluster of matted thorn-trees, overgrown with sweet-blossoming vines, where I remember, as well as if it were but yesterday, to have knelt, as I returned alone from the afternoon Sabbath-school, and poured out my little heart to God. O Time, and Change, and Sin! what have ye done for me since that blessed day! And yet, thanks be to the grace of God! the influence of that day has hung like a perpetual benediction over my sinful and sorrowful life, and even now its holy recollection returns like an angel from the bowers of Eden!

But here is the snug little Wesleyan Chapel. Dear old friend, how well do I remember thee! Good Mrs. Slocum, who keeps a little school in the adjoining cottage, has charge of the premises, and opens the door for the stranger. It was the same place. Every object was thoroughly familiar. There was the very seat in which we always sat—father, and mother, and their little train. There were the identical wooden pegs in the wall, on which my father hung up all our hats before he knelt in prayer. There was the pulpit at which I used to sit and gaze, wondering if it were made so high that the minister might be nearer to heaven when he prayed. And the good woman watched me with the most inquisitive wonder, as I wandered about the place, and turned away again and again to hide an unwilling tear.

'Is not that the pew,' said I, 'in which Mrs. B. used to sit?'

‘Ah, yes,’ she replied: ‘Mrs. B. was a holy woman indeed. God had given her wealth, but she counted all things loss for Christ. Nobody did more for our cause in Lympsham. She was never ashamed of her Saviour. Her family was one of the high ones in Somerset; but every Sunday evening she came and sat here among the humble Wesleyans, and often said that the happiest hours of her life were those she spent in the chapel.’

‘And is she yet living?’

‘Ah, no! the dear old saint has long been in heaven.’

‘Do you remember Mr. Hatch?’

‘Oh, yes! it was under him I joined the society, nearly forty years ago.’

‘And Mr. Bows?’

‘Oh, very well—very well indeed! He followed Mr. Billings on the Banwell circuit. Mr. Billings was a faithful and holy man. They have all ceased from their labours, and their works do follow them.’

‘Oh, Mr. Billings! I remember him! He was my favourite preacher—first, because he preached so loud and earnestly; and, secondly, because once, when the whole congregation stood singing after the sermon, and my cousin and I were trying the utmost strength of our lungs, he called out from the pulpit —“That’s right, my little boys! Sing up, my little boys!” and after that I always loved Mr. Billings with an unspeakable love.’

‘Pray, sir, may I be so bold as to ask who you are?’

‘I am a Methodist preacher from America. My name is Joseph Cross.’

‘Is it possible—is it possible that I see the son of George Cross in Lympsham, and he a labourer in the vineyard of the Lord!’

And the tears fell thick and fast from her uplifted eyes, as she clasped her hands and exclaimed, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name!’ And I had the best meeting that hour I ever enjoyed in the old chapel of my childhood!

Let us hasten on to the parish church. Its Gothic tower is one of the finest in England, and bears a most musical set of bells. Well do I remember standing by one of the buttresses, and gazing up at its stupendous altitude, and

calculating that about twice that distance would carry one quite to heaven. The church is very ancient, and was given by Ina, King of the West Saxons, to the abbots of Glastonbury. Since I was here, it has undergone a thorough renovation; but its massive tower still declines several feet from the perpendicular. The present rector—a very eloquent and useful man, they say—was my class-mate in Sabbath-school. His father was then the incumbent of the parish; and once a week the good man used to come and hold a prayer-meeting in my father's house. He now lies in the vestry, awaiting the resurrection; and the old pulpit in which he preached stands close by his tomb, while his son occupies the new one which has taken its former place. The rectory, with its long front, and pretty porch, and oriel windows, and surrounding firs and laurels, with glimpses of greensward and blossoming parterres between, forms a most charming view, and demonstrates the advantage of the English tithe-system—to the parson! The churchyard is as neat as a flower-garden—just such a spot as another Gray might choose in which to write his Elegy. These graves are so pleasantly arranged as to rob the grim king of half his terrors. What is there to shudder at in lying down to rest in such a spot as this?

And here is a huge D upon a tombstone, executed by my roguish cousin Bob, with a brush and red paint, thirty-five years ago, but as fresh as if done but yesterday. And here reposes the dust of a dearly-beloved uncle, and two aunts, and several cousins. The death-bed of one of them I well remember. Lord, 'let my last end be like his!' My grandfather and grandmother Cross are resting close by. I shall never forget them, though the blossoms of nearly forty summers have decked their humble graves. They lived at the churchyard corner, and kept the village school, and there I learned to read this sublime couplet:

'Don't you tell,
Down I fell.'

They were people of most exemplary piety; and the Methodist preachers, whom I regarded as little less than angels, frequently visited their cottage. I remember how I grieved when that dear old building was demolished

to make way for the present pretentious schoolhouse, in which I afterwards recited my catechism and Scripture-lessons. The old parish-clerk sleeps just under the eaves, and his nasal chant is silent for ever. One luckless autumn he was ejected from his office because cider happened to be plenty that season; and afterwards he used to stand at the church door and look sorrowfully at the reading-desk which he had occupied for more than twenty years.

‘A stranger filled the Stuart’s throne,’

and the consciousness that his deposition was well deserved did not deprive the thought of its sting. He still went regularly to church, though every service probably renewed the pang.

Once more I climbed the hill—to me the most beautiful in the world—at the base of which my little bark was launched for immortality. I soon came to a field that was once my father’s; but the little copse adjoining it was gone, and the brook along whose banks I had gathered violets and primroses seemed to have changed its course, so that I was somewhat perplexed to find my way. But here comes a lad in a handsomely wrought white linen ‘smock-frock:’ perhaps he can direct me.

‘My son, where is the path over the hill?’

‘Ee mus goo up thick leean, Zur, and awver the styel, agin ee deh come to Meeaster Perkins’ archid, an than——’

‘Mr. Perkins? Is it Thomas Perkins you speak of?’

‘Ees, Zur. Eh were in the wars o’ Crimer, an they shoot en, Zur; an when eh comed whum, eh were bad a crippled; an zo eh have a pension now.’

I was in luck. I had stumbled, thus accidentally, upon a dear old friend—my playmate and bedfellow in boyhood. By all means, I must see Thomas. At my request the lad ran before me, and showed me the way to his house. I found him in the garden, leaning upon a crutch.

‘Is this Mr. Perkins?’

‘My name is Perkins, sir.’

‘Thomas Perkins?’

‘Thomas Perkins, sir.’

‘I suppose you do not remember me?’

‘I don’t know that I ever saw you before, sir. When and where was it?’

‘We met thirty-five or six years ago in Week Lane, We parted thirty-two years ago last May, at your father’s door.’

He grasped my hand firmly in both his own, looked me steadily in the face, and stood biting his lips, while the big tears flowed freely from his eyes. It was some time before he could speak; and then all he said was—‘It is Joseph! It is little Joe!’ ‘Yes,’ said I, ‘it is little Joe;’ and then we wept together. Of the sequel of this interview, and my pleasant entertainment at the house of my friend, and his interesting narrative of ten years in India, followed by the hardships and perils of the Crimean war, from which he returned perforated by two Russian bullets, and of many other matters—to me very interesting, perhaps less so to my readers—I will not write at present. I was anxious to look into the church where in infancy I was consecrated to God in holy baptism, and my friend cheerfully bore me company; and as we went slowly along by the laurel hedge that encloses the rectory, he ‘fought all his battles o’er again,’ and gave me many amusing incidents of his own life, and an account of the sad fortunes of his family.

But here is East Brent Church. It has been thoroughly renovated since I saw it last, and looks rather papistical within. Perhaps the reader will remember having seen something a few years ago in the public prints about an Archdeacon Denison, who was under discipline for his Puseyism, in which he was thought to go a little farther in some respects than Dr. Pusey himself. The Archdeacon is rector of East Brent; and the Rev. Mr. Ditcher, vicar of South Brent, is the author of the charges against him. The matter is not yet settled, nor likely to be very soon; meanwhile the Archdeacon retains his place, and preaches the real presence in the eucharist as faithfully as any servant of His Holiness at Rome.

The church is a handsome structure, though Time’s effacing fingers have somewhat impaired the exterior, and some of the details of the workmanship are well-nigh obliterated. It has a quadrangular tower eighty feet high;

surmounted by a graceful spire, which is sixty feet more. In the front wall of the tower, one above the other, are three canopied niches, containing three effigies—King Ina, King Ethelard, and Queen Frithogita. The ancient manor, together with those of South Brent, Burnham, Lympham, and Bleadon—all within two miles of one another—was given by Ina, King of the West Saxons, to the Abbey of Glastonbury in the year of our Lord 690, and was held by the abbots till the dissolution of the monastery. One of them built a splendid mansion for a summer residence not far from the church, some fragments of which remained up to the commencement of the last century, but have since that entirely disappeared.

After viewing the church, and visiting the National School which is hard by, I took leave of Thomas, promising to visit him again, and made my way over the flank of the hill to South Brent. Here, too, I was fortunate, for the church was open. Like that of East Brent, it has undergone extensive alterations and repairs since I was last within its walls. The two end galleries are removed, and the grand old archway into the tower which one of them had long closed is thrown open. The massive oak pews also, which were constructed hundreds of years ago, when the services at the altar were esteemed much more than the ministrations of the pulpit, have given place to more convenient modern seats. Some of the curious old satirical carvings are still preserved, among which are these: a monkey in a monk's cloak and hood, reading prayers; a fox in canonicals, with a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand; a young fox in chains, bearing a bag of money, and surrounded by chattering cranes; and a fox hung by a goose upon a tree, while two cubs are barking at the foot of the gallows. It is believed that these caricatures were designed by the parochial clergy as a satire upon the preaching orders, whose interference with their flocks gave rise to mutual antipathies and revilings. The same old Norman arch surmounts the door of the tower; but the ships, houses, and animals, which I drew with chalk so long ago, are all obliterated, and the thick oak panels seem to have been lately covered with a good coat of varnish. The tower itself is a massive structure in the perpendicular

style, and exhibits many traces of antiquity. The mural monument of 'John Somerset, Gent.,' dated 1663, is very remarkable; consisting of three busts, one of them a man grasping his sword, and the others his two wives, one of whom wears a large broad-brimmed hat, with a deep frill around her neck; all placed in oval recesses, surmounted by an entablature, which is supported by columns of Sienna marble.

It is evening. I recline upon the thyme-breathing turf upon the hillside above the church, and watch the setting sun. A fairer landscape, or a lovelier sky, never blessed the vision of man. The soft air is loaded with delicious fragrance—the exquisite blending of all perfume. The scene is pervaded by every possible variety of colour, mellowed into one grand harmony of effect. How dark and huge those aged elms stand out against the gold and emerald background of harvest-field and meadow! The wind which breathes so softly through this venerable yew, stirs not a leaf of their massy foliage. Thirty-three years ago, on a calm summer evening like this, I heard the village band discoursing sweet concords beneath their ample branches. Just below, between those thick and lofty hedges, winds the fine macadamized road, and the hum of the passing phaeton makes an agreeable bass to the soft treble of the brook beside me, while the trot—trot—trot—trot—of that gray horse keeps time to my measured musings.

Hark! What is that mellow sound, which comes like an angel's lute-notes upon the wind? Do I dream, or is it the cadence of a pleasant memory? I hear it again, far off, but oh, how sweet! Now it dies away, and anon swells up full and clear upon the balmy air. It is the music of those incomparable bells to which I listened so often in my happy childhood. There is not a finer set in Somersetshire, perhaps not in England. My father assisted in hanging them, and my cousins and I made playhouses of them as they lay upon the ground. There must have been a wedding to-day at Burnham. What a wave of joyous melody comes with every rising breath of the evening breeze! Ah, what voices and visions of the past do those magical tones bring with them! Excuse me, unpoetic reader, if I turn my feelings into verse.'

The Burnham bells! The Burnham bells!
I heard them when a boy;
And churchward, o'er the yellow moor,
I ran with childish joy:
My Sabbath had no sorrow then,
My worship no alloy.

And when o'er Berrow's shining strand
We trod so blithe and gay,
Or climbed Brent Knoll's embattled crest
To breathe the balm of May,
How often paused our sportive train
To list that pleasing lay!

And when the bridal-gem bedecked
Our fair young cousin's brow,
And in the holy place she knelt
To seal her maiden vow,
How pealed the merry Burnham bells,
As they are pealing now!

And when the Christmas eve came round,
And joy was everywhere,
And youthful glee made sober age
Forget its heavy care,
What wreaths of melody they wove
Upon the wintry air!

And when the annual feast was spread,
And, as the season true,
Together to our childhood's home
The dear ones fondly drew,
How rang they out the good old year,
And welcomed in the new!

'Tis more than thirty Christmas eves,
And New-Years' festivals—
And I have pressed such loving hearts,
And breathed such sad farewells—
Since last I listened to your song,
Ye mellow Burnham bells!

For I have strayed in foreign lands,
And found a foreign home;
And love has withered at my side,
And beauty ceased to bloom;
And what I valued more than life
Has vanished in the tomb.

I've lost the light elastic tread,
My hair is whitening now,
And Care his cruel lines has left
Engraven on my brow ;
And where is youthful Innocence ?
And where, sweet Hope, art thou ?

The house where first I hailed the day
I now through tears behold,
The grove beside the pleasant hill
Of emerald and gold ;
For there the stream of my young life
'Mid scenes of beauty rolled.

How oft along this fragrant bank
I wandered wild and free !
How oft in boyish games engaged
Around that old elm tree !
But where are all the little feet
That ranged the fields with me ?

The primrose and the violet,
Which then the hedge perfumed,
The daisy and the buttercup,
Still bloom as erst they bloomed ;
But she for whom I gathered them
Was long ago entombed.

The mound that marked the grave is gone,
The place is seldom shown,
And age has quite obscured the name
Recorded on the stone ;
But that sweet face, ye Burnham bells,
Returns with your sweet tone !

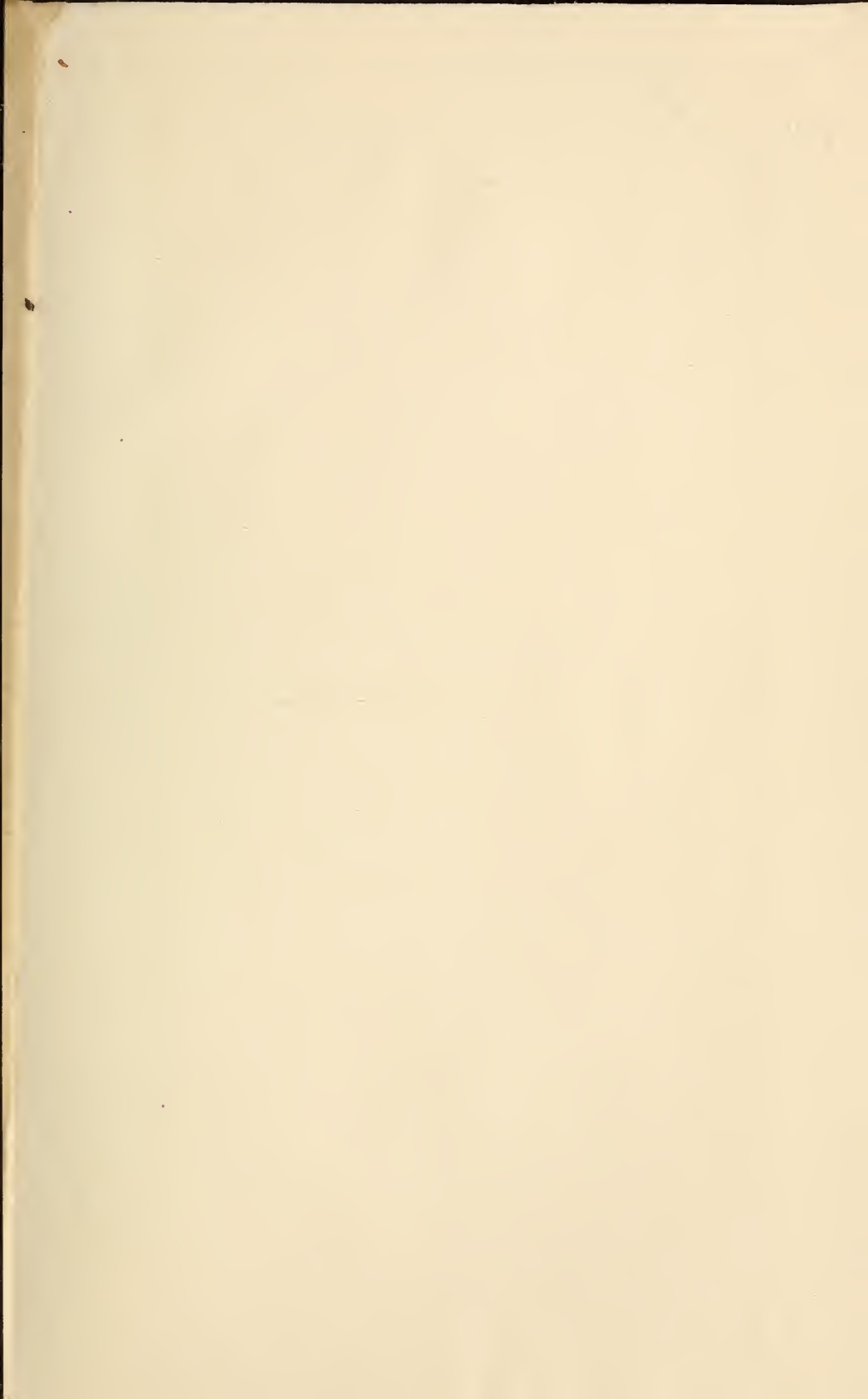
Ring on—your blessed minstrelsy
Rolls back the wheel of time !
Ring on—my Eden blooms anew
Beneath your holy chime !
Ring on—I never more may list
Your melody sublime !

‘ And here will I make an end.’ Why should I tell of
tearful partings ? On the fourteenth of November we
embarked in the steam-ship Vanderbilt for New York.
Two days, and Boreas comes waltzing over the waters,
and Neptune rises to resent the intrusion. The Vanderbilt
takes a hand in the affray—tries to knock the stars out of

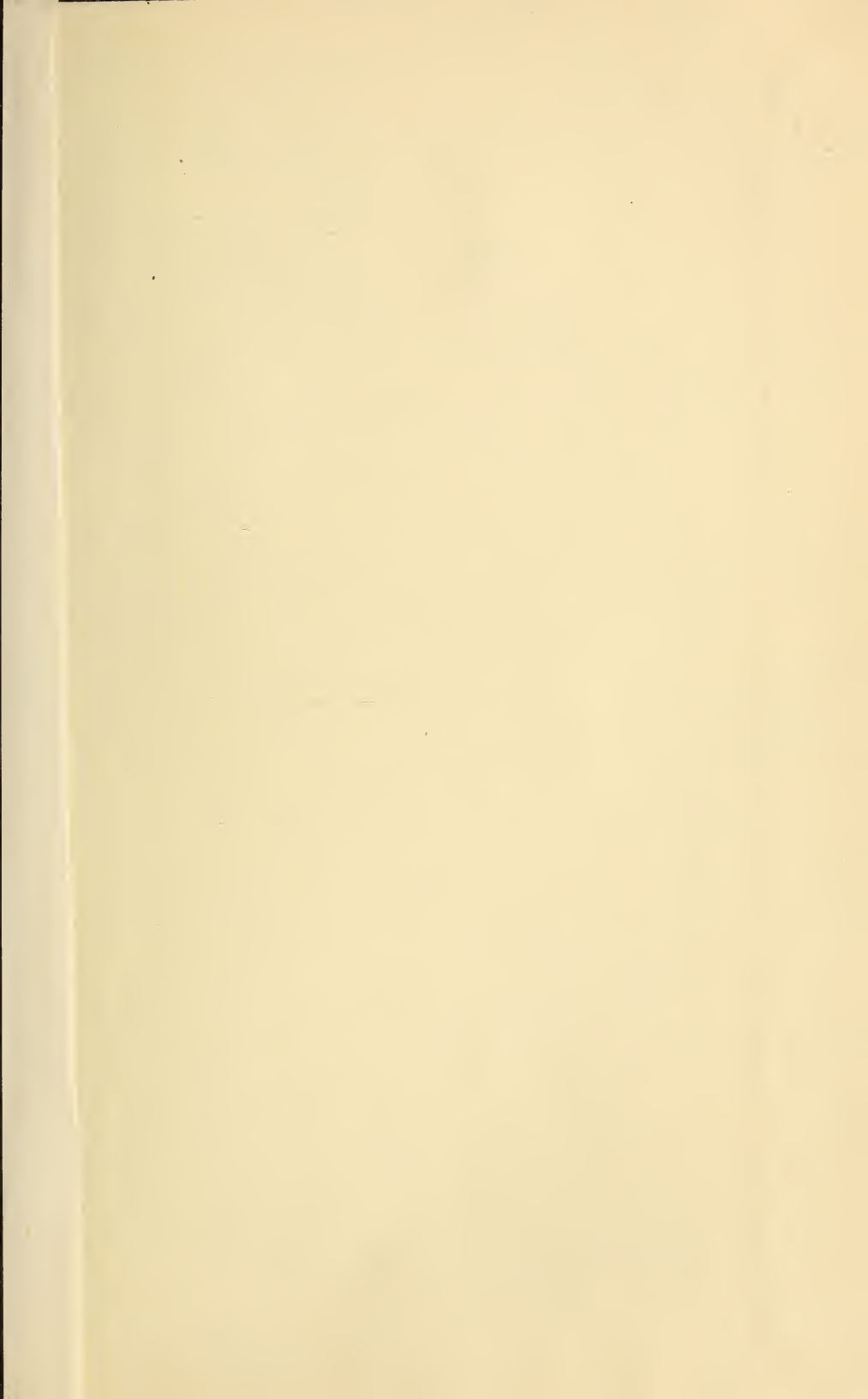
the sky with her stern or poke a hole in the bottom of the ocean with her bowsprit. Six days the elemental war continues; the passengers retire to their berths in sublime disgust, and the scribe very rationally suspects himself of insanity. The French cook jumps overboard and is lost. A passenger fractures his skull by a fall against the sharp corner of the wheel-house, and the next day we commit him to the deep. The second Sabbath brings calmer weather, and the scribe is preaching to the passengers. Another storm, fiercer and fouler than the former. Alas, for 'those that go down to the sea in ships!' Thursday morning, the twenty-sixth of November, 1857, I stand upon the deck of a steamer all shrouded with ice, and sing more joyously than ever I sang before—

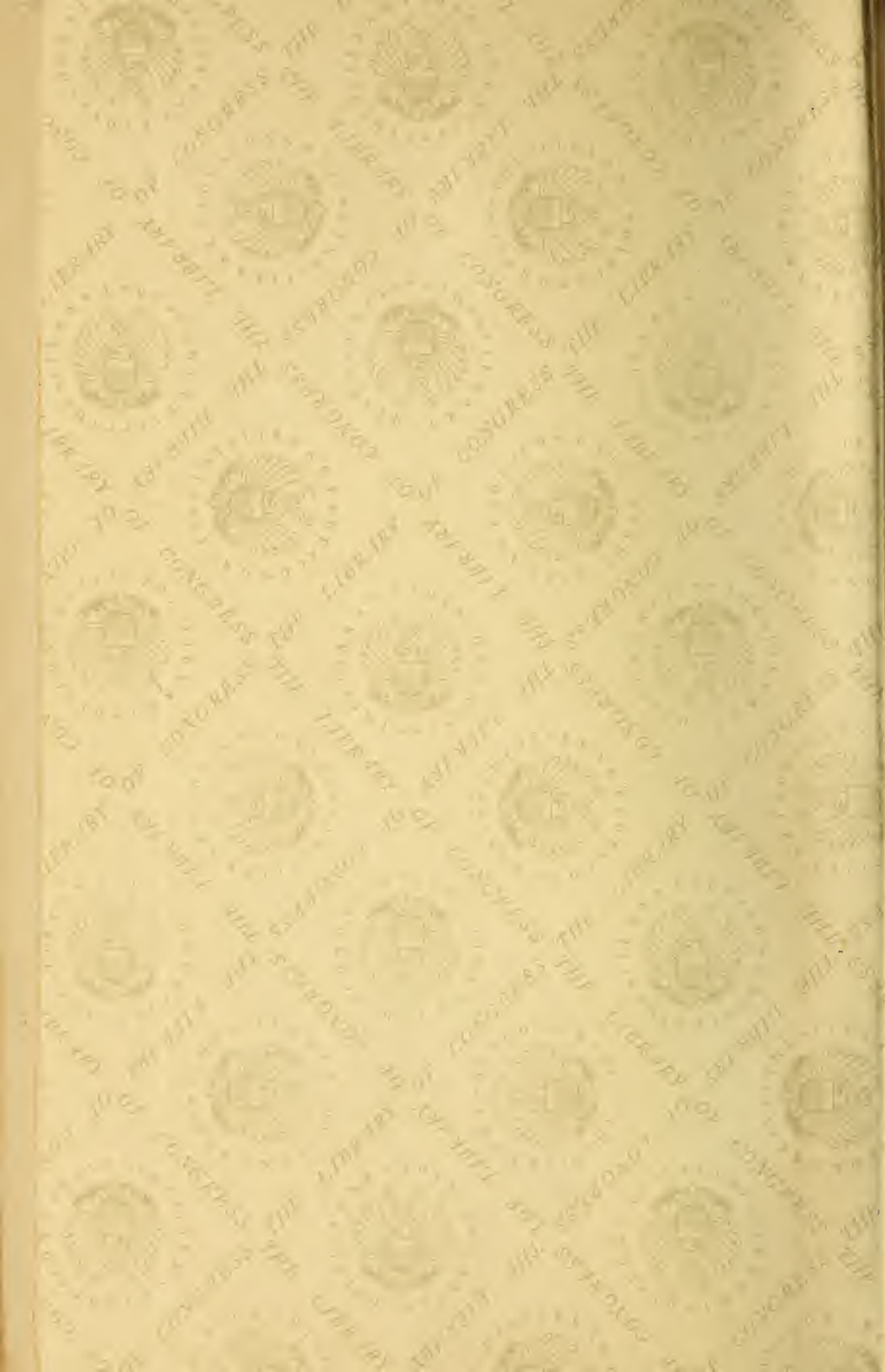
‘Hail, Columbia, happy land!’*

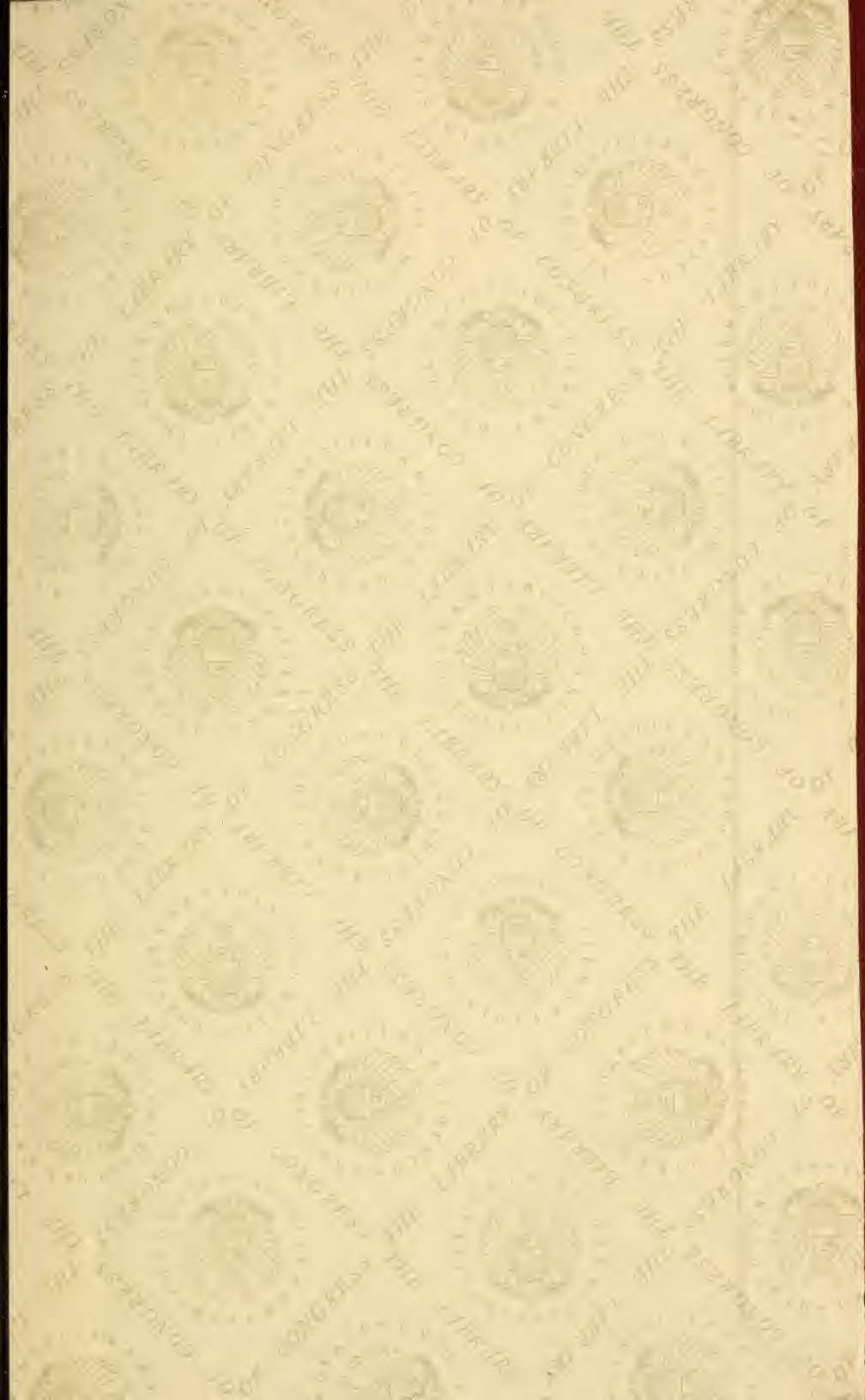
* What would the good and talented doctor do or say, were ‘Hail, Columbia’ to pass from his recollection? But there are so many pleasant pages, from which so many bright lights shine, and it is so refreshing to read the account of familiar places as seen by foreign eyes, that we can forgive the little American complacency which breaks out so often. America is worth being proud of, and we are not unwilling to remember she is the daughter of Old England.—ED.











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